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THE ARTHURIAD.

TROUBADOURS and Trouvères! The English-speaking student of the early Provençal poetry feels himself constantly solicited and allured by the echoes of that antiphonal singing which men were beginning to essay north of the Loire, and which was fostered with especial enthusiasm at the Norman court and in the Norman halls of our own ancestral England. While William of Poitiers boasted of the vanquished hearts that vied for his choosing, or dolorously deplored the loves and luxuries which he left behind him when parting for the Holy Land, Wace was chanting the victories of Rollo in Normandy, the exploits of Brutus, and the woes of Lear, and Marie (that prototype of the modern literary lady, who felt that it would be wrong to suffer her powers to lie idle) was weaving into her Lay of the Honeysuckle an incident from the amours of Cornish Tristram and Irish Isolt. These are themes nearer to our Anglo-Norman hearts, or at least our imaginations, than most others of that primitive time; and when some of the foremost singers of our own generation apply themselves to illustrating the incomparable cycle of romances of which these are but the crude beginnings, we can no longer resist their fascination.

It is to be hoped that all true lovers of the laureate will re-read the Idyls of the King in the edition of 1875. Here, for the first time, we have these memorable poems, so strangely named idyls, and so unfortunate in the long intervals at which they appeared and in their lawless manner of straying before the public, arranged in an order which fairly exhibits their unity of purpose, their cumulative interest, and the matchless moral force and beauty of the one story of which they are all, the less equally with the greater, essential parts. We must also conclude, whether willingly or not, that the present is their final arrangement, since the author has himself added an epilogue or *envoi*, in which he formally presents to the reigning queen of England the complete series of poems, of which four of the most famous had been dedicated, on their first appearance, to the memory of the Prince Consort.

> "Thou my Queen,
> Not for itself, but through thy living love
> For one to whom I made it o'er his grave
> Sacred, accept this old, imperfect tale,
> New-old, and shadowing sense at war with soul,
> Rather than that gray king whose name, a ghost,
> Streams like a cloud man-shaped from mountain-peak
> And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
> Of Geoffrey's book or him of Malleor's."

The fresh touches, which the reader familiar with the separate poems will detect in many parts of the united work, are almost all applied to the central figure of Arthur himself, — a figure which,

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despite its melancholy grandeur, more than one of the laureate's critics have heretofore pronounced the weakest in his book. The outlines of that figure are now finished and strengthened. The lights of the king's destiny are enhanced and its shadows deepened. The grandeur of his dream and the cruelty of his disappointment are set in more distinct and affecting contrast than before, and yet the changes and additions are made with so masterly a care and restraint that the result — for a wonder in the emendations of this or of any poet — is only and exceedingly beautiful. Some reasons will by and by be given for the private fancy that Mr. Tennyson's Arthurian epic is not exactly, in all respects, what he once meant to make it; but it is fully an epic, vindicating the capacity of the age for that high style of composition made out of the proper epical material, that is to say, the mythology, the pre-literary traditions, and the first literature of the poet's own country, with much the noblest of all epic heroes and a marvelously picturesque group of subordinate characters. It can but enhance our admiration of his work to ascertain just how much of this impressive story the poet found ready to his hand in the ancient metrical and prose romances of England and France, especially in the two English authorities which he distinguishes in his final dedication, and how much we owe to his own inventive genius and exquisite skill in composition. This, in brief, is the argument of the complete poem.

Arthur, believed of men to be the child of King Uther Pendragon and Ygerne, or Igerna, the Queen of Cornwall, was set on the throne of Britain by the might of the great magician Merlin. For then the Romans no longer ruled in the island, but it was rent by factions and laid waste by heathen hordes from over the seas. And Arthur was in truth not Uther's son, but cast up, a babe, out of the stormy sea, being sent by Heaven to appease the land and establish the faith of Christ therein; and he was delivered to Merlin to be brought up. And Merlin sang of him at his coming, "From the great deep to the great deep he goes." Arthur founded a new order of knighthood, called that of the Round Table, and his knights he made swear to uphold the faith of Christ, and right all wrongs of men; and, above all, themselves to live chaste lives, each with the one woman of his sacred choice. Of the knights whom Arthur made, the first in time was Sir Bedivere, but the first in prowess, and his own dearest friend and brother-in-arms, was the famed Sir Launcelot of the Lake. Him Arthur sent to fetch his betrothed bride Guinevere out of the land of Cameliard, for she was a princess of that province, and the fairest woman upon earth. After Sir Launcelot, Arthur's greatest knights were Sir Tristram of Lyoness, Sir Gawain, Sir Gareth, and Sir Modred, sons of Arthur's reputed sister, the Queen of Orkney, and true grandsons of Uther Pendragon; Sir Kay, his foster-brother, Geraint, a tributary prince, Sir Pelleas of the Isles, Sir Galahad, and Sir Percivale. All these kept their vows for a time, and lived purely, and the heathen were overthrown in twelve great battles and the land was at peace. And Merlin, of his deep wisdom, showed Arthur how to rule, and made the cities of the realm beautiful by his magic arts, and built for the king, on a hill in the ancient city of Camelot, the most glorious palace under the sun. But first the great Sir Launcelot, who had loved Queen Guinevere from the time when he brought her to her wedding, broke his vows and sinned with her, and Arthur knew it not, nor, being himself incorruptible, so much as dreamed of this treachery for many years. Howbeit, others knew, and this sin became the occasion and excuse for many more. For then Sir Tristram of Lyoness loved guiltily Isolt the Fair, the wife of King Mark of Cornwall, and she returned his love, and in the end Mark slew Tristram, not in open fight, but treacherously, having tracked him to his lady's bower. Next, Merlin the Wise was himself beguiled by a fair and wicked woman, — some say a sprite, — who robbed him of his mighty wit and allured him into some strange prison, so

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that he was lost to Arthur and no man saw him more. And Prince Geraint withdrew from Arthur's court because he had heard the scandal against Queen Guinevere, and would not that his own true wife should be beloved by her. And Sir Pelleas of the Isles, being young and himself spotless, loved a lady who deceived him and was false with Sir Gawain, the reputed nephew of Arthur, which when Sir Pelleas knew he went mad for grief and shame. And Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale, who were also pure knights, grieved by the growing baseness of the time, vowed themselves to the quest of the Holy Grail or cup of the Last Supper, in the hope that if the sacred vessel were brought back among men, their hearts might become clean once more, and the work of the Lord and of the righteous king be revived. And Galahad found the grail, indeed, but was himself immediately caught away to heaven, and the holy vessel with him; but Percivale went into a monastery and took vows. There were many other knights also, who, following these, undertook the quest of the Holy Grail, but idly and from motives of vanity; and not being themselves pure, they could achieve nothing; but some perished on their adventures, and many went far astray and returned no more, so that the might of the Round Table was broken and the heathen were no longer held at bay. Erelong the treason of Launcelot was discovered to the king, and the queen fled and found sanctuary with the nuns in the convent of Almesbury, and Launcelot himself withdrew to his own realm over-seas, whither Arthur pursued and where he besieged him; albeit, Launcelot would not lift his hand against the king who had made him knight. Finally, while Arthur was yet away, Modred revolted and seized the crown, and Arthur, returning, met Modred and his forces in Lyoness, and there was fought a great battle in which an hundred thousand men were slain, and nearly all the remnant of the Round Table perished. Last of all, Arthur slew Modred in a single contest, and was himself wounded unto death, but certain queens removed him by ship from the battlefield, promising to cure his wounds in the mystic island of Avallon. Howbeit, he returned no more, and the prophecy was fulfilled, "From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Now it can hardly be necessary to say that for this mystical and moving tale there is not the faintest foundation in veracious history. We may cherish in our secret hearts, but we would blush to have discovered, the wild hope that Dr. Schliemann may yet drain some Welsh lake and lay bare Excalibur, or unearth the sculptured gates of sacred Camelot. What students of early mediæval literature do know for certain, and a gracious point of support they find it, is that the Normans marched to victory at the battle of Hastings to the unimaginable tune of the Chanson de Roland, as chanted by one Taillefer, who fell gallantly in the forefront of the invaders, with that rude strain upon his lips. But once planted and at peace in those ill-gotten new homes, — the remote inheritance of which is so particularly glorious, — the Norman gentry must have had but a dreary time of it, and they early learned to vary the monotony of their indoor entertainments by inviting the performances of the bards and wandering gleemen of the conquered land. Brutus, Lear, Merlin, Arthur, Tristram, Gawain, these were the heroes whom those gleemen sang, and their names, however barbarous to Norman ears, were new, or at least had been but rarely and faintly heard before in the echoes of Armorican song, and their exploits made an exhilarating variety after the hackneyed tales of the Moorish wars and the monstrous rhymed biographies of Grecian heroes and early saints. We conclude, at all events, that this British lore had come fully into fashion eighty years after the Conquest; for then, in 1147, the enterprising monk, Geoffrey of Monmouth, himself a Norman, dedicated to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, his Historia Britonum, triumphantly announced as a Latin translation out of a "precious treasure" of early manuscript written on parchment, in the ancient British tongue, and

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brought to light with exultation by Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, in a convent in Armorica. If such a manuscript ever existed, it was likely enough to have been found in Armorica, that early civilized and Christianized province, to which so many Britons fled for refuge during the era of the Saxon invasions that it came in time itself to be called Brittany. But whether or no the Walter who discovered it were Walter Mapes the poet, *alias* Calenius, a famous enthusiast in Celtic story, and himself the reputed author of sundry French Arthurian romances of the twelfth century, must depend, unhappily, on the date of Calenius' birth, which some of the authorities place later, by a few years, than the appearance of Geoffrey's book. And it is certainly remarkable that so complete a work in prose should have been composed in any other tongue than monkish Latin, before the adoption by the Normans of the British legendary lore, and the date of the first prose romances. Moreover, there is, so to speak, an absurd consistency, an incredible richness and roundness, about Geoffrey's tale which convince us that at least his Armorican material suffered nothing by its passage through his hands. Curious it is to learn from his conscientious chronology that Brutus, the grandson of Æneas, emigrated to Britain at the time when Eli governed Israel and the ark of the Lord was taken by the Philistines, that Lear divided his kingdom among his ingrate daughters in the days of Elijah, and that Christ was born in Bethlehem during the reign of Cymbeline. But our present concern is with Geoffrey's Arthur only, a splendid figure, the clearly defined and obvious prototype of him who continued to shine without a peer in Norman song and story for more than three hundred years. Not until 1485 did Sir Thomas Malory sum up the growth of legend concerning the king and his knights in his Morte d'Arthur, the latest and finest of the great chivalric romances, whose artless and beautiful phraseology Tennyson himself has not always cared to alter.

The following is the story of Arthur's birth as it is told by Geoffrey, afterwards with more fullness of detail by the French romancers, and finally, with that added grace of characterization which was far beyond Geoffrey's range, by Malory.

King Uther Pendragon was enamored of Igerna, the wife of Gorlöis, King of Cornwall, on which account Gorlöis shut her up in the strong castle of Tintagil, but himself withdrew to another castle, — "hight Terrabil," says Sir Thomas Malory, — where Uther besieged, conquered, and slew him. The king, by the assistance of the magician Merlin, then assumed the appearance of Gorlöis and hastened to Tintagil, where Igerna gave him a wife's welcome. Immediately he dropped his disguise, informed her of her husband's death, and compelled her to wed him. Their child was Arthur.

In this narrative the only supernatural element is the transformation of Gorlöis by Merlin, and Merlin, Geoffrey candidly allows, was not *canny*. He was, by all accounts, the child of a mortal maiden and a spirit descended from one of the angels who fell with Lucifer, and bearing a general resemblance to the Dæmon of Socrates; not a common mode of origin, certainly, but one of which, the historian assures us, divers instances were known.[1] The beautiful fancy of a dragon-shaped vessel, "bright with a shining people on its decks," which appeared off Tintagil on the night of Uther's death without issue, and of the naked babe "descending in the glory of the seas" to the beach at Merlin's feet, is Tennyson's own. He made it, as a poet abundantly may, to correspond with the really ancient and tenacious fable that Arthur, when his lifework was ruined and his kingdom rent, passed to a sleep of ages in the isle of Avallon, but did not die. On the whole, it is worth, for purposes of art, the sac-

[1] For a monstrous amplification of this bit of "history," with the addition of all manner of unpleasant details, see abstract of the English metrical romance of Merlin, in Ellis's Specimens of Early English Romances.

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rifice of the rather touching scene in Malory where Igerna is roughly accused of treasonably protracting the quarrels over the succession, by concealing the circumstances of Arthur's birth: "Then spake Igraine and said, 'I am a woman, and I may not fight. . . . But Merlin knoweth well how King Uther came to me in the castle of Tintagil, in the likeness of my lord that was dead three hours tofore. And after, Uther wedded me, and, by his commandment, when the child was born it was delivered to Merlin and nourished by him; and so I saw the child never after, nor wot what is his name, for I knew him never yet.' And there Ulfius said to the queen, 'Merlin is more to blame than ye.' 'Well I wot,' said the queen, 'that I bare a child by my lord, King Uther, but I wot not where he is become.' Then Merlin took King Arthur by the hand, saying, 'This is your mother!' And therewith King Arthur took his mother, Queen Igraine, in his arms and kissed her, and either wept upon other."

The account of Arthur's progressive subjugation of native factions and heathen invaders in the twelve great battles which Nennius had enumerated as early as the fifth century [1] is that which, in Tennyson, first fires our imagination and enlists our sympathy for the king. In both Geoffrey and Malory this pacification of the realm is dwarfed by comparison with the pompous details of Arthur's Roman war, of victories over the Emperor Lucius Tiberius, a court held at Paris, and a coronation at Rome. All such chimeras the laureate's fine sense of symmetry compelled him to dismiss in a single passage: —

"There at the banquet those great lords from Rome,
The slowly-fading mistress of the world,
Strode in and claimed their tribute as of yore.
But Arthur spake, 'Behold, for these have sworn
To wage my wars and worship me their king;
The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And we that fight for our fair father Christ,
Seeing that ye be grown too weak and old
To drive the heathen from your Roman wall,
No tribute will we pay:' so those great lords
Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove with Rome."

Indeed, a sovereign so enamored of foreign conquest as Geoffrey's Arthur could hardly claim our sympathy for the ignominious but not very unnatural catastrophe of his reign, which the monk records in these few dry words: —

"As he was beginning to pass the Alps he had news brought him that his nephew Modred, to whose care he had entrusted Britain, had, by tyrannical and treasonable practices, set the crown upon his own head, and that Queen Guanhumara, in violation of her first marriage, had treasonably married him" (!) This is actually the only time that the gracious Guinevere is mentioned by name in Geoffrey's history, although she is alluded to in his thirteenth chapter, where he gives a description of the king's coronation-feast, far more stately than Malory's transcript from the French, and a worthier preliminary to Tennyson's noble picture of the royal wedding. To this last is added, in the recent edition, a passage full of splendor: —

"Far shone the fields of May through open door,
The sacred altar blossomed white with May,
The sun of May descended on their king,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their queen,
Rolled incense, and there passed along the hymns
A voice, as of the waters, while the two
Swore at the shrine of Christ a deathless love:
And Arthur said, 'Behold, thy doom is mine:
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!'
To whom the queen replied with drooping eyes,
'King and my lord, I love thee to the death!'
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake,
'Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world

[1] "Then it was that the magnanimous Arthur, with all the kings and military force of Britain, fought against the Saxons. And though there were many more noble than himself, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and was as often conqueror. The first battle in which he was engaged was at the mouth of the river Gleni. The second, third, fourth, and fifth were on another river, by the Britons called Duglas, in the region Linuis; the sixth, on the river Bassas. The seventh in the wood Celidon, which the Britons call Cat Coit Celidon. The eighth was near Gurnion Castle, where Arthur bore the image of the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, on his shoulders, and through the power of our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Mary put the Saxons to flight and pursued them the whole day with great slaughter. The ninth was at the city of Legion, which is called Cair Lion. The tenth was on the banks of the river Trat Treuroit. The eleventh was on the mountain Brenguorn, which we call Cat Bregion. The twelfth was a most severe contest when Arthur penetrated to the Hill of Badon. . . . For no strength can avail against the will of the Almighty." (Nennius, History of the Britons, A. D. 452.)

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Other, and may thy queen be one with thee,
And all this order of thy Table Round
Fulfill the boundless purpose of their king!'"

Nor must we omit here to notice — for this also is new — the strange pæan sung by Arthur's victorious knights as they march in the bridal procession, to the sound of trumpets, through a city "all on fire with sun and cloth of gold;" more especially the refrain, "Fall battle-ax and flash brand," where the movement of the verse expresses so curiously the descent of the heavy-headed primitive weapon.

In a passage which is indirectly of unusual interest, as reflecting the Norman ideal of chivalry in the twelfth century, Geoffrey says that in the reign of Arthur "Britain had arrived at such a pitch of grandeur that in abundance of riches, luxury of ornaments, and politeness of inhabitants, it far surpassed all other kingdoms. The knights in it, that were famous for chivalry, wore their clothes and arms all of the same color and fashion; and the women also, no less celebrated for their wit, wore all the same kind of apparel, and counted none worthy of their love but such as had given proof of their valor in three successive battles. Thus was the valor of the men an encouragement for the women's chastity, and the love of the women a spur to the soldiers' bravery."

And this is the sum of what the monk of Monmouth contributes to the epic of Arthur, if we except the matter-of-fact statement to the effect that after Arthur was mortally wounded he had himself conveyed to the island of Avallon, — where, by the way, was situated the Castle Perillous in which Lynette, or Linet, wrought so many cures, — in the hope that he might there be healed.

There is no allusion in Geoffrey's chronicle to the mysterious manner of Merlin's taking-off, although great stress is laid on his weight in Arthur's councils, and his famous prophecy, which the monk had previously translated from an independent source, is incorporated with the Historia Britonum entire. Even the comparatively late English metrical romance of Merlin, although ten thousand lines long, is unfinished, and breaks off in the midst of the war in which Arthur engaged on behalf of Leodogran, the father of Guinevere. But there is little doubt that the story of the great magician's dishonorable death is of French origin, as the name of his enchantress, whether Vivien or Niume, is undoubtedly French. In Malory, Merlin is made to foreshadow his own sombre end, at the same time that he foretells to Arthur the ruin of the kingdom through his marriage with Guinevere.

"'Ah,' said King Arthur, 'ye are a marvelous man, but I marvel much at thy words that I must die in battle.' 'Marvel not,' said Merlin, 'for it is God's will. . . . But I may well be sorry,' said Merlin, 'for I shall die a shameful death, — to be put in the earth quick, — and ye shall die a worshipful death.' . . . So after these quests, it fell so that Merlin fell in dotage on one of the damsels of the lake. But Merlin would let her have no rest. . . . And ever she made Merlin good cheer till she learned of him all manner thing that she desired, and he was asotted upon her that he might not be from her. So on a time Merlin told Arthur that he should not dure long, but for all his crafts he should be put in the earth quick; and so he told the king many things that should befall, but always he warned the king to keep well his sword and the scabbard, for he told him how the sword and the scabbard should be stolen from him by a woman whom he trusted. Also he told King Arthur that he should miss him: 'Yet had ye lever than all your lands to have me again.' 'Ah,' said the king, 'since ye know of your adventure, purvey for it, and put away by your crafts that misadventure.' 'Nay,' said Merlin, 'it will not be.' So then he departed from the king. And within a while the damsel of the lake departed, and Merlin went with her, evermore, wheresoever she went. And often Merlin would have had her privily away by his subtle crafts. Then she made him swear that he should never do none enchantment upon her, if he would have his will. And so he sware. So she and

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Merlin went over the seas. . . . And always Merlin lay about the lady to have her love, and she was ever passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him, for she was afeard of him, because he was a devil's son and she could not put him away by no means. And so it happed on a time that Merlin showed to her in a rock which was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, that went under a great stone. So by her subtle working she made Merlin to go under that stone, to let her wit of the marvels there, but she wrought so there for him that he came never out for all the marvels he could do."

It will be seen that Malory has not distributed the balance of censure, so to speak, for the wizard's unhappy end precisely as Tennyson does. But the passage is quoted entire because it illustrates better and more briefly than almost any other the miraculous development which Tennyson sometimes gives his material. The breathless interest and appalling beauty of the story of Merlin and Vivien as we have it in the Idyls, the sublime fitness of the scenery, the subtle analysis of instinct and motive, and, above all, the irresistible force and solemnity of the lesson conveyed, — they are all here in embryo, in this dreamy fragment of a garrulous old tale. But the power which can evolve the one out of the other seems to us like the power which causes the seed to grow. "What thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat or of some other grain." This is indeed the *maker's* proper function among men, but here we see it almost in its highest exercise. Sir Thomas Malory himself must have possessed no small share of this vivifying and organizing power, or he never could have wrought, as he assuredly has, the heterogeneous materials which he collected from so many sources into a *naïve*, consistent, and affecting whole. But usually, except in one remarkable instance to be noticed hereafter, Tennyson's mode of treatment is as great an advance in art and in refinement on Malory's, as Malory's is on the crudeness and puerility of Wace or the lusty coarseness of Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune.

The story of Geraint and Enid is more purely episodical than any other Idyl, and is derived from an entirely independent source. The story of Gareth and Lynette, as we have it in Tennyson, belongs wholly to the earlier and happier period of Arthur's reign. Its events bear a general resemblance to those which are recounted, in this instance very much more at length, in Malory; and the marked peculiarities of Lynette, her rudeness and petulance and entire lack of the softer graces which belonged, as a rule, to the lady of chivalry, are fully indicated in the old story. In fact, Lynette, or Linet, is called in Malory the "damsel savage," although considerable stress is laid on her skill in the arts of healing, which she practiced on many a wounded knight besides Gareth in the Castle Perillous of her beautiful sister Lyonors. There is a very life-like scene in Malory where the mother of Gareth, Queen Belicent, alarmed at his protracted absence on his first adventure, appears at Arthur's court and reproaches the king for the lad's non-appearance, with the true, unreasoning fierceness of feminine anxiety; there is also a particularly pretty scene at court where Gareth and Lyonors finally meet and both confess to Arthur their love for one another.

"And among all those ladies she [Lyonors] was named the fairest and peerless. Then when Sir Gareth saw her, there was many a goodly look and goodly words, that all men of worship had joy to behold them. Then came King Arthur and many other kings, and Dame Guinevere and the Queen of Orkney, and there the king asked his nephew, Sir Gareth, whether he would have that lady to his wife. 'My lord, wit you well that I love her above all ladies living.' 'Now, fair lady,' said King Arthur, 'what say ye?' 'Most noble king,' said Dame Liones, 'wit you well that my lord, Sir Gareth, is to me more lever to have and hold as my husband than any king or prince; and if I may not have him I promise you I will never

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have none. For, my Lord Arthur, he is my first love, and he shall be my last.'" Malory, it will be observed, is that "earlier" author who says "that Gareth married Lady Lyonors," and a stately wedding is described, while Arthur is represented as taking rather an active part in bringing about the marriage of Lynette to Sir Gaberis, a comparatively obscure brother of Gareth, Modred, and Gawain, but still a very suitable *parti* for that spirited damsel. Malory's Gareth continues to figure with distinction throughout Arthur's reign, and is closely involved in its catastrophe. He was slain by Launcelot's own hand "unwittingly," amid the bloodshed which followed the discovery by Modred of the great knight's treason, thus causing Gawain, who, up to this time, quite consistently with his character in Malory, had been inclined to screen the distinguished lovers from Arthur's wrath, to swear an oath of mortal vengeance against Launcelot, in performing which he was himself slain. Tennyson's Gawain is identical with the Gawain of Malory, and hardly more elaborated: a brave, unprincipled man, adorned with all chivalric accomplishments, but of a vindictive temper, as unlike as possible to the proud and patient magnanimity of Arthur, Launcelot, and his own young brother, Gareth. "For," says Malory, "after Sir Gareth had espied Sir Gawain's conditions, he withdrew himself from his brother Sir Gawain's fellowship, for he was vengeable, and where he hated he would be avenged with murder, and that hated Sir Gareth."

Gawain though a frequent is seldom a principal actor in the great scene of Arthur's life, and the sad story of Pelleas and Ettarre, in which he figures most conspicuously, is but the briefest of episodes in Malory, illustrating, hardly less remarkably than the story of Merlin and Vivien, Tennyson's magnificent power of amplification. It is proper, however, to observe that the Gawain of all elder romance is a very different person from Malory's, much more admirable and commonplace. His chivalric rank is second only to that of Launcelot and Tristram. He is the hero of many an honorable adventure, and is confidently identified with the golden-tongued Gwalzmai of the Welsh triads, as Tristram is identified with Tristan the Tumultuous, the son of Tallwyz.

Let us now consider briefly Tennyson's treatment of the world-renowned story of Tristram and Isolt. The high antiquity of this tale, its peculiar picturesqueness, and the prominent place which it occupies in the Arthurian cycle of romances, including Malory's, of which it constitutes at least a quarter part, would have led us to expect that the laureate would give it more space than he has done in the dreary fragment of The Last Tournament. That singular poem, as it first appeared independently, did certainly seem to deserve much of the severe criticism which it received for obscurity of style, repulsive details, and inconsequent action. It can hardly be re-read in its proper connection without receiving a tribute of admiration. The last ray of sunshine swallowed up in storm, the last gleam of honorable courtesy vanishing in a cynical and lazy libertinism, the last flaming-up of passion quenched by a stealthy revenge; these things, and the dun, sallow tints of latest autumn in which they are all represented, give The Last Tournament a marvelous fitness for its place in the thick-coming shadows of an imminent tragedy. And yet every verse of the poem presupposes on the part of the reader a previous knowledge of the story of Tristram and Isolt, which most readers doubtless possess, but which the poet had, artistically speaking, no right to assume. And we cannot rid ourselves of the fancy that he once meant to have told it in full in a separate and earlier idyl. The epic, even in its latest form, falls short of the canonical number by two books. We infer from the introduction to the fine fragment which first appeared a generation ago under the title of Morte d'Arthur, and has since been expanded into the Passing of Arthur, that this, in the poet's original scheme, was to have been the eleventh book of the epic. It seems impossible but that

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the earlier missing canto was to have rehearsed all of the romantic story, except its grim catastrophe, of those lovers who are so constantly compared with Launcelot and Guinevere in all old romance, nay, even poetically styled the only two in the world beside them. Why was this classic tale rejected? Was it because the poet deemed it too hackneyed, or because of its utter impracticability for that strenuous moral purpose which came so palpably to modify his treatment of the Arthurian story, and which must have deepened so fast between the purely æsthetic days of the Morte d'Arthur and those of the supreme idyl of Guinevere? Sir Walter Scott, in the fascinating preface to his edition of Thomas the Rhymer's Tristram, speaks of the "extreme ingratitude and profligacy of the hero." In Malory, and apparently in the later French prose romance which he closely followed, these ugly qualities are veiled by every lesser chivalric grace, by consummate skill in music and the arts of the chase, and by an almost fantastic magnanimity in combat. But the character is essentially the same. Tristram is the most notorious and the most elegant of libertines; and the full knowledge and open toleration of his intrigues on the part of Arthur himself, as compared with his noble incredulity and righteous wrath when he was himself wronged, constitute the most glaring inconsistency in Malory's romance, and the greatest blemish on the character of his king. In Malory, indeed, the *dénouement* of the story, which is the same as that recorded in The Last Tournament, is retributive, and so may be considered, in a general way, moral. There is another and much more commonly received ending, which may be called the sentimental, to distinguish it from the other. In this, Tristram, after deserting his wife, Isolt of the White Hands, and dallying a while with his former paramour, Isolt the wife of King Mark, returns again to Brittany, and receives in battle a wound from a poisoned spear which even the skill of his injured wife is powerless to cure. The sick man takes a fancy that Isolt the queen could cure him, and sends his faithful squire, Gouvernail, to beg her to come and save his life. His weakness warns him that the least delay will be fatal, and accordingly he orders Gouvernail on his return to the Breton coast to hoist white sails if he shall have prevailed on the queen to accompany him; black, if she shall have refused. Isolt the wife overhears the charge, and heartsick awaits the return of the vessel: when its approach is announced, and Tristram gasps out a question as to the color of the sails, she tells him a lie, says black, and he dies. And when Isolt the queen arrives, amid the universal lamentation over Tristram, she refuses to survive him.

It would be interesting to know whether the moral or the sentimental ending of the story is the elder. Sir Walter Scott assumes the latter, but does not give his reasons for so doing, and there seems at least a possibility that the moral ending may also be of great antiquity. Thomas of Ercildoune wrote his metrical romance of Sir Tristram somewhere about the middle of the thirteenth century. Sir Walter, in the preface and notes to his edition of this ancient English poem, has illustrated it with all the wealth of his curious antiquarian lore, and argues with much ardor for the Celtic origin and character of the story. He admits, however, that Marie's Lay of the Honeysuckle, which relates one of its incidents, and two French metrical fragments which correspond much more closely with the Rhymer's version than the later romances, are earlier than his; and the best modern French criticism places them nearly a century earlier. Now the Rhymer's Tristram is incomplete. Not only are the illuminations which surmounted the original black-letter cut away from every page, but the last half of the last *fytte* or canto is gone entirely, and it is Scott who supplies the defect by adding the usual sentimental ending of the story in an exquisite imitation of Thomas's own quaint verse, hardly to be distinguished from it in style, and much more tender and delicate in spirit. But it is singular that

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in one of the old French metrical fragments, whose place is near the end of the story, there is a passage which Sir Walter Scott himself quotes in his preface, for its bearing on another question, where the author, after saying that the tale was even then told in a great many different ways, proceeds to argue that it is absurd to suppose that Gouvernail could ever have gone to Cornwall and taken away Queen Isolt.[1] How this author eventually disposed of the difficulty, we shall probably never know, but we may safely conclude that it was not exactly in the sentimental fashion. Here is a curious point for future researches.

We have now glanced at the originals of nearly all the great Arthurian heroes whom Tennyson has restored, except the two who move us most deeply — Launcelot the Peerless, and Galahad the Spotless. To these immortal figures we must allow a purely French origin. In Malory, and in the French prose romances of Launcelot du Lac and the Saint Grael, they are father and son. In the refined version of Tennyson it would hardly have been possible to admit this relation, yet it adds a peculiar interest and pathos to some of the scenes in that quest of the Holy Grail in which from motives so dissimilar they both engaged. For example, Malory tells us how once, during that fateful year of the quest, they met on board the ship which was conveying to their last rest the remains of Percivale's holy sister. It was just before Sir Launcelot had the veiled vision which taught him that his own quest was vain, in an interval of his so-called madness, when he was enjoying a great but transitory peace of mind.

"'Ah,' said Sir Launcelot, 'are ye Galahad?' 'Yea, forsooth,' said he. And so he kneeled down and asked him his blessing, and after took off his helm and kissed him. And there was great joy between them, for there is no tongue can tell the joy that they made either of other, and many a friendly word spoken between as kind would, the which is no need here to be rehearsed. And there every each told other of their adventures and marvels that were befallen to them in many journeys sith that they departed from the court. . . . So dwelled Launcelot and Galahad within that ship half a year, and served God daily and nightly with all their power. . . . Then came to the ship a knight armed all in white, and saluted the two knights on the high Lord's behalf, and said, 'Galahad, sir, ye have been long enough with your father; come out of the ship and go where the adventures shall lead thee in quest of the Sancgreal.' Then he went to his father and kissed him sweetly, and said, 'Fair, sweet father, I wot not when I shall see you more till I see the body of Jesu Christ.' 'I pray you,' said Launcelot, 'pray ye to the high Father that He hold me in his service.' And so he took his horse, and there they heard a voice that said, 'Think to do well, for the one shall never see the other before the dreadful day of doom.' 'Now, son Galahad,' said Launcelot, 'since we shall depart, and never see other, I pray to the high Father to preserve both me and you both.' 'Sir,' said Galahad, 'no prayer availeth so much as yours!'"

Galahad's death occurred shortly after, and Launcelot was never again at ease in his sin. The mighty struggles of this great and tender soul with the guilt that was crushing it are plainly foreshadowed in Malory, but of course they do not receive anything like the searching examination with which he is made in Tennyson to face his own "remorseful pain" at the close of the thrilling episode of

[1] "Cist fust par tut la part conçus
E par tut le regne sius,
Qui de l'amur ert parjurers,
Et enuers Ysolt messagers.
Li reis l'en haiet mult forment;
Guaiter le feseit à sa gent;
E cument put-il dunc venir
Sun service à la caert offrir," etc.

"He [Gouvernail] was known in all those parts
And throughout the kingdom
As being privy to the love of [Tristram and Isolt],
And often sent with messages to Isolt.
The king hated him for it profoundly,
And had him watched by his people;
How then could he come
To offer his service at the court," etc.

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Elaine of Astolat; although otherwise, in this episode, Tennyson follows Malory with unusual closeness. The cruel reaction of Launcelot's divided loyalties, the deep "dishonor in which his heart's honor was really rooted," are set in stronger light than ever in Tennyson's last edition in two interpolated passages of such unusual beauty and significance that we make room for them, our last quotations from the Idyls here. The first occurs on the threshold of the story, before Launcelot had sought and brought Guinevere to be Arthur's wife, — which, by the way, in Malory, he does not do, — when Arthur had finally broken the might of the last insurgent army: —

"Then, before a voice
As dreadful as the shout of one who sees
To one who sins and deems himself alone
And all the world asleep, they swerved and brake
Flying, and Arthur called to stay the brands
That hacked among the flyers. 'Ho! They yield!'
So like a painted battle the war stood
Silenced, the living quiet as the dead,
And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord.
He laughed upon his warrior whom he loved
And honored most: 'Thou dost not doubt me king,
So well thine arm hath wrought for me to-day.'
'Sir and my liege,' he cried, 'the fire of God
Descends upon thee in the battle-field;
I know thee for my king!' Whereat the two
Sware on the field of death a deathless love.
And Arthur said, 'Man's word is God in man;
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death.'"

And the second is after the final parting of the king and Guinevere: —

"On their march to westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the king:
'I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I marked Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
Oh, me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter in and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is:
Perchance because we see not to the close;
For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain,
And all whereon I leaned in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast and is no more.
My God, Thou hast forgotten me in my death:
Nay, God, my Christ; I pass, but shall not die.'"

So the king goes away into the mist and darkness of that "last, dim, weird battle in the west," — a marvelous picture in its wintry tints of white and monotonous gray, indelibly drawn on the memory of the present generation. And this, with Tennyson, is the end. But here at last we venture to think that the poet's art has overreached itself, and that his *finale*, fine and imaginative though it be, is less impressive than that of the simple old master. It seems impossible to read the Idyls in their connection, and to go directly from Guinevere to the Passing of Arthur, from the verity, solemnity, and intense humanity of the former, and the extraordinary moral elevation which it induces, to the mists and portents and fairy uncertainties of the latter, without experiencing a painful shock and chill. The two poems, both so beautiful, belong to different spheres. There is a life-time, a spiritual revolution, between the two. Malory's story and that of his "French book" by no means end with the battle. Is it possible that the absent twelfth book of Tennyson's epic was to have related these subsequent incidents?

At all events Malory's ending is realistic and credible, sad but satisfying. On the morning after Sir Bedivere had seen, as in a dream, the king conveyed away, he came in a maze of grief and weariness to a chapel, where he heard of a hurried funeral which had taken place there the midnight before. Certain weeping ladies had brought to this humble hermitage a stately corpse and prayed for it sepulture. "Alas," cried Sir Bedivere, "that was my Lord Arthur, and there he lies;" and Sir Bedivere straightway vowed to live always in that hermitage and pray for Arthur's soul. But when the tidings of Arthur's death had traveled over-seas, Launcelot arose in despair, and returning to England prayed for a last interview with Guinevere. It was granted, and they met in the cloister of her convent and in the presence of her nuns.

"Then she said to all her ladies, 'Through this man and me hath all this war been wrought, and the death of the most noblest knights of the world, for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain.

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Therefore, Sir Launcelot, wit thou well, I am set in such a plight to get my soul's health; and yet I trust through God's grace that after my death to have a sight of the blessed face of Christ, and at doomsday to sit on his right side; for as sinful as ever I was are saints in heaven. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was betwixt us, that thou never see me more in the visage; and I command thee on God's behalf that thou forsake my company and to thy kingdom thou turn again and keep well thy realm from war and wrack. For as well as I have loved thee, my heart will not serve me to see thee; for through thee and me is the flower of kings and knights destroyed. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, go to thine own realm and there take thee a wife and live with her with joy and bliss; and I pray thee heartily, pray for me to our Lord that I may amend my misliving.' 'Now, sweet madam,' said Sir Launcelot, 'would ye that I should return again to my country and there wed a lady? Nay, madam, wit you well that shall I never do, for I shall never be so false to you of that I have promised; but the same destiny that ye have taken you to, I will take me unto, for to please Jesu, and ever for you I cast me specially to pray. . . . I insure you faithfully I will ever take me to penance, and pray while my life lasteth, if that I may find any hermit, either gray or white, that will receive me. Wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me, and never no more.' 'Nay,' said the queen, 'that shall I never do, but abstain you from such works.' And they departed. But there was never so hard an hearted man but he would have wept to see the dolor that they made."

In all this there is a grave and simple fitness to the inalienable majesty of the guilty pair. They never met again; but six years later, after long prayer and penance, there came to Launcelot one night a vision, warning him to seek once more the convent at Almesbury, where he would find Guinevere dead, and to see that she was buried beside her lord, King Arthur.

"Then Sir Launcelot rose up or day, and told the hermit. 'It were well done,' said the hermit, 'that ye made you ready, and that ye disobey not the vision.' Then Sir Launcelot took seven followers with him, and on foot they went from Glastonbury to Almesbury, the which is little more than thirty miles. And thither they came within two days, for they were weak and feeble to go. And when Sir Launcelot was come to Almesbury, within the nunnery, Queen Guinevere died but half an hour before. And the ladies told Sir Launcelot that Queen Guinevere told them all, or she passed, that Sir Launcelot had been priest near a twelvemonth. 'And hither he cometh, as fast as he may, to fetch my corpse; and beside my lord King Arthur he shall bury me.' Wherefore the queen said, in hearing of them all, 'I beseech Almighty God that I may never have power to see Sir Launcelot with my worldly eyes.' 'And thus,' said all the ladies, 'was ever her prayer these two days till she was dead.' Then Sir Launcelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly but sighed."

The Idyls themselves contain no touch finer than this last. Sir Launcelot's own release was not long delayed, "For he did never after eat but little meat, nor drank; and evermore night and day he prayed, but sometime slumbered a broken sleep, and ever he was lying groveling on the tomb of Arthur and Guinevere." His brethren remonstrated with him for his despair, but his answer was simple: "'When I remember me how by my default, mine orgule, and my pride, that they were both laid full low that were peerless that ever was living of Christian people, wit you well,' said Sir Launcelot, 'this remembered of their kindness and mine unkindness sank so to my heart that I might not sustain myself.' So the French book maketh mention."

In six weeks he also died. "Thou, Sir Launcelot," cried his brother Sir Ector, as he stood by his wasted remains, "there thou liest that were never matched of earthly knight's hand; and thou wert the courtiest knight that ever bare shield;

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and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."

It is evident that both Malory and the author of the "French book" believed far too sincerely in the reality of their characters seriously to doubt that Arthur's mysterious evanishment was indeed death. However, Malory observes that "some men yet say in many parts of England that Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu in another place. And men say that he shall come again, and he shall win the holy cross. I will not say it shall be so, but rather I will say, here in this world he changed his life. But many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: 'Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus.'"

May not the laureate have closed his tale with Arthur's mystic removal to Avallon rather than with these last affecting incidents, — which undoubtedly confirm our human sympathy with the creatures from whom we are now loath to part, — by way of additional tribute to the character of the Prince Consort, who seemed to him "scarce other than his own ideal knight," as an unspoken professional intimation that in him the fancy of the early ages had actually found its fulfillment?

So much for the material out of which the great Victorian poet has constructed the frame of his most durable work. How entirely we owe to himself the spiritual unity and symmetry of it is too obvious for further remark. Yet we are far from agreeing with those who think that he has defaced the *naïveté* of ancient story by infusing into it a too modern scrupulousness. It is a question whether morality is ever modified by time so much as by those other influences, clime and race. The endeavor to cast off the conscience which we know, and to substitute for it the supposed conscience which regulated a by-gone state of society, almost always fails deplorably, sometimes disgustingly. Thus the Defense of Guinevere and the other Arthurian poems of William Morris, with all their melody and passion, barely escape repulsiveness; and for a similar reason the studies of Matthew Arnold in the Story of Tristram, though pretty, are in their fancied reality exquisitely unreal. It is the mistake of painting things preposterously because they "seem so," which is the favorite foible of our generation in more than one branch of art. Chivalry, the *motif* of all mediæval romance, was the youngest dream concerning social relations of the modern world after its conversion to Christianity, — a part of the general ecstasy of its recent regeneration. It was the bright, audacious ideal of a love between mortal man and woman as wholly supersensual as the fabled love of the Redeemer for his bride, the church. The knight assumed, under the formal sanction of the church, a triple vow which constituted his practical religion: to serve his master Christ, to succor the defenseless, to love one woman and her supremely. It seems not naturally to have occurred to the Latinized mind of Southern Europe to inquire what woman. If — as indeed usually happened — she chanced to be the wife of another man, it was equal. The love of chivalry was a something which transcended all accidental relations and prudential arrangements. And the love which is so melodiously celebrated by the more refined of the Southern troubadours is, in very truth, just such a sublimated sentiment. It is incapable of coarse offense. Natural jealousy cannot attain unto it. We may listen for hours to the echoes of those rapturous lyrics, and find them always the same, sweet, ardent, innocent because unmoral, breathing an air of sunny license, awakening not the faintest vibration of the sense of right and wrong.

But the Trouvères and the minstrels were for the most part the descendants,

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or at least the near kindred, of those quaint barbarians of whom Tacitus wrote with languid wonder and approbation, "Quanquam severa illic matrimonia nec ullam morum partem magis laudaveris." The theoretic lady-love of the Norman or Scandinavian knight could hardly be other than his wife, present or future. Behold an earnest restriction! The path of honor at once becomes narrow, strait, and difficult. All deviations from it are recognized as transgressions, all tragic results of such deviations as punishment. Where, as in the story of Launcelot and Guinevere, there are struggles, remorse, and a piteous expiation, our keenest sympathies are, no doubt, demanded, and not vainly, for those who love and sin. But where, as in the story of Tristram and Isolt, the constitutional instinct of chastity is unblushingly defied, the effect is one of extreme coarseness. Here is precisely the spirit of conscious and blasphemous brutality which M. Taine is always encountering amid his researches through our early literature, and which partly fascinates and partly horrifies, but always amazes him. He barely recognizes the apparently irresistible truth that the very impudence and desperation of the spirit in question argue the presence of a more tyrannous conscience than can be inferred from the milder and more graceful licentiousness of softer climes.

If there ever could have been a knightly Arthur, and he could ever have founded an ideal code and state, they may well have been essentially the code and state whose brief glory Tennyson has so splendidly portrayed. It was a sublime but very premature dream, the disappointment of which appeared inevitable even in the days of Malory. Let us derive what consolation we may from the fact that it appears no more than probable in the days of Tennyson.

Harriet W. Preston.

SHAKESPEARE.

LIKE to a glass of magic old
  His soul each passing image caught;
His mind an ocean that could hold
  The river of each human thought.

My dimmer eyes meet far-off rays
  His all immortal vision saw;
That inner world — the Dawn of days —
  Breaks through the clouds earth's vapors draw.

And ever, while I read, there seems
  A world of real life around;
And friends of old float through the dreams
  Of peopled air and fairy ground.

Great nature's self so in him dwelt,
  With all her wealth of songs and springs,
That never throb of *his* is felt,
  But *she* is vocal while he sings.

J. M. Rogers.

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JERUSALEM.

It was in obedience to a natural but probably mistaken impulse, that I went straight to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre during my first hour in the city. Perhaps it was a mistake to go there at all; certainly I should have waited until I had become more accustomed to holy places. When a person enters this memorable church, as I did, expecting to see only two sacred sites, and is brought immediately face to face with *thirty-seven*, his mind is staggered, and his credulity becomes so enfeebled that it is practically useless to him thereafter in any part of the Holy City. And this is a pity, for it is so much easier and sweeter to believe than to doubt.

It would have been better, also, to have visited Jerusalem many years ago; then there were fewer sacred sites invented, and scholarly investigation had not so sharply questioned the authenticity of the few. But I thought of none of these things as I stumbled along the narrow and filthy streets, which are stony channels of mud and water, rather than foot-paths, and peeped into the dirty little shops that line the way. I thought only that I was in Jerusalem; and it was impossible, at first, for its near appearance to empty the name of its tremendous associations, or to drive out the image of that holy city, "conjubilant with song."

I had seen the dome of the church from the hotel balcony; the building itself is so hemmed in by houses that only its south side, in which is the sole entrance, can be seen from the street. In front of this entrance is a small square; the descent to this square is by a flight of steps down Palmer Street, a lane given up to the traffic in beads, olive-wood, ivory-carving, and the thousand trinkets, most of them cheap and inartistic, which absorb the industry of the Holy City. The little square itself, surrounded by ancient buildings on three sides and by the blackened walls of the church on the north, might be set down in a mediæval Italian town without incongruity. And at the hour I first saw it, you would have said that a market or fair was in progress there. This, however, I found was its normal condition. It is always occupied by a horde of more clamorous and impudent merchants than you will find in any other place in the Orient.

It is with some difficulty that the pilgrim can get through the throng and approach the portal. The pavement is covered with heaps of beads, shells, and every species of holy fancy work, by which are seated the traders, men and women, in wait for customers. The moment I stopped to look at the church, and it was discovered that I was a newcomer, a rush was made at me from every part of the square, and I was at once the centre of the most eager and hungry crowd. Sharp-faced Greeks, impudent Jews, fair-faced women from Bethlehem, sleek Armenians, thrust strings of rude olive beads and crosses into my face, forced upon my notice trumpery carving in ivory, in nuts, in seeds, and screamed prices and entreaties in chorus, bidding against each other and holding fast to me, as if I were the last man, and this were the last opportunity they would ever have of getting rid of their rubbish. Handfuls of beads rapidly fell from five francs to half a franc, and the dealers insisted upon my buying, with a threatening air; I remember one hard-featured and rapacious wretch who danced about and clung to me, and looked into my eyes with an expression that said plainly, "If you don't buy these beads, I'll murder you." My recollection is that I bought, for I never can resist a persuasion of this sort. Whenever I saw the fellow in the square afterwards, I always fancied that he regarded me with a sort of contempt, but he made no further attempt on my life.

This is the sort of preparation that one

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daily has in approaching the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The greed and noise of traffic around it are as fatal to sentiment as they are to devotion. You may be amused one day, you may be indignant the next; at last you will be weary of the importunate crowd; and the only consolation you can get from these daily scenes of the desecration of the temple of pilgrimage is the proof they afford that this is indeed Jerusalem, and that these are the legitimate descendants of the thieves whom Christ scourged from the precincts of the temple. Alas that they should thrive under the new dispensation as they did under the old!

A considerable part of the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not more than sixty years old; but the massive, carved, and dark south portal, and the remains of the old towers and walls on this side, may be eight hundred. There has been some sort of a church here ever since the time of Constantine (that is, three centuries after the crucifixion of our Lord), which has marked the spot that was then determined to be the site of the Holy Sepulchre. Many a time the buildings have been swept away by fire or by the fanaticism of enemies, but they have as often been renewed. There would seem at first to have been a cluster of buildings here, each of which arose to cover a newly discovered sacred site. Happily, all the sacred places are now included within the walls of this many-roofed, heterogeneous mass of chapels, shrines, tombs, and altars of worship of many warring sects, called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Happily also the exhaustive discussion of the question of the true site of the sepulchre, conducted by the most devout and accomplished biblical scholars and the keenest antiquarians of the age, relieves the ordinary tourist from any obligation to enter upon an investigation that would interest none but those who have been upon the spot. No doubt the larger portion of the Christian world accepts this site as the true one.

I make with diffidence a suggestion that struck me, although it may not be new. The Pool of Hezekiah is not over four hundred feet, measured on the map, from the dome of the sepulchre. Under the church itself are several large excavations in the rocks, which were once cisterns. Ancient Jerusalem depended for its water upon these cisterns, which took the drainage from the roofs, and upon a few pools, like that of Hezekiah, which were fed from other reservoirs, such as Solomon's Pool, at a considerable distance from the city. These cisterns under the church may not date back to the time of our Lord, but if they do, they were doubtless at that time within the walls. And of course the Pool of Hezekiah, so near to this alleged site, cannot be supposed to have been beyond the walls.

Within the door of the church, upon a raised divan at one side, as if this were a bazar and he were the merchant, sat a fat Turk, in official dress, the sneering warden of this Christian edifice, and the perhaps necessary guardian of peace within. His presence there, however, is at first a disagreeable surprise to all those who rebel at owing an approach to the holy place to the toleration of a Moslem; but I was quite relieved of any sense of obligation when, upon coming out, the Turk asked me for backsheesh!

Whatever one may think as to the site of Calvary, no one can approach a spot which even claims to be it, and which has been for centuries the object of worship of millions, and is constantly thronged by believing pilgrims, without profound emotion. It was late in the afternoon when I entered the church, and already the shades of evening increased the artificial gloom of the interior. At the very entrance lies an object that arrests one. It is a long marble slab resting upon the pavement, about which candles are burning. Every devout pilgrim who comes in kneels and kisses it, and it is sometimes difficult to see it for the crowds who press about it. Underneath it is supposed to be the Stone of Unction upon which the Lord's body was laid, according to the Jewish fashion, for anointing, after he was taken from the cross.

I turned directly into the rotunda,

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under the dome of which is the stone building inclosing the Holy Sepulchre, a ruder structure than that which covers the hut and tomb of St. Francis in the church at Assisi. I met in the way a procession of Latin monks, bearing candles, and chanting as they walked. They were making the round of the holy places in the church, this being their hour for the tour. The sects have agreed upon certain hours for these little daily pilgrimages, so that there shall be no collision. A rabble of pilgrims followed the monks. They had just come from incensing and adoring the sepulchre, and the crowd of other pilgrims who had been waiting their turn were now pressing in at the narrow door. As many times as I have been there, I have always seen pilgrims struggling to get in and struggling to get out. The proud and the humble crowd there together; the greasy boor from beyond the Volga jostles my lady from Naples, and the dainty pilgrim from America pushes her way through a throng of stout Armenian peasants. But I have never seen any disorder there, nor any rudeness, except the thoughtless eagerness of zeal.

Taking my chance in the line, I passed into the first apartment, called the Chapel of the Angel, a narrow and gloomy antechamber, which takes its name from the fragment of stone in the centre, the stone upon which the angel sat after it had been rolled away from the sepulchre. A stream of light came through the low and narrow door of the tomb. Through the passage to this vault only one person can enter at a time, and the tomb will hold no more than three or four. Stooping along the passage, which is cased with marble like the tomb, and may cover natural rock, I came into the sacred place, and into a blaze of silver lamps, and candles. The vault is not more than six feet by seven, and is covered by a low dome. The sepulchral stone occupies all the right side, and is the object of devotion. It is of marble, supposed to cover natural stone, and is cracked and worn smooth on the edge by the kisses of millions of people. The attendant who stood at one end opened a little trap-door, in which lamp-cloths were kept, and let me see the naked rock, which is said to be that of the tomb. While I stood there in that very centre of the faith and longing of so many souls, which seemed almost to palpitate with a consciousness of its awful position, pilgrim after pilgrim, on bended knees, entered the narrow way, kissed with fervor or with coldness the unresponsive marble, and withdrew in the same attitude. Some approached it with streaming eyes and kissed it with trembling rapture; some ladies threw themselves upon the cold stone and sobbed aloud. Indeed, I did not of my own will intrude upon these acts of devotion, which have the right of secrecy, but it was some time before I could escape, so completely was the entrance blocked up. When I had struggled out, I heard chanting from the hill of Golgotha, and saw the gleaming of a hundred lights from chapel and tomb and remote recesses, but I cared to see no more of the temple itself that day.

The next morning (it was the 7th of April) was very cold, and the day continued so. Without, the air was keen, and within it was nearly impossible to get warm or keep so, in the thick-walled houses, which had gathered the damp and chill of dungeons. You might suppose that the dirtiest and most beggarly city in the world could not be much deteriorated by the weather, but it is. In a cheerful, sunny day you find that the desolation of Jerusalem has a certain charm and attraction: even a tattered Jew leaning against a ruined wall, or a beggar on a dunghill, is picturesque in the sunshine; but if you put a day of chill rain and frosty wind into the city, none of the elements of complete misery are wanting. There is nothing to be done, day or night; indeed, there is nothing ever to be done in the evening, except to read your guide-book — that is, the Bible — and go to bed. You are obliged to act like a Christian here, whatever you are.

Speaking of the weather, a word about the time for visiting Syria may not be amiss. In the last part of May the snow

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was a foot deep in the streets; parties who had started on their tour northward were snowed in and forced to hide in their tents three days from the howling winter. There is pleasure for you! We found friends in the city who had been waiting two weeks after they had exhausted its sights, for settled weather that would permit them to travel northward. To be sure, the inhabitants say that this last storm ought to have been rain instead of snow, according to the habit of the seasons; and it no doubt would have been if this region were not twenty-five hundred feet above the sea. The hardships of the Syrian tour are enough in the best weather, and I am convinced that our dragoman is right in saying that most travelers begin it too early in the spring.

Jerusalem is not a formidable city to the explorer who is content to remain above ground, and is not too curious about its substructions and buried walls, and has no taste, as some have, for crawling through its drains. I suppose it would elucidate the history of the Jews if we could dig all this hill away and lay bare all the old foundations, and ascertain exactly how the city was watered. I, for one, am grateful to the excellent man and great scholar who crawled on his hands and knees through a subterranean conduit, and established the fact of a connection between the Fountain of the Virgin and the Pool of Siloam. But I would rather contribute money to establish a school for girls in the Holy City, than to aid in laying bare all the aqueducts from Ophel to the Tower of David. But this is probably because I do not enough appreciate the importance of such researches among Jewish remains to the progress of Christian truth and morality in the world. The discoveries hitherto made have done much to clear up the topography of ancient Jerusalem; I do not know that they have yielded anything valuable to art or to philology, any treasures illustrating the habits, the social life, the culture, or the religion of the past, such as are revealed beneath the soil of Rome or in the ashes of Pompeii; it is, however, true that almost every tourist in Jerusalem becomes speedily involved in all these questions of ancient sites, — the identification of valleys that once existed, of walls that are now sunk under the accumulated rubbish of two thousand years, from thirty feet to ninety feet deep, and of foundations that are rough enough and massive enough to have been laid by David and cemented by Solomon. And the fascination of the pursuit would soon send one underground, with a pick-ax and a shovel. But of all the diggings I saw in the Holy City, that which interested me most was the excavation of the church and hospital of the chivalric Knights of St. John; concerning which I shall say a word further on.

The present walls were built by Sultan Suleiman in the middle of the sixteenth century, upon foundations much older, and here and there, as you can see, upon big blocks of Jewish workmanship. The wall is high enough and very picturesque in its zigzag course and reëntering angles, and, I suppose, strong enough to hitch a horse to; but cannon-balls would make short work of it.

Having said thus much of the topography, gratuitously and probably unnecessarily, for every one is supposed to know Jerusalem as well as he knows his native town, we are free to look at anything that may chance to interest us. I do not expect, however, that any words of mine can convey to the reader a just conception of the sterile and blasted character of this promontory and the country round about it, or of the squalor, shabbiness, and unpicturesqueness of the city, always excepting a few of its buildings and some fragments of antiquity built into modern structures here and there. And it is difficult to feel that this spot was ever the splendid capital of a powerful state, that this arid and stricken country could ever have supplied the necessities of such a capital, and, above all, that so many Jews could ever have been crowded within this cramped space as Josephus says perished in the siege by Titus, when ninety-seven thousand were carried into captivity and eleven hundred

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thousand died by famine and the sword. Almost the entire Jewish nation must have been packed within this small area.

Our first walk through the city was in the Via Dolorosa, as gloomy a thoroughfare as its name implies. Its historical portion is that part between the Holy Sepulchre and the house of Pilate, but we traversed the whole length of it to make our exit from St. Stephen's Gate toward the Mount of Olives. It is only about four hundred years ago that this street obtained the name of the Via Dolorosa, and that the sacred "stations" on it were marked out for the benefit of the pilgrim. It is a narrow lane, steep in places, having frequent sharp angles, running under arches, and passing between gloomy buildings, enlivened by but few shops. Along this way Christ passed from the judgment-hall of Pilate to Calvary. I do not know how many times the houses along it have been destroyed and rebuilt since Titus burned them down, but this destruction is no obstacle to the existence intact of all that are necessary to illustrate the Passion-pilgrimage of our Lord. In this street I saw the house of Simon the Cyrenian, who bore the cross after Jesus; I saw the house of St. Veronica, from which that woman stepped forth and gave Jesus a handkerchief to wipe his brow — the handkerchief with the Lord's features imprinted on it which we have all seen exhibited at St. Peter's in Rome; and I looked for the house of the Wandering Jew, or at least for the spot where he stood when he received that awful mandate of fleshly immortality. In this street are recognized the several stations that Christ made in bearing the cross; we were shown the places where he fell, a stone having the impress of his hand, a pillar broken by his fall, and also the stone upon which Mary sat when he passed by. Nothing is wanting that the narrative requires. We saw also in this street the house of Dives, and the stone on which Lazarus sat while the dogs ministered unto him. It seemed to me that I must be in a dream, in thus beholding the houses and places of resort of the characters in a *parable;* and I carried my dilemma to a Catholic friend. But a learned father assured him that there was no doubt that this is the house of Dives, for Christ often took his parables from real life. After that I went again to look at the stone, in a corner of a building, amid a heap of refuse, upon which the beggar sat, and to admire the pretty stone tracery of the windows in the house of Dives.

At the end of the street, in a new Latin nunnery, are the remains of the house of Pilate, which are supposed to be authentic. The present establishment is called the convent of St. Anne, and the community is very fortunate, at this late day, in obtaining such a historic site for itself. We had the privilege of seeing here some of the original rock that formed part of the foundations of Pilate's house; and there are three stones built into the altar that were taken from the pavement of Gabbatha, upon which Christ walked. These are recent discoveries; it appears probable that the real pavement of Gabbatha has been found, since Pilate's house is so satisfactorily identified. Spanning the street in front of this convent is the Ecce Homo arch, upon which Pilate showed Christ to the populace. The ground of the new building was until recently in possession of the Moslems, who would not sell it for a less price than seventy thousand francs; the arch they would not sell at all; and there now dwells, in a small chamber on top of it, a Moslem saint and hermit. The world of pilgrims flows under his feet; he looks from his window upon a daily procession of Christians, who traverse the Via Dolorosa, having first signified their submission to the Moslem yoke in the Holy City by passing under this arch of humiliation. The hermit, however, has the grace not to show himself, and few know that he sits there, in the holy occupation of letting his hair and his nails grow.

From the house of the Roman procurator we went to the citadel of Sultan Suleiman. This stands close by the Jaffa Gate, and is the most picturesque

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object in all the circuit of the walls, and, although the citadel is of modern origin, its most characteristic portion lays claim to great antiquity. The massive structure which impresses all strangers who enter by the Jaffa Gate is called the Tower of Hippicus, and also the Tower of David. It is identified as the tower which Herod built and Josephus describes, and there is as little doubt that its foundations are the same that David laid and Solomon strengthened. There are no such stones in any other part of the walls as these enormous beveled blocks; they surpass those in the Haram wall, at what is called the Jews' Wailing Place. The tower stands upon the northwest corner of the old wall of Zion, and being the point most open to attack it was most strongly built.

It seems also to have been connected with the palace on Zion which David built, for it is the tradition that it was from this tower that the king first saw Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, when "it came to pass in an eventide that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house: and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon." On the other side of the city gate we now look down upon the Pool of Bathsheba, in which there is no water, and we are informed that it was by that pool that the lovely woman, who was destined to be the mother of Solomon, sat when the king took his evening walk. Others say that she sat by the Pool of Gihon. It does not matter. The subject was a very fruitful one for the artists of the Renaissance, who delighted in a glowing reproduction of the biblical stories, and found in such incidents as this and the confusion of Susanna themes in which the morality of the age could express itself without any conflict with the religion of the age. It is a comment not so much upon the character of David as upon the morality of the time in which he lived, that although he repented, and no doubt sincerely, of his sin when reproved for it, his repentance did not take the direction of self-denial; he did not send away Bathsheba.

This square old tower is interiorly so much in ruins that it is not easy to climb to its parapet, and yet it still has a guard-house attached to it, and is kept like a fortification; a few rusty old cannon, under the charge of the soldiers, would injure only those who attempted to fire them; the entire premises have a tumble-down, Turkish aspect. The view from the top is the best in the city of the city itself; we saw also from it the hills of Moab and a bit of the Dead Sea.

Close by is the Armenian quarter, covering a large part of what was once the hill of Zion. I wish it were the Christian quarter, for it is the only part of the town that makes any pretension to cleanliness, and it has more than any other the aspect of an abode of peace and charity. This is owing to its being under the government of one corporation, for the Armenian convent covers nearly the entire space of this extensive quarter. The convent is a singular, irregular mass of houses, courts, and streets, the latter apparently running over and under and through the houses; you come unexpectedly upon stairways, you traverse roofs, you enter rooms and houses on the roofs of other houses, and it is difficult to say at any time whether you are on the earth or in the air. The convent, at this season, is filled with pilgrims, over three thousand of whom, I was told, were lodged here. We came upon families of them in the little rooms in the courts and corridors, or upon the roofs, pursuing their domestic avocations as if they were at home, cooking, mending, sleeping, a boorish but simple-minded lot of peasants.

The church is a large and very interesting specimen of religious architecture and splendid, barbaric decoration. In the vestibule hang the "bells." These are long planks of a sonorous wood, which give forth a ringing sound when struck with a club. As they are of different sizes, you get some variation of tone, and they can be heard far enough to call the inmates of the convent to worship. The interior walls are lined with ancient blue

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tiles to a considerable height, and above them are rude and inartistic sacred pictures. There is in the church much curious inlaid work of mother-of-pearl and olive-wood, especially about the doors of the chapels, and one side shines with the pearl as if it were encrusted with silver. Ostrich eggs are strung about in profusion, with hooks attached for hanging lamps.

The first day of our visit to this church, in one of the doorways of what seemed to be a side chapel, and which was thickly encrusted with mother-of-pearl, stood the venerable bishop, in a light rose-colored robe and a pointed hood, with a cross in his hand, preaching to the pilgrims, who knelt on the pavement before him, talking in a familiar manner and, our guide said, with great plainness of speech. The Armenian clergy are celebrated for the splendor of their vestments, and I could not but think that this rose-colored bishop, in his shining frame-work, must seem like a being of another sphere to the boors before him. He almost imposed upon us.

These pilgrims appeared to be of the poorest agricultural class of laborers, and their costume is uncouth beyond description. In a side chapel, where we saw tiles on the walls that excited our envy, — the quaintest figures and illustrations of sacred subjects, — the clerks were taking the names of pilgrims just arrived, who kneeled before them and paid a Napoleon each for their lodging in the convent, as long as they should choose to stay. In this chapel were the shoes of the pilgrims who had gone into the church, a motley collection of footgear, covering half the floor: leather and straw, square shoes as broad as long, round shoes, pointed shoes, old shoes, patched shoes, shoes with the toes gone, a pathetic gathering that told of poverty and weary travel — and big feet. These shoes were things to muse on, for each pair, made maybe in a different century, seemed to have a character of its own, as it stood there awaiting the owner. People often make reflections upon a pair of shoes; literature is full of them. Poets have celebrated many a pretty shoe, — a queen's slipper it may be, or the hobnail brogan of a peasant, or, oftener, the tiny shoes of a child; but it is seldom that one has an opportunity for such comprehensive moralizing as was here given. If we ever regretted the lack of a poet in our party, it was now.

We walked along the Armenian walls, past the lepers' quarter, and outside the walls, through the Gate of Zion, or the Gate of the Prophet David as it is also called, and came upon a continuation of the plateau of the hill of Zion, which is now covered with cemeteries, and is the site of the house of Caiaphas and of the tomb of David and those Kings of Jerusalem who were considered by the people worthy of sepulture here; for the Jews seem to have brought from Egypt the notion of refusing royal burial to their bad kings, and they had very few respectable ones.

The house of Caiaphas the high-priest had suffered a recent tumble-down, and was in such a state of ruin that we could with difficulty enter it or recognize any likeness of a house. On the premises is an Armenian chapel; in it we were shown the prison in which Christ was confined, also the stone door of the sepulchre, which the Latins say the Armenians stole. But the most remarkable object here is the little marble column (having carved on it a figure of Christ bound to a pillar) upon which the cock stood and crowed when Peter denied his Lord. There are some difficulties in the way of believing this now, but they will lessen as the column gets age.

Outside this gate lie the desolate fields strewn with the brown tombstones of the Greeks and Armenians, a melancholy spectacle. Each sect has its own cemetery, and the dead sleep peaceably enough, but the living who bury them frequently quarrel. I saw one day a funeral procession halted outside the walls; for some reason the Greek priest had refused the dead burial in the grave dug for him in the cemetery; the bier was dumped on the slope beside the road, and half overturned; the friends were sitting on the ground, wrangling. The

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man had been dead three days, and the coffin had been by the roadside in this place since the day before. This was in the morning; towards night I saw the same crowd there, but a Turkish official appeared and ordered the Greeks to bury their dead somewhere, and that without delay; to bury it for the sake of the public health, and quarrel about the grave afterwards if they must. A crowd collected, joining with fiery gesticulation and clamor in the dispute, the shrill voices of women being heard above all; but at last, four men roughly shouldered the box, handling it as if it contained merchandise, and trotted off with it.

As we walked over this pathless, barren necropolis, strewn, as it were, haphazard with shapeless, broken, and leaning headstones, it was impossible to connect with it any sentiment of affection or piety. It spoke, like everything else about here, of mortality, and seemed only a part of that historical Jerusalem which is dead and buried, in which no living person can have anything more than an archæological interest. It was, then, with something like a shock that we heard Demetrius, our guide, say, pointing to a rude stone, —

"That is the grave of my mother!"

Demetrius was a handsome Greek boy, of a beautiful type which has almost disappeared from Greece itself, and as clever a lad as ever spoke all languages and accepted all religions, without yielding too much to any one. He had been well educated in the English school, and his education had failed to put any faith in place of the superstition it had destroyed. The boy seemed to be numerously if not well connected in the city; he was always exchanging a glance and a smile with some pretty, dark-eyed Greek girl whom we met in the way, and when I said, "Demetrius, who was that?" he always answered, "That is my cousin."

The boy was so intelligent, so vivacious and full of the spirit of adventure, — begging me a dozen times a day to take him with me anywhere in the world, — and so modern, that he had not till this moment seemed to belong to Jerusalem, nor to have any part in its decay. This chance discovery of his intimate relation to this necropolis gave, if I may say so, a living interest to it, and to all the old burying-grounds about the city, some of which link the present with the remote past by an uninterrupted succession of interments for nearly three thousand years.

Just beyond this expanse, or rather in part of it, is a small plot of ground surrounded by high whitewashed walls, the entrance to which is secured by a heavy door. This is the American cemetery; and the stout door and thick wall are, I suppose, necessary to secure its graves from Moslem insult. It seems not to be visited often, for it was with difficulty that we could turn the huge key in the rusty lock. There are some half-dozen graves within; the graves are grass-grown and flower-sprinkled, and the whole area is a tangle of unrestrained weeds and grass. The high wall cuts off all view, but we did not for the time miss it, rather liking for the moment to be secured from the sight of the awful desolation, and to muse upon the strange fortune that had drawn to be buried here upon Mount Zion, as a holy resting-place for them, people alien in race, language, and customs to the house of David, and removed from it by such spaces of time and distance; people to whom the worship performed by David, if he could renew it in person on Zion, would be as distasteful as is that of the Jews in yonder synagogue.

Only a short distance from this we came to the mosque which contains the tomb of David and probably of Solomon and other Kings of Judah. No historical monument in or about Jerusalem is better authenticated than this. Although now for many centuries the Moslems have had possession of it and forbidden access to it, there is a tolerably connected tradition of its possession. It was twice opened and relieved of the enormous treasure in gold and silver which Solomon deposited in it: once by Hyrcanus Maccabæus, who took what he needed, and again by Herod, who found very little. There are all sorts of stories told about the splendor of this tomb and

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the state with which the Moslems surround it. But they envelop it in so much mystery that no one can know the truth. It is probable that the few who suppose they have seen it have seen only a sort of cenotaph which is above the real tomb in the rock below. The room which has been seen is embellished with some display of richness in shawls and hangings of gold embroidery, and contains a sarcophagus of rough stone, and lights are always burning there. If the royal tombs are in this place, they are doubtless in the cave below.

Over this spot was built a church by the early Christians; and it is a tradition that in this building was the Cœnaculum. This site may very likely be that of the building where the Last Supper was laid, and it may be that St. Stephen suffered martyrdom here, and that the Virgin died here; the building may be as old as the fourth century, but the chances of any building standing so long in this repeatedly destroyed city are not good. There is a little house north of this mosque in which the Virgin spent the last years of her life; if she did, she must have lived to be over a thousand years old.

On the very brow of the hill, and overlooking the lower pool of Gihon, is the English school, with its pretty garden and its cemetery. We saw there some excavations, by which the bed-rock had been laid bare, disclosing some stone steps cut in it. Search is being made here for the Seat of Solomon, but it does not seem to me a vital matter, for I suppose he sat down all over this hill, which was covered with his palaces and harems and other buildings of pleasure, built of stones that "were of great value, such as are dug out of the earth for the ornaments of temples and to make fine prospects in royal palaces, and which make the mines whence they are dug famous." Solomon's palace was constructed entirely of white stone, and cedar-wood, and gold and silver; in it "were very long cloisters, and those situate in an agreeable place in the palace, and among them a most glorious dining-room for feastings and compotations;" indeed, Josephus finds it difficult to reckon up the variety and the magnitude of the royal apartments, — "how many that were subterraneous and invisible, the curiosity of those that enjoyed the fresh air, and the groves for the most delightful prospect, for avoiding the heat, and covering their bodies." If this most luxurious of monarchs introduced here all the styles of architecture which would represent the nationality of his wives, as he built temples to suit their different religions, the hill of Zion must have resembled, on a small scale, the Munich of King Ludwig I.

Opposite the English school, across the Valley of Hinnom, is a long block of modern buildings which is one of the most conspicuous objects outside the city. It was built by another rich Jew, Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, and contains tenements for poor Jews. Sir Moses is probably as rich as Solomon was in his own right, and he makes a most charitable use of his money; but I do not suppose that if he had at his command the public wealth that Solomon had, who made silver as plentiful as stones in the streets of Jerusalem, he could materially alleviate the lazy indigence of the Jewish exiles here. The aged philanthropist made a journey hither in the summer of 1875, to ascertain for himself the condition of the Jews. I believe he has a hope of establishing manufactories in which they can support themselves; but the minds of the Jews who are already restored are not set upon any sort of industry. It seems to me that they could be maintained much more cheaply if they were transported to a less barren land.

We made, one day, an exploration of the Jews' quarter, which enjoys the reputation of being more filthy than the Christian. The approach to it is down a gutter which has the sounding name of the Street of David; it was bad enough, but when we entered the Jews' part of the city we found ourselves in lanes and gutters of incomparable unpleasantness, and almost impassable, with nothing whatever in them interesting or picturesque, except the inhab-

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itants. We had a curiosity to see if there were here any real Jews of the type that inhabited the city in the time of our Lord, and we saw many with fair skin and light hair, with straight nose and regular features. The persons whom we are accustomed to call Jews, and who were found dispersed about Europe at a very early period of modern history, have the Assyrian features, the hook nose, dark hair and eyes, and not at all the faces of the fair-haired race from which our Saviour is supposed to have sprung. The kingdom of Israel, which contained the ten tribes, was gobbled up by the Assyrians about the time Rome was founded, and from that date these tribes do not appear historically. They may have entirely amalgamated with their conquerors, and the modified race subsequently have passed into Europe; for the Jews claim to have been in Europe before the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, in which nearly all the people of the kingdom of Judah perished.

Some scholars, who have investigated the problem offered by the two types above mentioned, think that the Jew as we know him in Europe and America is not the direct descendant of the Jews of Jerusalem of the time of Herod, and that the true offspring of the latter is the person of the light hair and straight nose who is occasionally to be found in Jerusalem to-day. Until this ethnological problem is settled, I shall most certainly withhold my feeble contributions for the "restoration" of the persons at present doing business under the name of Jews among the Western nations.

But we saw another type of Jew, or rather another variety, in this quarter. He called himself of the tribe of Benjamin, and is, I think, the most unpleasant human being I have ever encountered. Every man who supposes himself of this tribe wears a dark, corkscrew, stringy curl hanging down each side of his face, and the appearance of nasty effeminacy which this gives cannot be described. The tribe of Benjamin does not figure well in sacred history, — it was left-handed; it was pretty much exterminated by the other tribes once for an awful crime; it was held from going into the settled idolatry of the kingdom of Israel only by its contiguity to Judah, — but it was better than its descendants, if these are its descendants.

More than half of the eight thousand Jews in Jerusalem speak Spanish as their native tongue, and are the offspring of those expelled from Spain by Ferdinand. Now and then, I do not know whether it was Spanish or Arabic, we saw a good face, a noble countenance, a fine Oriental and venerable type, and occasionally, looking from a window, a Jewish beauty; but the most whom we met were debased, mis-begotten, the remnants of sin, squalor, and bad living.

We went into two of the best synagogues, — one new, with a conspicuous green dome. They are not fine; on the contrary, they are slatternly places and very ill-kept. On the benches near the windows sat squalid men and boys reading, the latter, no doubt, students of the law; all the passages, stairs, and by-rooms were dirty and disorderly, as if it were always Monday morning there, but never washing-day; rags and heaps of ancient garments were strewn about; and occasionally we nearly stumbled over a Jew, indistinguishable from a bundle of old clothes, and asleep on the floor. Even the sanctuary is full of unkempt people, and of the evidences of the squalor of the quarter. If this is a specimen of the restoration of the Jews, they had better not be restored any more.

The thing to do (if the worldliness of the expression will be pardoned) on Friday is to go and see the Jews wail, as in Constantinople it is to see the Sultan go to prayer, and in Cairo to hear the dervishes howl. The performance, being an open-air one, is sometimes prevented by rain or snow, but otherwise it has not failed for many centuries. This ancient practice is probably not what it once was, having in our modern days, by becoming a sort of fashion, lost its spontaneity; it will, however, doubtless be long kept up, as everything of this sort endures in the East, even if it should become necessary to hire people to wail.

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The Friday morning of the day chosen for our visit to the wailing place was rainy, following a rainy night. The rough-paved open alleys were gutters of mud, the streets under arches (for there are shops in subterranean constructions and old vaulted passages) were damper and darker than usual; the whole city, with its narrow lanes, and thick walls, and no sewers, was clammy and uncomfortable. We loitered for a time in the dark and grave-like gold bazars, where there is but a poor display of attractions. Pilgrims from all lands were sopping about in the streets; conspicuous among them were Persians wearing high, conical furze hats, and short-legged, big-calfed Russian peasant women, — animated meal-bags.

We walked across to the Zion Gate, and mounting the city wall there — an uneven and somewhat broken, but sightly promenade — followed it round to its junction with the Temple wall, and to Robinson's Arch. Underneath the wall by Zion Gate dwell, in low stone huts and burrows, a considerable number of lepers, who form a horrid community by themselves. These poor creatures, with toeless feet and fingerless hands, came out of their dens and assailed us with piteous cries for charity. What could be done? It was impossible to give to all. The little we threw them they fought for, and the unsuccessful followed us with whetted eagerness. We could do nothing but flee, and we climbed the wall and ran down it, leaving Demetrius behind as a rear-guard. I should have had more pity for them if they had not exhibited so much maliciousness. They knew their power, and brought all their loathsomeness after us, thinking that we would be forced to buy their retreat. Two hideous old women followed us a long distance, and when they became convinced that further howling and whining would be fruitless, they suddenly changed tone and cursed us with healthful vigor; having cursed us, they hobbled home to roost.

This part of the wall crosses what was once the Tyrophœan Valley, which is now pretty much filled up; it ran between Mount Moriah, on which the Temple stood, and Mount Zion. It was spanned in ancient times by a bridge some three hundred and fifty feet long, resting on stone arches whose piers must have been from one hundred to two hundred feet in height; this connected the Temple platform with the top of the steep side of Zion. It was on the Temple end of this bridge that Titus stood and held parley with the Jews who refused to surrender Zion after the loss of Moriah.

The exact locality of this interesting bridge was discovered by Dr. Robinson. Just north of the southwest corner of the Haram wall (that is, the Temple or Mount Moriah wall) he noticed three courses of huge projecting stones, which upon careful inspection proved to be the segment of an arch. The spring of the arch is so plainly to be seen now that it is a wonder it remained so long unknown.

The Wailing Place of the Jews is on the west side of the Temple inclosure, a little to the north of this arch; it is in a long, narrow court formed by the walls of modern houses and the huge blocks of stone of this part of the original wall. These stones are no doubt as old as Solomon's Temple, and the Jews can here touch the very walls of the platform of that sacred edifice.

Every Friday a remnant of the children of Israel comes here to weep and wail. They bring their Scriptures, and leaning against the honey-combed stone, facing it, read the Lamentations and the Psalms, in a wailing voice, and occasionally cry aloud in a chorus of lamentation, weeping, blowing their long noses with blue cotton handkerchiefs, and kissing the stones. We were told that the smoothness of the stones in spots was owing to centuries of osculation. The men stand together at one part of the wall and the women at another. There were not more than twenty Jews present as actors in the solemn ceremony the day we visited the spot, and they did not wail much, merely reading the Scriptures in a mumbling voice and swaying their bodies backward and forward. Still they formed picturesque and even pa-

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thetic groups: venerable old men with long white beards and hooked noses, clad in rags and shreds and patches in all degrees of decadence; lank creatures of the tribe of Benjamin with the corkscrew curls; and skinny old women shaking with weeping, real or assumed.

Very likely these wailers were as poor and wretched as they appeared to be, and their tears were the natural outcome of their grief over the ruin of the Temple nearly two thousand years ago. I should be the last one to doubt their enjoyment of this weekly bitter misery. But the demonstration had somewhat the appearance of a set and show performance; while it was going on, a shrewd Israelite went about with a box to collect mites from the spectators. There were many more travelers there to see the wailing than there were Jews to wail. This also lent an unfavorable aspect to the scene. I myself felt that if this were genuine, I had no business to be there with my undisguised curiosity, and if it were not genuine, it was the poorest spectacle that Jerusalem offers to the tourist. Cook's party was there in force, this being one of the things promised in the contract; and I soon found myself more interested in Cook's pilgrims than in the others.

The Scripture read and wailed this day was the fifty-first Psalm of David. If you turn to it (you may have already discovered that the covert purpose of these desultory notes is to compel you to read your Bible), you will see that it expresses David's penitence in the matter of Bath-sheba.

Charles Dudley Warner.

ISOLATION.

We walk alone through all life's various ways,
Through light and darkness, sorrow, joy, and change;
And greeting each to each, through passing days,
Still we are strange.

We hold our dear ones with a firm, strong grasp;
We hear their voices, look into their eyes;
And yet, betwixt us in that clinging clasp
A distance lies.

We cannot know their hearts, howe'er we may
Mingle thought, aspiration, hope, and prayer;
We cannot reach them, and in vain essay
To enter there.

Still, in each heart of hearts a hidden deep
Lies, never fathomed by its dearest, best;
With closest care our purest thoughts we keep,
And tenderest.

But, blessed thought! we shall not always so
In darkness and in sadness walk alone;
There comes a glorious day when we shall know
As we are known!

Elinor Gray.

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THE AMERICAN.

VI.

NEWMAN gave up Damascus and Bagdad, and returned to Paris before the autumn was over. He established himself in some rooms selected for him by Tom Tristram, in accordance with the latter's estimate of what he called his social position. When Newman learned that his social position was to be taken into account, he professed himself utterly incompetent, and begged Tristram to relieve him of the care. "I didn't know I had a social position," he said, "and if I have, I haven't the smallest idea what it is. Isn't a social position knowing some two or three thousand people and inviting them to dinner? I know you and your wife and little old Mr. Nioche, who gave me French lessons last spring. Can I invite you to dinner to meet each other? If I can, you must come to-morrow."

"That is not very grateful to me," said Mrs. Tristram, "who introduced you last year to every creature I know."

"So you did; I had quite forgotten. But I thought you wanted me to forget," said Newman, with that tone of simple deliberateness which frequently masked his utterance, and which an observer would not have known whether to pronounce a somewhat mysteriously humorous affectation of ignorance, or a modest aspiration to knowledge; "you told me you disliked them all."

"Ah, the way you remember what I say is at least very flattering! But in future," added Mrs. Tristram, "pray forget all the wicked things and remember only the good ones. It will be easily done, and it will not fatigue your memory. But I forewarn you that if you trust my husband to pick out your rooms, you are in for something hideous."

"Hideous, darling?" cried Tristram.

"To-day I must say nothing wicked; otherwise I should use stronger language."

"What do you think she would say, Newman?" asked Tristram. "If she really tried, now? She can express displeasure, volubly, in two or three languages; that 's what it is to be intellectual. It gives her the start of me completely, for I can't swear, for the life of me, except in English. When I get mad I have to fall back on our dear old mother tongue. There 's nothing like it, after all."

Newman declared that he knew nothing about tables and chairs, and that he would accept, in the way of a lodging, with his eyes shut, anything that Tristram should offer him. This was partly pure veracity on our hero's part, but it was also partly charity. He knew that to pry about and look at rooms, and make people open windows, and poke into sofas with his cane, and gossip with landladies, and ask who lived above and who below, — he knew that this was of all pastimes the dearest to Tristram's heart, and he felt the more disposed to put it in his way as he was conscious that, as regards his obliging friend, he had suffered the warmth of ancient good-fellowship somewhat to abate. Besides, he had no taste for upholstery; he had even no very exquisite sense of comfort or convenience. He had a relish for luxury and splendor, but it was satisfied by rather gross contrivances. He scarcely knew a hard chair from a soft one, and he possessed a talent for stretching his legs which quite dispensed with adventitious facilities. His idea of comfort was to inhabit very large rooms, have a great many of them, and be conscious of their possessing a number of patented mechanical devices, — half of which he should never have occasion to use. The apartments should be light and brilliant and lofty; he had once said that he liked rooms in which you wanted to keep your hat on. For the rest, he was satisfied with the assurance of any respectable person that everything was

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"handsome." Tristram accordingly secured for him an apartment to which this epithet might be lavishly applied. It was situated on the Boulevard Hausmann, on a first floor, and consisted of a series of rooms, gilded, from floor to ceiling, a foot thick, draped in various light shades of satin, and chiefly furnished with mirrors and clocks. Newman thought them magnificent, thanked Tristram heartily, immediately took possession, and had one of his trunks standing for three months in his drawing-room.

One day Mrs. Tristram told him that her beautiful friend, Madame de Cintré, had returned from the country; that she had met her three days before, coming out of the Church of St. Sulpice; she herself having journeyed to that distant quarter in quest of an obscure lace-mender, of whose skill she had heard high praise.

"And how were those eyes?" Newman asked.

"Those eyes were red with weeping, if you please!" said Mrs. Tristram. "She had been to confession."

"It does n't tally with your account of her," said Newman, "that she should have sins to confess."

"They were not sins; they were sufferings."

"How do you know that?"

"She asked me to come and see her; I went this morning."

"And what does she suffer from?"

"I did n't ask her. With her, somehow, one is very discreet. But I guessed, easily enough. She suffers from her wicked old mother and her Grand Turk of a brother. They persecute her. But I can almost forgive them, because, as I told you, she is a saint, and a persecution is all that she needs to bring out her saintliness and make her perfect."

"That 's a comfortable theory for her. I hope you will never impart it to the old folks. Why does she let them bully her? Is she not her own mistress."

"Legally, yes, I suppose; but morally, no. In France you must never say nay to your mother, whatever she requires of you. She may be the most unreasonable old woman in the world, and make your life a purgatory; but, after all, she is *ma mère*, and you have no right to judge her. You have simply to obey. The thing has a fine side to it. Madame de Cintré bows her head and folds her wings."

"Can't she at least make her brother leave off?"

"Her brother is the *chef de la famille*, as they say; he is the head of the clan. With those people the family is everything; you must act, not for your own pleasure, but for the advantage of the family."

"I wonder what *my* family would like me to do!" exclaimed Tristram.

"I wish you had one!" said his wife.

"But what do they want to get out of that poor lady?" Newman asked.

"Another marriage. They are not rich, and they want to bring more money into the family."

"There 's your chance, my boy!" said Tristram.

"And Madame de Cintré objects," Newman continued.

"She has been sold once; she naturally objects to being sold again. It appears that the first time they made rather a poor bargain; M. de Cintré left a scanty property."

"And to whom do they want to marry her now?"

"I thought it best not to ask; but you may be sure it is to some horrid old nabob, or to some dissipated little duke."

"There 's Mrs. Tristram, as large as life!" cried her husband. "Observe the richness of her imagination. She has not asked a single question, — it 's vulgar to ask questions, — and yet she knows everything. She has the history of Madame de Cintré's marriage at her fingers' ends. She has seen the lovely Claire on her knees, with loosened tresses and streaming eyes, and the rest of them standing over her with spikes and goads and red-hot irons, ready to come down on her if she refuses the tipsy duke. The simple truth is that they have made a fuss about her milliner's bill, or refused her an opera-box."

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Newman looked from Tristram to his wife with a certain mistrust in each direction. "Do you really mean," he asked of Mrs. Tristram, "that your friend is being forced into an unhappy marriage?"

"I think it extremely probable. Those people are very capable of that sort of thing."

"It is like something in a play," said Newman; "that dark old house over there looks as if wicked things had been done in it, and might be done again."

"They have a still darker old house in the country, Madame de Cintré tells me, and there, during the summer, this scheme must have been hatched."

"*Must* have been; mind that!" said Tristram.

"After all," suggested Newman, after a silence, "she may be in trouble about something else."

"If it is something else, then it is something worse," said Mrs. Tristram, with rich decision.

Newman was silent a while, and seemed lost in meditation. "Is it possible," he asked at last, "that they do that sort of thing over here? that helpless women are bullied into marrying men they hate?"

"Helpless women, all over the world, have a hard time of it," said Mrs. Tristram. "There is plenty of bullying everywhere."

"A great deal of that kind of thing goes on in New York," said Tristram. "Girls are bullied or coaxed or bribed, or all three together, into marrying nasty fellows. There is no end of that always going on in the Fifth Avenue, and other bad things besides. The Mysteries of the Fifth Avenue! Some one ought to show them up."

"I don't believe it!" said Newman, very gravely. "I don't believe that, in America, girls are *ever* subjected to compulsion. I don't believe there have been a dozen cases of it since the country began."

"Listen to the voice of the spread eagle!" cried Tristram.

"The spread eagle ought to use his wings," said Mrs. Tristram. "Fly to the rescue of Madame de Cintré!"

"To her rescue?"

"Pounce down, seize her in your talons, and carry her off. Marry her yourself."

Newman, for some moments, answered nothing; but presently, "I should suppose she had heard enough of marrying," he said. "The kindest way to treat her would be to admire her, and yet never to speak of it. But that sort of thing is infamous," he added; "it makes me feel savage to hear of it."

He heard of it, however, more than once afterward. Mrs. Tristram again saw Madame de Cintré, and again found her looking very sad. But on these occasions there had been no tears; her beautiful eyes were clear and still. "She is cold, calm, and hopeless," Mrs. Tristram declared, and she added that on her mentioning that her friend, Mr. Newman, was again in Paris, and was faithful in his desire to make Madame de Cintré's acquaintance, this lovely woman had found a smile in her despair, and declared that she was sorry to have missed his visit in the spring, and that she hoped he had not lost courage. "I told her something about you," said Mrs. Tristram.

"That 's a comfort," said Newman, placidly. "I like people to know about me."

A few days after this, one dusky autumn afternoon, he went again to the Rue de l'Université. The early evening had closed in as he applied for admittance at the stoutly guarded Hôtel de Bellegarde. He was told that Madame de Cintré was at home; he crossed the court, entered the farther door, and was conducted through a vestibule, vast, dim, and cold, up a broad stone staircase with an ancient iron balustrade, to an apartment on the second floor. Announced and ushered in, he found himself in a sort of paneled boudoir, at one end of which a lady and gentleman were seated before the fire. The gentleman was smoking; there was no light in the room save that of a couple of candles and the glow from the hearth. Both persons rose to welcome Newman, who, in the firelight, recognized Madame de

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Cintré. She gave him her hand with a smile which seemed in itself an illumination, and, pointing to her companion, said softly, "My brother." The gentleman offered Newman a frank, friendly greeting, and our hero then perceived him to be the young man who had spoken to him in the court of the hotel on his former visit, and who had struck him as a good fellow.

"Mrs. Tristram has spoken to me a great deal of you," said Madame de Cintré gently, as she resumed her former place.

Newman, after he had seated himself, began to consider what, in truth, was his errand. He had an unusual, unexpected sense of having wandered into a strange corner of the world. He was not given, as a general thing, to anticipating danger, or forecasting disaster, and he had had no social tremors on this particular occasion. He was not timid and he was not impudent. He felt too kindly toward himself to be the one, and too good-naturedly toward the rest of the world to be the other. But his native shrewdness sometimes placed his ease of temper at its mercy; with every disposition to take things simply, it was obliged to perceive that some things were not so simple as others. He felt as one does in missing a step, in an ascent, where one expected to find it. This strange, pretty woman, sitting in fireside talk with her brother, in the gray depths of her inhospitable-looking house — what had he to say to her? She seemed enveloped in a sort of fantastic privacy; on what grounds had he pulled away the curtain? For a moment he felt as if he had plunged into some medium as deep as the ocean, and as if he must exert himself to keep from sinking. Meanwhile he was looking at Madame de Cintré, and she was settling herself in her chair and drawing in her long dress and turning her face towards him. Their eyes met; a moment afterwards she looked away and motioned to her brother to put a log on the fire. But the moment, and the glance which traversed it, had been sufficient to relieve Newman of the first and the last fit of personal embarrassment he was ever to know. He performed the movement which was so frequent with him, and which was always a sort of symbol of his taking mental possession of a scene — he extended his legs. The impression Madame de Cintré had made upon him on their first meeting came back in an instant; it had been deeper than he knew. She was pleasing, she was interesting; he had opened a book and the first lines held his attention.

She asked him several questions: how lately he had seen Mrs. Tristram, how long he had been in Paris, how long he expected to remain there, how he liked it. She spoke English without an accent, or rather with that distinctively British accent which, on his arrival in Europe, had struck Newman as an altogether foreign tongue, but which, in women, he had come to like extremely. Here and there Madame de Cintré's utterance had a faint shade of strangeness, but at the end of ten minutes Newman found himself waiting for these soft roughnesses. He enjoyed them, and he marveled to see that gross thing, error, brought down to so fine a point.

"You have a beautiful country!" said Madame de Cintré, presently.

"Oh, magnificent!" said Newman. "You ought to see it."

"I shall never see it," said Madame de Cintré, with a smile.

"Why not?" asked Newman.

"I don't travel; especially so far."

"But you go away sometimes; you are not always here?"

"I go away in summer, a little way, to the country."

Newman wanted to ask her something more, something personal, he hardly knew what. "Don't you find it rather — rather quiet here?" he said; "so far from the street?" Rather "gloomy," he was going to say, but he reflected that that would be impolite.

"Yes, it is very quiet," said Madame de Cintré; "but we like that."

"Ah, you like that," repeated Newman, slowly.

"Besides, I have lived here all my life."

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"Lived here all your life," said Newman, in the same way.

"I was born here, and my father was born here before me, and my grandfather, and my great-grandfathers. Were they not, Valentin?" and she appealed to her brother.

"Yes, it 's a family habit to be born here!" the young man said with a laugh, and rose and threw the remnant of his cigar into the fire, and then remained leaning against the chimney-piece. An observer would have perceived that he wished to take a better look at Newman, whom he covertly examined, while he stood stroking his mustache.

"Your house is tremendously old, then," said Newman.

"How old is it, brother?" asked Madame de Cintré.

The young man took the two candles from the mantel-shelf, lifted one high in each hand, and looked up toward the cornice of the room, above the chimney-piece. This latter feature of the apartment was of white marble, and in the familiar rococo style of the last century; but above it was a paneling of an earlier date, quaintly carved, painted white, and gilded here and there. The white had turned to yellow, and the gilding was tarnished. On the top, the figures ranged themselves into a sort of shield, on which an armorial device was cut. Above it, in relief, was a date — 1627. "There you have it," said the young man. "That is old or new, according to your point of view."

"Well, over here," said Newman, "one's point of view gets shifted round considerably." And he threw back his head and looked about the room. "Your house is of a very curious style of architecture," he said.

"Are you interested in architecture?" asked the young man at the chimney-piece.

"Well, I took the trouble, this summer," said Newman, "to examine — as well as I can calculate — some four hundred and seventy churches. Do you call that interested?"

"Perhaps you are interested in theology," said the young man.

"Not particularly. Are you a Roman Catholic, madam?" And he turned to Madame de Cintré.

"Yes, sir," she answered, gravely.

Newman was struck with the gravity of her tone; he threw back his head and began to look round the room again. "Had you never noticed that number up there?" he presently asked.

She hesitated a moment, and then, "In former years," she said.

Her brother had been watching Newman's movement. "Perhaps you would like to examine the house," he said.

Newman slowly brought down his eyes and looked at him; he had a vague impression that the young man at the chimney-piece was inclined to irony. He was a handsome fellow, his face wore a smile, his mustaches were curled up at the ends, and there was a little dancing gleam in his eye. "Damn his French impudence!" Newman was on the point of saying to himself. "What the deuce is he grinning at?" He glanced at Madame de Cintré; she was sitting with her eyes fixed on the floor. She raised them, they met his, and she looked at her brother. Newman turned again to this young man and observed that he strikingly resembled his sister. This was in his favor, and our hero's first impression of the Count Valentin, moreover, had been agreeable. His mistrust expired, and he said he would be very glad to see the house.

The young man gave a frank laugh, and laid his hand on one of the candlesticks. "Good, good!" he exclaimed. "Come, then."

But Madame de Cintré rose quickly and grasped his arm. "Ah, Valentin!" she said. "What do you mean to do?"

"To show Mr. Newman the house. It will be very amusing."

She kept her hand on his arm, and turned to Newman with a smile. "Don't let him take you," she said; "you will not find it amusing. It is a musty old house, like any other."

"It is full of curious things," said the count, resisting. "Besides, I want to do it; it is a rare chance."

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"You are very wicked, brother," Madame de Cintré answered.

"Nothing venture, nothing have!" cried the young man. "Will you come?"

Madame de Cintré stepped toward Newman, gently clasping her hands and smiling softly. "Would you not prefer my society, here, by my fire, to stumbling about dark passages after my brother?"

"A hundred times!" said Newman. "We will see the house some other day."

The young man put down his candlestick with mock solemnity, and, shaking his head, "Ah, you have defeated a great scheme, sir!" he said.

"A scheme? I don't understand," said Newman.

"You would have played your part in it all the better. Perhaps some day I shall have a chance to explain it."

"Be quiet, and ring for the tea," said Madame de Cintré.

The young man obeyed, and presently a servant brought in the tea, placed the tray on a small table, and departed. Madame de Cintré, from her place, busied herself with making it. She had but just begun when the door was thrown open and a lady rushed in, making a loud rustling sound. She stared at Newman, gave a little nod and a "Monsieur!" and then quickly approached Madame de Cintré and presented her forehead to be kissed. Madame de Cintré saluted her, and continued to make tea. The new-comer was young and pretty, it seemed to Newman; she wore her bonnet and cloak, and a train of royal proportions. She began to talk rapidly in French. "Oh, give me some tea, my beautiful one, for the love of God! I'm exhausted, mangled, massacred." Newman found himself quite unable to follow her; she spoke much less distinctly than M. Nioche.

"That is my sister-in-law," said the Count Valentin, leaning towards him.

"She is very pretty," said Newman.

"Exquisite," answered the young man, and this time, again, Newman suspected him of irony.

His sister-in-law came round to the other side of the fire with her cup of tea in her hand, holding it out at arms-length, so that she might not spill it on her dress, and uttering little cries of alarm. She placed the cup on the mantel-shelf and began to unpin her veil and pull off her gloves, looking meanwhile at Newman.

"Is there anything I can do for you, my dear lady?" the Count Valentin asked, in a sort of mock-caressing tone.

"Present monsieur," said his sister-in-law.

The young man answered, "Mr. Newman!"

"I can't courtesy to you, monsieur, or I shall spill my tea," said the lady. "So Claire receives strangers, like that?" she added, in a low voice, in French, to her brother-in-law.

"Apparently!" he answered with a smile. Newman stood a moment, and then he approached Madame de Cintré. She looked up at him as if she were thinking of something to say. But she seemed to think of nothing; so she simply smiled. He sat down near her and she handed him a cup of tea. For a few moments they talked about that, and meanwhile he looked at her. He remembered what Mrs. Tristram had told him of her "perfection," and of her having, in combination, all the brilliant things that he dreamed of finding. This made him observe her not only without mistrust, but without uneasy conjectures; the presumption, from the first moment he looked at her, had been in her favor. And yet, if she was beautiful, it was not a dazzling beauty. She was tall and molded in long lines; she had thick, fair hair, a wide forehead, and features with a sort of harmonious irregularity. Her clear gray eyes were strikingly expressive; they were both gentle and intelligent, and Newman liked them immensely; but they had not those depths of splendor — those many-colored rays — which illumine the brow of famous beauties. Madame de Cintré was rather thin, and she looked younger than probably she was. In her whole person there was something both youthful and subdued, slender and yet ample, tranquil yet shy;

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a mixture of immaturity and repose, of innocence and dignity. What had Tristram meant, Newman wondered, by calling her proud? She was certainly not proud now, to him; or if she was, it was of no use, it was lost upon him; she must pile it up higher if she expected him to mind it. She was a beautiful woman, and it was very easy to get on with her. Was she a countess, a *marquise*, a kind of historical formation? Newman, who had rarely heard these words used, had never been at pains to attach any particular image to them; but they occurred to him now and seemed charged with a sort of melodious meaning. They signified something fair and softly bright, that had easy motions and spoke very agreeably.

"Have you many friends in Paris; do you go out?" asked Madame de Cintré, who had at last thought of something to say.

"Do you mean do I dance, and all that?"

"Do you go *dans le monde*, as we say?"

"I have seen a good many people. Mrs. Tristram has taken me about. I do whatever she tells me."

"By yourself, you are not fond of amusements?"

"Oh yes, of some sorts. I am not fond of dancing, and that sort of thing; I am too old and sober. But I want to be amused; I came to Europe for that."

"But you can be amused in America, too."

"I could n't; I was always at work. But after all, that was my amusement."

At this moment Madame de Bellegarde came back for another cup of tea, accompanied by the Count Valentin. Madame de Cintré, when she had served her, began to talk again with Newman, and recalling what he had last said, "In your own country you were very much occupied?" she asked.

"I was in business. I have been in business since I was fifteen years old."

"And what was your business?" asked Madame de Bellegarde, who was decidedly not so pretty as Madame de Cintré.

"I have been in everything," said Newman. "At one time I sold leather; at one time I manufactured wash-tubs."

Madame de Bellegarde made a little grimace. "Leather? I don't like that. Wash-tubs are better. I prefer the smell of soap. I hope at least they made your fortune." She rattled this off with the air of a woman who had the reputation of saying everything that came into her head, and with a strong French accent.

Newman had spoken with cheerful seriousness, but Madame de Bellegarde's tone made him go on, after a meditative pause, with a certain light grimness of jocularity. "No, I lost money on wash-tubs, but I came out pretty square on leather."

"I have made up my mind, after all," said Madame de Bellegarde, "that the great point is — how do you call it? — to come out square. I am on my knees to money; I don't deny it. If you have it, I ask no questions. For that I am a real democrat — like you, monsieur. Madame de Cintré is very proud; but I find that one gets much more pleasure in this sad life if one does n't look too close."

"Just Heaven, dear madam, how you go at it," said the Count Valentin, lowering his voice.

"He 's a man one can speak to, I suppose, since my sister receives him," the lady answered. "Besides, it 's very true; those are my ideas."

"Ah, you call them ideas," murmured the young man.

"But Mrs. Tristram told me you had been in the army — in your war," said Madame de Cintré.

"Yes, but that is not business!" said Newman.

"Very true!" said M. de Bellegarde. "Otherwise perhaps I should not be penniless."

"Is it true," asked Newman in a moment, "that you are so proud? I had already heard it."

Madame de Cintré smiled. "Do you find me so?"

"Oh," said Newman, "I am no judge. If you are proud with me, you

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will have to tell me. Otherwise I shall not know it."

Madame de Cintré began to laugh. "That would be pride in a sad position!" she said.

"It would be partly," Newman went on, "because I should n't want to know it. I want you to treat me well."

Madame de Cintré, whose laugh had ceased, looked at him with her head half averted, as if she feared what he was going to say.

"Mrs. Tristram told you the literal truth," he went on; "I want very much to know you. I did n't come here simply to call to-day; I came in the hope that you might ask me to come again."

"Oh, pray come often," said Madame de Cintré.

"But will you be at home?" Newman insisted. Even to himself he seemed a trifle "pushing," but he was, in truth, a trifle excited.

"I hope so!" said Madame de Cintré.

Newman got up. "Well, we shall see," he said, smoothing his hat with his coat-cuff.

"Brother," said Madame de Cintré, "invite Mr. Newman to come again."

The Count Valentin looked at our hero from head to foot with his peculiar smile, in which impudence and urbanity seemed perplexingly commingled. "Are you a brave man?" he asked, eying him askance.

"Well, I hope so," said Newman.

"I rather suspect so. In that case, come again."

"Ah, what an invitation!" murmured Madame de Cintré, with something painful in her smile.

"Oh, I want Mr. Newman to come — particularly," said the young man. "It will give me great pleasure. I shall be desolate if I miss one of his visits. But I maintain he must be brave. A stout heart, sir!" And he offered Newman his hand.

"I shall not come to see you; I shall come to see Madame de Cintré," said Newman.

"You will need all the more courage."

"Ah, Valentin!" said Madame de Cintré, appealingly.

"Decidedly," cried Madame de Bellegarde, "I am the only person here capable of saying something polite! Come to see me; you will need no courage," she said.

Newman gave a laugh which was not altogether an assent, and took his leave. Madame de Cintré did not take up her sister's challenge to be gracious, but she looked with a certain troubled air at the retreating guest.

VII.

One evening, very late, about a week after his visit to Madame de Cintré, Newman's servant brought him a card. It was that of young M. de Bellegarde. When, a few moments later, he went to receive his visitor, he found him standing in the middle of his great gilded parlor and eying it from cornice to carpet. M. de Bellegarde's face, it seemed to Newman, expressed a sense of lively entertainment. "What the devil is he laughing at now?" our hero asked himself. But he put the question without acrimony, for he felt that Madame de Cintré's brother was a good fellow, and he had a presentiment that on this basis of good fellowship they were destined to understand each other. Only, if there was anything to laugh at, he wished to have a glimpse of it too.

"To begin with," said the young man, as he extended his hand, "have I come too late?"

"Too late for what?" asked Newman.

"To smoke a cigar with you."

"You would have to come early to do that," said Newman. "I don't smoke."

"Ah, you are a strong man!"

"But I keep cigars," Newman added. "Sit down."

"Surely, I may not smoke here," said M. de Bellegarde.

"What is the matter? Is the room too small?"

"It is too large. It is like smoking in a ball-room, or a church."

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"That is what you were laughing at just now?" Newman asked; "the size of my room?"

"It is not size only," replied M. de Bellegarde, "but splendor, and harmony, and beauty of detail. It was the smile of admiration."

Newman looked at him a moment, and then, "So it *is* very ugly?" he inquired.

"Ugly, my dear sir? It is magnificent."

"That is the same thing, I suppose," said Newman. "Make yourself comfortable. Your coming to see me, I take it, is an act of friendship. You were not obliged to. Therefore, if anything around here amuses you, it will be all in a pleasant way. Laugh as loud as you please; I like to see my visitors cheerful. Only, I must make this request: that you explain the joke to me as soon as you can speak. I don't want to lose anything, myself."

M. de Bellegarde stared, with a look of unresentful perplexity. He laid his hand on Newman's sleeve and seemed on the point of saying something, but he suddenly checked himself, leaned back in his chair, and puffed at his cigar. At last, however, breaking silence, — "Certainly," he said, "my coming to see you is an act of friendship. Nevertheless, I was in a measure obliged to do so. My sister asked me to come, and a request from my sister is, for me, a law. I was near you, and I observed lights in what I supposed were your rooms. It was not a ceremonious hour for making a call, but I was not sorry to do something that would show I was not performing a mere ceremony."

"Well, here I am, as large as life," said Newman, extending his legs.

"I don't know what you mean," the young man went on, "by giving me unlimited leave to laugh. Certainly, I am a great laugher, and it is better to laugh too much than too little. But it is not in order that we may laugh together — or separately — that I have, I may say, sought your acquaintance. To speak with almost impudent frankness, you interest me." All this was uttered by M. de Bellegarde with the modulated smoothness of the man of the world, and, in spite of his excellent English, of the Frenchman; but Newman, at the same time that he sat noting its harmonious flow, perceived that it was not mere mechanical urbanity. Decidedly, there was something in his visitor that he liked. M. de Bellegarde was a foreigner to his finger-tips, and if Newman had met him on a Western prairie he would have felt it proper to address him with a "How-d'ye-do, Mosseer?" But there was something in his physiognomy which seemed to cast a sort of aerial bridge over the impassable gulf produced by difference of race. He was below the middle height, and robust and agile in figure. Valentin de Bellegarde, Newman afterwards learned, had a mortal dread of the robustness overtaking the agility; he was afraid of growing stout; he was too short, as he said, to afford a belly. He rode and fenced and practiced gymnastics with unremitting zeal, and if you greeted him with a "How well you are looking!" he started and turned pale. In your *well* he read a grosser monosyllable. He had a round head, high above the ears, a crop of hair at once dense and silky, a broad, low forehead, a short nose, of the ironical and inquiring rather than of the dogmatic or sensitive cast, and a mustache as delicate as that of a page in a romance. He resembled his sister not in feature, but in the expression of his clear, bright eye, completely void of introspection, and in the way he smiled. The great point in his face was that it was intensely alive, — frankly, ardently, gallantly alive. The look of it was like a bell, of which the handle might have been in the young man's soul: at a touch of the handle it rang with a loud, silver sound. There was something in his quick, light brown eye which assured you that he was not economizing his consciousness. He was not living in a corner of it to spare the furniture of the rest. He was squarely encamped in the centre, and he was keeping open house. When he smiled, it was like the movement of a person

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who in pouring out of a cup turns it upside down: he gave you the last drop of his jollity. He inspired Newman with something of the same kindness that our hero used to feel in his earlier years for those of his companions who could perform strange and clever tricks — make their joints crack in queer places or whistle at the back of their mouths.

"My sister told me," M. de Bellegarde continued, "that I ought to come and remove the impression that I had taken such great pains to produce upon you, the impression that I am a lunatic. Did it strike you that I behaved very oddly the other day?"

"Rather so," said Newman.

"So my sister tells me." And M. de Bellegarde watched his host for a moment through his smoke-wreaths. "If that is the case, I think we had better let it stand. I did n't try to make you think I was a lunatic, at all; on the contrary, I wanted to produce a favorable impression. But if, after all, I made a fool of myself, it was the intention of Providence. I should injure myself by protesting too much, for I should seem to set up a claim for wisdom which, in the sequel of our acquaintance, I could by no means justify. Set me down as a lunatic with intervals of sanity."

"Oh, I guess you know what you are about," said Newman.

"When I am sane, I am very sane; that I admit," M. de Bellegarde answered. "But I did n't come here to talk about myself. I should like to ask you a few questions. You allow me?"

"Give me a specimen," said Newman.

"You live here all alone?"

"Absolutely. With whom should I live?"

"For the moment," said M. de Bellegarde with a smile, "I am asking questions, not answering them. You have come to Paris for your pleasure?"

Newman was silent a while. Then, at last, "Every one asks me that!" he said with his mild slowness. "It sounds so awfully foolish."

"But at any rate you had a reason."

"Oh, I came for my pleasure!" said Newman. "Though it is foolish, it is true."

"And you are enjoying it?"

Like any other good American, Newman thought it as well not to truckle to the foreigner. "Oh, so-so," he answered.

M. de Bellegarde puffed his cigar again in silence. "For myself," he said at last, "I am entirely at your service. Anything I can do for you I shall be very happy to do. Call upon me at your convenience. Is there any one you desire to know — anything you wish to see? It is a pity you should not enjoy Paris."

"Oh, I do enjoy it!" said Newman, good-naturedly. "I 'm much obliged to you."

"Honestly speaking," M. de Bellegarde went on, "there is something absurd to me in hearing myself make you these offers. They represent a great deal of good-will, but they represent little else. You are a successful man and I am a failure, and it 's a turning of the tables to talk as if I could lend you a hand."

"In what way are you a failure?" asked Newman.

"Oh, I 'm not a tragical failure!" cried the young man with a laugh. "I have not fallen from a height, and my *fiasco* has made no noise. You, evidently, are a success. You have made a fortune, you have built up an edifice, you are a financial, commercial power, you can travel about the world until you have found a soft spot, and lie down in it with the consciousness of having earned your rest. Is not that true? Well, imagine the exact reverse of all that, and you have me. I have done nothing — I can do nothing!"

"Why not?"

"It 's a long story. Some day I will tell you. Meanwhile, I 'm right, eh? You are a success? You have made a fortune? It 's none of my business, but, in short, you are rich?"

"That 's another thing that it sounds foolish to say," said Newman. "Hang it, no man is rich!"

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"I have heard philosophers affirm," laughed M. de Bellegarde, "that no man was poor; but your formula strikes me as an improvement. As a general thing, I confess, I don't like successful people, and I find clever men who have made great fortunes very offensive. They tread on my toes; they make me uncomfortable. But as soon as I saw you, I said to myself, 'Ah, there is a man with whom I shall get on. He has the good-nature of success and none of the *morgue;* he has not our confoundedly irritable French vanity.' In short, I took a fancy to you. We are very different, I'm sure; I don't believe there is a subject on which we think or feel alike. But I rather think we shall get on, for there is such a thing, you know, as being too different to quarrel."

"Oh, I never quarrel," said Newman.

"Never? Sometimes it's a duty — or at least it's a pleasure. Oh, I have had two or three delicious quarrels in my day!" and M. de Bellegarde's handsome smile assumed, at the memory of these incidents, an almost voluptuous intensity.

With the preamble embodied in his share of the foregoing fragment of dialogue, he paid our hero a long visit; as the two men sat with their heels on Newman's glowing hearth, they heard the small hours of the morning striking larger from a far-off belfry. Valentin de Bellegarde was, by his own confession, at all times a great chatterer, and on this occasion he was evidently in a particularly loquacious mood. It was a tradition of his race that people of its blood always conferred a favor by their smiles, and as his enthusiasms were as rare as his civility was constant, he had a double reason for not suspecting that his friendship could ever be importunate. Moreover, the flower of an ancient stem as he was, tradition (since I have used the word) had in his temperament nothing of disagreeable rigidity. It was muffled in sociability and urbanity, as an old dowager in her laces and strings of pearls. Valentin was what is called in France a *gentilhomme*, of the purest source, and his rule of life, so far as it was definite, was to play the part of a gentilhomme. This, it seemed to him, was enough to occupy comfortably a young man of ordinary good parts. But all that he was he was by instinct and not by theory, and the amiability of his character was so great that certain of the aristocratic virtues, which in some aspects seem rather brittle and trenchant, acquired in his application of them an extreme friendliness and *bonhomie.* In his younger years he had been suspected of low tastes, and his mother had greatly feared he would make a slip in the mud of the highway and bespatter the family shield. He had been treated, therefore, to more than his share of schooling and drilling, but his instructors had not succeeded in mounting him upon stilts. They could not spoil his safe spontaneity, and he remained the least cautious and the most lucky of young nobles. He had been tied with so short a rope in his youth that he had now a mortal grudge against family discipline. He had been known to say, within the limits of the family, that, light-headed as he was, the honor of the name was safer in his hands than in those of some of its other members, and that if a day ever came to try it, they would see. His talk was an odd mixture of almost boyish garrulity and of the reserve and discretion of the man of the world, and he seemed to Newman, as afterwards young members of the Latin races often seemed to him, now amusingly juvenile and now appallingly mature. In America, Newman reflected, lads of twenty-five and thirty have old heads and young hearts, or at least young morals; here they have young heads and very aged hearts, morals the most grizzled and wrinkled.

"What I envy you is your liberty," said M. de Bellegarde, "your wide range, your freedom to come and go, your not having a lot of people, who take themselves awfully seriously, expecting something of you. I live," he added with a sigh, "beneath the eyes of my admirable mother."

"It is your own fault; what is to hinder your ranging?" asked Newman.

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"There is a delightful simplicity in that remark! Everything is to hinder me. To begin with, I have not a penny."

"I had not a penny when I began to range."

"Ah, but your poverty was your capital. Being an American, it was impossible you should remain what you were born, and being born poor — do I understand it? — it was therefore inevitable that you should become rich. You were in a position that makes one's mouth water; you looked round you and saw a world full of things you had only to step up to and take hold of. When I was twenty, I looked around me and saw a world with everything ticketed 'Hands off!' and the deuce of it was that the ticket seemed meant only for me. I could n't go into business, I could n't make money, because I was a Bellegarde. I could n't go into politics, because I was a Bellegarde — the Bellegardes don't recognize the Bonapartes. I could n't go into literature, because I was a dunce. I could n't marry a rich girl, because no Bellegarde had ever married a *roturière*, and it was not proper that I should begin. We shall have to come to it, yet. Marriageable heiresses, *de notre bord*, are not to be had for nothing; it must be name for name, and fortune for fortune. The only thing I could do was to go and fight for the Pope. That I did, punctiliously, and received an apostolic flesh-wound at Castelfidardo. It did neither the Holy Father nor me any good, that I could see. Rome was doubtless a very amusing place in the days of Caligula, but it has sadly fallen off since. I passed three years in the Castle of St. Angelo, and then came back to secular life."

"So you have no profession — you do nothing," said Newman.

"I do nothing! I am supposed to amuse myself, and, to tell the truth, I have amused myself. One can, if one knows how. But you can't keep it up forever. I am good for another five years, perhaps, but I foresee that after that I shall lose my appetite. Then what shall I do? I think I shall turn monk. Seriously, I think I shall tie a rope round my waist and go into a monastery. It was an old custom, and the old customs were very good. People understood life quite as well as we do. They kept the pot boiling till it cracked, and then they put it on the shelf altogether."

"Are you very religious?" asked Newman, in a tone which gave the inquiry a grotesque effect.

M. de Bellegarde evidently appreciated the comical element in the question, but he looked at Newman a moment with extreme soberness. "I am a very good Catholic. I respect the church. I adore the blessed Virgin, and I fear the devil."

"Well, then," said Newman, "you are very well fixed. You have got pleasure in the present and religion in the future; what do you complain of?"

"It 's a part of one's pleasure to complain. There is something in your own circumstances that irritates me. You are the first man I have ever envied. It 's singular, but so it is. I have known many men who, besides any factitious advantages that I may possess, had money and brains into the bargain; but somehow they have never disturbed my good-humor. But you have got something that I should have liked to have. It is not money, it is not even brains, — though no doubt yours are excellent. It is not your six feet of height, though I should have rather liked to be a couple of inches taller. It 's a sort of air you have of being thoroughly at home in the world. When I was a boy, my father told me that it was by such an air as that that you recognized a Bellegarde. He called my attention to it. He did n't advise me to cultivate it; he said that as we grew up it always came of itself. I supposed it had come to me, because I think I have always had the feeling. My place in life was made for me, and it seemed easy to occupy it. But you who, as I understand it, have made your own place, you who, as you told us the other day, have manufactured wash-tubs, — you strike me, somehow, as a man who stands at his ease, who looks at things

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from a height. I fancy you going about the world like a man traveling on a railroad in which he owns a large amount of stock. You make me feel as if I had missed something. What is it?"

"It is the proud consciousness of honest toil — of having manufactured a few wash-tubs," said Newman, at once jocose and serious.

"Oh, no; I have seen men who had done even more, men who had made not only wash-tubs, but soap — strong-smelling yellow soap, in great bars; and they never made me the least uncomfortable."

"Then it 's the privilege of being an American citizen," said Newman; "that sets a man up."

"Possibly," rejoined M. de Bellegarde. "But I am forced to say that I have seen a great many American citizens that did n't seem at all set up or in the least like large stockholders. I never envied them. I rather think the thing is an accomplishment of your own."

"Oh, come," said Newman, "you will make me proud!"

"No, I shall not. You have nothing to do with pride, or with humility, — that is a part of this easy manner of yours. People are proud only when they have something to lose, and humble when they have something to gain."

"I don't know what I have to lose," said Newman, "but I certainly have something to gain."

"What is it?" asked his visitor.

Newman hesitated a while. "I will tell you when I know you better."

"I hope that will be soon! Then, if I can help you to gain it, I shall be happy."

"Perhaps you may," said Newman.

"Don't forget, then, that I am your servant," M. de Bellegarde answered; and shortly afterwards he took his departure.

During the next three weeks Newman saw Bellegarde several times, and without formally swearing an eternal friendship the two men established a sort of comradeship. To Newman, Bellegarde was the ideal Frenchman, the Frenchman of tradition and romance, so far as our hero was acquainted with these mystical influences. Gallant, expansive, amusing, more pleased himself with the effect he produced than those (even when they were well pleased) for whom he produced it; a master of all the distinctively social virtues, and a votary of all agreeable sensations; a devotee of something mysterious and sacred, to which he occasionally alluded in terms more ecstatic even than those in which he spoke of the last pretty woman, and which was simply the beautiful though somewhat superannuated image of *honor;* he was irresistibly entertaining and enlivening, and he formed a character to which Newman was as capable of doing justice when he had once been placed in contact with it, as he was unlikely, in musing upon the possible mixtures of our human ingredients, mentally to have foreshadowed it. Bellegarde did not in the least cause him to modify his needful premise that all Frenchmen are of a frothy and imponderable substance; he simply reminded him that light materials may be beaten up into a most agreeable compound. No two companions could be more different, but their differences made a capital basis for a friendship of which the distinctive characteristic was that it was extremely amusing to each.

Valentin de Bellegarde lived in the basement of an old house in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, and his small apartments lay between the court of the house and an old garden which spread itself behind it, — one of those large, sunless, humid gardens into which you look unexpectingly in Paris from back windows, wondering how among the grudging habitations they find their space. When Newman returned Bellegarde's visit, he hinted that *his* lodging was at least as much a laughing matter as his own. But its oddities were of a different cast from those of our hero's gilded saloons on the Boulevard Haussmann: the place was low, dusky, contracted, and crowded with curious *bric-à-brac.* Bellegarde, penniless patrician as he was, was an insatiable collector, and his walls were covered with rusty arms and ancient panels and platters, his doorways draped in faded tapes-

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tries, his floors muffled in the skins of beasts. Here and there was one of those uncomfortable tributes to elegance in which the upholsterer's art, in France, is so prolific, a curtained recess with a sheet of looking-glass in which, among the shadows, you could see nothing, and a divan on which, for its festoons and furbelows, you could not sit, or a fire-place draped, flounced, and frilled to the complete exclusion of fire. The young man's possessions were in picturesque disorder, and his apartment was pervaded by the odor of cigars, mingled with perfumes more inscrutable. Newman thought it a damp, gloomy place to live in, and was puzzled by the obstructive and fragmentary character of the furniture.

Bellegarde, according to the custom of his country, talked very generously about himself, and unveiled the mysteries of his private history with an unsparing hand. Inevitably, he had a vast deal to say about women, and he used frequently to indulge in sentimental and ironical apostrophes to these authors of his joys and woes. "Oh, the women, the women, and the things they have made me do!" he would exclaim with a lustrous eye. "*C'est égal*, of all the follies and stupidities I have committed for them I would not have missed one!" On this subject Newman maintained an habitual reserve; to expatiate largely upon it had always seemed to him a proceeding vaguely analogous to the cooing of pigeons and the chattering of monkeys, and even inconsistent with a fully developed human character. But Bellegarde's confidences greatly amused him, and rarely displeased him, for the generous young Frenchman was not a cynic. "I really think," he had once said, "that I am not more depraved than most of my contemporaries. They are tolerably depraved, my contemporaries!" He said wonderfully pretty things about his female friends, and, numerous and various as they had been, declared that on the whole there was more good in them than harm. "But you are not to take that as advice," he added. "As an authority I am very untrustworthy. I'm prejudiced in their favor; I'm an *idealist!*" Newman listened to him with his impartial smile, and was glad, for his own sake, that he had fine feelings; but he mentally repudiated the idea of a Frenchman having discovered any merit in the amiable sex which he himself did not suspect. M. de Bellegarde, however, did not confine his conversation to the autobiographical channel; he questioned our hero largely as to the events of his own life, and Newman told him some better stories than any that Bellegarde carried in his budget. He narrated his career, in fact, from the beginning, through all its variations, and whenever his companion's credulity, or his habits of gentility, appeared to protest, it amused him to heighten the color of the episode. Newman had sat with Western humorists in knots, round cast-iron stoves, and seen "tall" stories grow taller without toppling over, and his own imagination had learned the trick of piling up consistent wonders. Bellegarde's regular attitude at last became that of laughing self-defense; to save his reputation as an all-knowing Frenchman, he doubted of everything, wholesale. The result of this was that Newman found it impossible to convince him of certain time-honored verities.

"But the details don't matter," said M. de Bellegarde. "You have evidently had some surprising adventures; you have seen some strange sides of life, you have revolved to and fro over a whole continent as I walk up and down the Boulevard. You are a man of the world, with a vengeance! You have spent some deadly dull hours, and you have done some extremely disagreeable things: you have shoveled sand, as a boy, for supper, and you have eaten roast dog in a gold-diggers' camp. You have stood casting up figures for ten hours at a time, and you have sat through Methodist sermons for the sake of looking at a pretty girl in another pew. All that is rather stiff, as we say. But at any rate you have done something and you are something; you have used your will and you have made your fortune. You have not stupefied yourself with debauchery and you have not mortgaged your fortune to

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social conveniences. You take things easily, and you have fewer prejudices even than I, who pretend to have none, but who in reality have three or four. Happy man, you are strong and you are free. But what the deuce," demanded the young man in conclusion, "do you propose to do with such advantages? Really to use them you need a better world than this. There is nothing worth your while here."

"Oh, I think there is something," said Newman.

"What is it?"

"Well," said Newman, "I will tell you some other time."

In this way our hero delayed from day to day broaching a subject which he had very much at heart. Meanwhile, however, he was growing practically familiar with it; in other words, he had called again, three times, on Madame de Cintré. On only two of these occasion had he found her at home, and on each of them she had other visitors. They were numerous and extremely loquacious, and they exacted much of their hostess's attention. She found time, however, to bestow a little of it on Newman, in an occasional vague smile, the very vagueness of which pleased him, allowing him as it did to fill it mentally, both at the time and afterward, with such meanings as most pleased him. He sat by without speaking, looking at the entrances and exits, the greetings and chatterings, of Madame de Cintré's visitors. He felt as if he were at the play, and as if his own speaking would be an interruption; sometimes he wished he had a book, to follow the dialogue; he half expected to see a woman in a white cap and pink ribbons come and offer one to him for two francs. Some of the ladies looked at him very hard — or very soft, as you please; others seemed profoundly unconscious of his presence. The men looked only at Madame de Cintré. This was inevitable; for whether one called her beautiful or not, she entirely occupied and filled one's vision, just as an agreeable sound fills one's ear. Newman had but twenty distinct words with her, but he carried away an impression to which solemn promises could not have given a higher value. She was part of the play that he was seeing acted, quite as much as her companions; but how she filled the stage and how much better she did it! Whether she rose or seated herself; whether she went with her departing friends to the door and lifted up the heavy curtain as they passed out, and stood an instant looking after them and giving them the last nod; or whether she leaned back in her chair with her arms crossed and her eyes resting, listening and smiling; she gave Newman the feeling that he would like to have her always before him, moving slowly to and fro along the whole scale of expressive hospitality. If it might be *to* him, it would be well; if it might be *for* him, it would be still better! She was so tall and yet so light, so active and yet so still, so elegant and yet so simple, so frank and yet so mysterious! It was the mystery — it was what she was off the stage, as it were — that interested Newman most of all. He could not have told you what warrant he had for talking about mysteries; if it had been his habit to express himself in poetic figures, he might have said that in observing Madame de Cintré he seemed to see the vague circle which sometimes accompanies the partly-filled disk of the moon. It was not that she was reserved; on the contrary, she was as frank as flowing water. But he was sure she had qualities which she herself did not suspect.

He had abstained for several reasons from saying some of these things to Bellegarde. One reason was that before proceeding to any act he was always circumspect, conjectural, contemplative; he had little eagerness, as became a man who felt that whenever he really began to move he walked with long steps. And then, it simply pleased him not to speak — it occupied him, it excited him. But one day Bellegarde had been dining with him, at a restaurant, and they had sat long over their dinner. On rising from it, Bellegarde proposed that, to help them through the rest of the evening, they should go and see Madame Dandelard. Madame Dandelard was a lit-

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tle Italian lady who had married a Frenchman who proved to be a rake and a brute and the torment of her life. Her husband had spent all her money, and then, lacking the means of obtaining more expensive pleasures, had taken, in his duller hours, to beating her. She had a blue spot on her arm, which she showed to several persons, including Bellegarde. She had obtained a separation from her husband, collected the scraps of her fortune (they were very meagre), and come to live in Paris, where she was staying at a *hôtel garni.* She was always looking for an apartment, and visiting, tentatively, those of other people. She was very pretty, very child-like, and she made very extraordinary remarks. Bellegarde had made her acquaintance, and the source of his interest in her was, according to his own declaration, a curiosity as to what would become of her. "She is poor, she is pretty, and she is silly," he said; "it seems to me she can go only one way. It's a pity, but it can't be helped. I will give her six months. She has nothing to fear from me, but I am watching the process. I am curious to see just how things will go. Yes, I know what you are going to say: this horrible Paris hardens one's heart. But it quickens one's wits, and it ends by teaching one a refinement of observation! To see this little woman's little drama play itself out, now, is, for me, an intellectual pleasure."

"If she is going to throw herself away," Newman had said, "you ought to stop her."

"Stop her? How stop her?"

"Talk to her; give her some good advice."

Bellegarde laughed. "Heaven deliver us both! Imagine the situation! Go and advise her yourself."

It was after this that Newman had gone with Bellegarde to see Madame Dandelard. When they came away, Bellegarde reproached his companion. "Where was your famous advice?" he asked. "I did n't hear a word of it."

"Oh, I give it up," said Newman, simply.

"Then you are as bad as I!" said Bellegarde.

"No, because I don't take an 'intellectual pleasure' in her prospective adventures. I don't in the least want to see her going down hill. I had rather look the other way. But why," he asked, in a moment, "don't you get your sister to go and see her?"

Bellegarde stared. "Go and see Madame Dandelard — my sister?"

"She might talk to her to very good purpose."

Bellegarde shook his head with sudden gravity. "My sister can't see that sort of person. Madame Dandelard is nothing at all; they would never meet."

"I should think," said Newman, "that your sister might see whom she pleased." And he privately resolved that after he knew her a little better he would ask Madame de Cintré to go and talk to the foolish little Italian lady.

After his dinner with Bellegarde, on the occasion I have mentioned, he demurred to his companion's proposal that they should go again and listen to Madame Dandelard describe her sorrows and her bruises. "I have something better in mind," he said; "come home with me and finish the evening before my fire."

Bellegarde always welcomed the prospect of a long stretch of conversation, and before long the two men sat watching the great blaze which scattered its scintillations over the high adornments of Newman's formidable saloon.

Henry James, Jr.

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THE DIVISION OF SCHOOL FUNDS FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES.

In the history of this nation we have just now come upon a crisis in the development of our political theory. Doubtless every point of time is a crisis of some sort. Some important epoch is passed, some new era begun, each day, if we consider the matter strictly. The arbitrary choice of one's point of view determines to a great extent such reflections. On the present occasion, we may, without doing violence to the facts of history, say that our political theory is on the eve of receiving important definitions which will bring to a close an era of political, social, and ecclesiastical discussion and contention that has been prolonged one hundred years. The history of a nation is its commentary on its political principle. In the course of time this principle gets practical application in all its relations, social, æsthetic, religious, and world-historical. What was vague and indefinite in its first announcement, a glittering generality, gets close definition and concreteness. The people of the United States have been finding out exactly what they meant — or ought to mean — by such phrases as: All men are born free and equal; That government is best which governs least; Morality and religion are essential to good government; Education in free common schools is necessary in a republic; Godless education is worse than no education; Church and state must be kept separate, etc.

In the problem of public education the state encounters its first practical collision with the ecclesiastical organization of the people. The problem of the relation of state to church it had solved easily enough in its first phases by adopting the *laissez faire* system: "Make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." But here it finds a disputed province on the confines of the domain of civil society, that of secular education in the conventionalities of intelligence, in the theoretical means of communication and of participation in the realized reason of mankind. Civil society claims this province by right of eminent domain, taking from the family or the individual what it finds needful for the benefit of the community at large. The church, on the other hand, claims it on the ground that secular education must be united with religious education in the same school in order to be wholesome, and, on the ground of the impossibility of teaching religion without teaching specific dogmas (any code of which must trench on the rights of conscience of some class of believers), denies the right of the state or of civil society to assume control of public education. It asks for a division of school funds and proposes that each class of believers shall establish its own schools. It does not fail to mention that its title to the control of all education is very ancient, and indeed honorable, inasmuch as the church gave the first and for a long period the only public education. But the state remembers when it too was under the yoke of the church, and is not moved by the claim based on original acquisition, for that reason. It must be mentioned that while some classes of religious believers set up the claim for a division of the funds and ecclesiastical partition of the schools, others are content with the free common school under civil control, provided that the reading of the Bible, or some simple religious exercises, be introduced. Others still desire to make the common schools entirely secular, and leave to the several religious denominations the conduct of religious instruction in their Sunday-schools and by other appliances entirely unaided by public funds or gratuities.

The lesson of history on this point is at first sight ambiguous. While the development of modern civilization has

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tended towards the separation of political from ecclesiastical functions, yet this separation has not been fully accomplished in the great nations of Europe. We find an established church everywhere, and the utmost advancement there is indicated by a liberality towards religion as such, and by the division of the state appropriation among the different denominations. The school seems to have followed the state in the separation, and to have come under state control, but with permission given to the church to enter the school and instruct the children, each confession taking charge of its own. The theory of the monarchy makes it the patriarchal head over its people, provident over their social wants, their moral and religious training, and their secular education. The theory of our republic sets out from the opposite point of view, and grants no power to the central government which can be left to be administered by the local civil organizations with perfect safety to the nation as a whole. Its experience has led it to assume larger and larger control over some of the functions of civil society, as already stated. The history of Europe during the past quarter of a century, in one of its social aspects, exhibits a struggle between nations to obtain or to preserve industrial or commercial superiority by means of technical schools established to educate skilled workmen. Later, during the last decade, the Prussian experiment and its success have convinced the other nations that public education must be made compulsory at least for military reasons. The American state has precisely the same grounds for establishing universal secular education in common schools, but its theory of separation of church and state cannot permit it to teach any religious dogmas within the same. The selection of any one code of dogmas would involve the violation of the rights of conscience which the state is bound to accord to those who have not subscribed to precisely that code.

While this question has been agitated more or less extensively for the past half-century without other effect than to make temporary trial of the division of school funds,[1] or to cause the adoption of constitutional provisions forbidding appropriations for sectarian purposes,[2] the general tendency has been to increase the earnestness of the demands of some of the religious classes for a division, and to arouse the others to a more determined opposition.[3] The question has frequently influenced local politics.

The first appearance of the question in the national politics is found in the last annual message to Congress by our chief magistrate. His proposition makes an epoch in our political history, for the reason that it thrusts the question upon the central government. Once before the whole people, it is likely to find an early settlement in the adoption of a constitutional amendment.

President Grant "suggests and recommends" the adoption of a constitutional amendment requiring each of the several States to establish and maintain free public schools, adequate to the education of all children, forbidding religious or anti-Christian instruction in the same, and prohibiting the diversion of any public funds for sectarian purposes; also making education compulsory to the extent of disfranchising the illiterate who attain their majority after 1890.

By this provision and the further one of church taxation, recommended in the same message, our state would rid itself effectually of all future collisions with ecclesiastical powers. The fact that a large majority of the States (twenty-two or more) have, in express terms or by general restriction, prohibited by constitutional enactment any sectarian diversion of school funds, makes it seem probable that three fourths of the States

[1] As in New York.

[2] In Missouri, Ohio, Illinois, Kansas, Nevada, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Mississippi, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Arkansas.

[3] A law introduced into one of our territorial legislatures (New Mexico) provided for a division of school funds, leaving it to each tax-payer to say to which sect his school-tax should be paid, also to each criminal to direct the disposition of his fine in the same way. The bill lacked one vote of becoming a law.

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would ratify such an amendment if proposed by Congress. Meanwhile there is great tension in the public mind on the question. Events transpiring here or in Europe that bear relation in any way to it are watched with eager interest.

In this paper an attempt will be made to present the grounds in favor of preserving the common school as a purely secular institution, without any religious instruction in it whatever. The writer will endeavor to do full justice to the importance of religion and to its institution, the church, so far as its consideration belongs here, or space will permit.

There is a wide-spread conviction, shared by all Teutonic peoples, and more especially by the Anglo-Saxon branch settled in America, that church and state should be kept separate; that the church should take its place side by side with secular institutions which are subordinate to the state, so far as temporal organization is concerned, but left free as regards spiritual organization and matters of faith. This conviction is not fully articulate, but remains in a shape so indefinite as almost to be called a disposition, rather than a distinct doctrine. An appeal to this conviction is the most direct form of defense which the advocates of secular common schools can adopt. But such a defense does not reach the position of some who favor the church control of education; who, in short, defend the unity of political with religious power. It is, however, a legitimate preliminary argument, if it is supplemented by a demonstration of the inherent necessity of the separation of church and state in order that the former may become perfect spiritually, and that the latter may make political and civil freedom possible. This line of defense, moreover, must confine itself to showing how the religious control of the schools by the various classes of believers, and the division of the school funds among them, will result in the destruction or injury of political freedom. For many pious people suppose that to bring the common schools under religious control will aid the state by preparing for it large numbers of good men, and they do not regard the school as directly and necessarily a civil institution, but on the contrary they affirm education to be a function of the church, and its secular and religious aspects to be inseparable.

Let us then inquire what are the immediate practical effects of a division of the school funds among the different religious denominations, and of a consignment to them of the province of secular education. The principle of division will recognize, at least on its first trial, the class of indifferent people as well as the class of disbelievers in religion, as entitled to their *pro rata* in the distribution. The first occasion for collision will be found in the practical details of partitioning the funds. The school funds permanently invested and the school funds collected by taxation are under the direction of the political power. The standard of division, and the minute regulations necessary for its application, must be adopted by the political power. The settlement of these questions will necessarily involve long and bitter controversies. For it is not to be supposed that a political body made up of representatives from all classes of faiths will agree at once upon a simple and just basis of division that will be recognized as such by the majority of the community. Then in the administration of the division after the basis has been adopted, still worse collisions impend. Each class of believers will become suspicious of partiality in the directory who are appointed to administer, inasmuch as the members of the directory will belong personally each to some one class of believers. In the adoption of a basis for division, rules must be made regarding registration and attendance of pupils; regarding the qualifications of teachers and the tests of the efficiency of their instruction; regarding the course of study, and the amount and kind of secular instruction to be given; regarding the accommodations furnished to the children in the matters of buildings (heating, light, ventilation, etc.) and apparatus (furniture, blackboards, maps, globes, reference books, etc.); regarding the form

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of reports to be made to inspectors and the aid and assistance to be rendered to such inspectors. For a just basis of division must take into account all of these things and many more. It must consider not merely the number of children enrolled, but the actual attendance of each and the length of daily session. It must consider the ages of pupils; for instruction costs less and is comparatively less valuable in infancy than in maturer years. The literary qualifications of teachers can be ascertained only by examination conducted by government inspectors, and their qualifications as to discipline and instruction only by inspection of their actual work in school. To distribute public money to poorly taught schools, or to schools in which secular instruction has been dwarfed and pushed aside for religious instruction, would afford just cause of complaint on the part of those who have furnished good instruction in kind and amount in the secular branches. The obvious necessity of appointing government inspectors over these parochial schools, and of giving them authority to examine teachers, grant certificates, and prescribe standards of instruction and discipline, gives occasion for constant conflict between the civil power and the various religious castes. Whatever a strong denomination chooses to consider unjust interference or discrimination will be resented, and a powerful influence will be brought to bear on the government, through their representatives, to modify it. A government elected by a popular vote is ill-calculated to withstand such pressure, and can do it only by means of the creation of sectarian bias among the members of the opposition. A defeat of any sect at one time in the government would bring about renewed effort at the next popular election at the polls. Religious animus mingling with political animus would make partisan intensity very bitter. The history of Florence may be profitably studied on this point.

Again, it must be noted that if the stipend divided among the churches is very large, and the government supervision is lax, permitting the enrollment and return of children at very early ages, of children whose attendance is for very short periods, and perhaps of children who are each enrolled on the registers of many different schools within the denomination, permitting also the poor quality of instruction which is incident to the assignment of a hundred or more pupils to each teacher, it will be quite likely to happen that some churches will be able to support their schools entirely on the government stipend, and even save money towards the direct support of their religious services. The step to a church establishment is a very short one from the endowment of church schools.

If such is the effect upon the government, what is the necessary effect upon the schools?

First, it is obvious that a poor classification of pupils as regards advancement in studies would result. The common schools of the country suffer very much from this source. A teacher with forty pupils of different ages and attainments, ranging from beginners up to those who have advanced eight years on the course of study, will probably find no two pupils excepting the beginners at just the same point of advancement. If the teacher makes classes, she will bring together into each class pupils who differ so much that the best ones do not have to study to learn the lesson which may be too hard for the poorest scholars in the class. If she makes no classes, she must hear each individual recite his four or more lessons by himself, and more than a hundred such recitations within six hours will allow for each something less than four minutes. Want of good classification causes instruction to degenerate into a process of requiring and hearing lessons that are verbally committed to memory, and of which all discussion is omitted and correct understanding not insisted upon. For this reason the country school is rather a place where children go to learn what they can, of their own accord, from the text-book, than a place where they are incited by the teacher to regular and systematic exertion, and led

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by emulation and critical attention to the recitations of their classmates to gain deep and independent insights of their own. There remains, of course, the moral training which a good teacher even in a country school may secure in the formation of correct habits of regularity, punctuality, silence, attention, industry, politeness, and kindness towards one's fellows. In city schools and in the large schools of villages, classification is adopted to such an extent that each teacher may have from forty to sixty pupils, and these of so nearly the same qualifications that they may be taught in two classes. The time for each recitation may be a half-hour, during which it is possible to test the work of every pupil, discuss the bearings of the lesson, criticise the mistakes of the pupils and of the text-book, review previous lessons in the points which relate to the task of to-day, and show the pupil how to study as well as what to study.

The classification of pupils in accordance with the religious belief of their parents does not assist the teacher of secular studies at all. Each small parochial school will have the same difficulty as the small country school, intensified. For if the already small schools of the country are divided, either the cost of instruction will be greatly increased by the necessity of providing several teachers where one now does the work, or else the schools must be so scattered that each pupil on an average has to go much farther to reach the school to which he belongs. Small denominations will find this very hard. But they will get little sympathy: their children may attend the parochial schools nearest at hand and be proselyted to a faith different from that of their fathers. Parochial schools in the cities would be able to classify better, especially those of the large denominations. But the schools of small congregations of believers would be ill-classified even in the cities; all schools in the villages would be ill-classified, and in the country schools no classification could be attempted.

Where good classification is possible, a teacher can better instruct a far greater number of pupils than where it is not possible. The consequence is that ill-classified schools are not only inferior in regard to instruction, but they are far more costly pro rata. Let a school of forty pupils under one teacher be divided according to religious confession into five schools, the largest having twenty pupils, the next having ten, the next six, the next three, and the last one. Unless these can be combined with other schools, thereby increasing the distance each pupil has to travel, five teachers will now be required to do the work. The school-money from the state being distributed pro rata, the smallest classes of believers will have to pay nearly the entire expense of education from their own pockets. Being few in number, they will find the cost of tuition to each child fearfully heavy, and education among poor people who are unwilling to forego their rights of conscience will be altogether prevented.

The conflict of religious castes in the legislative bodies and at the polls, the general dissatisfaction which would be felt by the majority of the people in whatever distribution might be made, and above all the inferiority of instruction which necessarily results from poor classification, — these, added to the practical argument drawn from the expensiveness of separate schools (outside of the city for even the large classes of believers, and for the small classes everywhere), would doubtless cause an early return to the free common-school system, after a trial of the parochial system. But a persistence in the system which is under discussion would soon bring upon the community worse evils than those named, in the form of results. There would be a decrease of secular knowledge and a great increase of theological knowledge. Inasmuch as this separation of schools was brought about in the interest of religious differences, it is quite natural to infer that greater and greater stress would be laid upon those differences in the religious instruction given in the parochial schools. *Esprit de corps* would add intensity to the impression received from the instructor in

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doctrines. In the nature of theological truth there lies the possibility of furnishing food for fanaticism and bigotry. In these days of the newspaper and cheap transit from one section to another, and above all of the common school, the barriers of religious caste have become so broken down that a universal spirit of toleration prevails. The liberality of the greater part of the community disenchants even the bigot who has had the misfortune to be reared under a narrow-minded and exclusive system. Children of all confessions mingling in the free common school learn to know, love, and respect each other. They learn to co-operate with each other and to make peaceful combinations. They learn to trust those of a different religious faith, and, in short, to judge their fellow-men by overt acts instead of mere belief or disposition. In the industrial community after they leave the school, they continue the same lesson, learning to know and respect their fellow-men for other reasons than religious belief. In the daily newspaper they contemplate the spectacle of the great world of humanity, and their sympathies, being schooled in this institution, become so broad as to include all men. This humane feeling, love of man, love of one's neighbor as one's self, is regarded by many as the truest realization of Christianity. The love of God with all one's heart and mind and strength is doubtless essential to but is not distinctive of Christianity. Christian morality certainly culminates in this brotherly affection for one's fellow-men.

But in the parochial school an effective instruction in the dogmas of the church must perforce develop a habit of thinking on the distinction between man and man as holding different religious beliefs. Within one's church are the elect for time and for eternity. Without one's church are the proscribed and lost. I am one of the sheep, my neighbor is one of the goats. Love of God and fear to disobey him furnish the groundwork of the confession. Then comes the infinite importance of right belief, and of conformity to the ceremonial observances of the church, as ordained of God. If these are so important to me, their disregard by my neighbor must surely be fraught with infinite consequences to him. If God hates my neighbor, it is certainly wrong for me to love him. Toleration is a crime. If by bodily suffering a heretic's soul may be saved, the church is only merciful if it inflicts it.

The social good feeling and the mutual respect and confidence which grow up in the common school are to be sacrificed, and in their place are to come — through the agency of the parochial school — the exclusiveness and distrust which belong to a training in the use of theological distinctions as of infinite consequence in the destiny of each individual man, if this training is begun early and long continued.

If the ground is taken that the humanitarian feeling of the age, out of which grows the toleration here spoken of, and the so-called liberal tendency, is to be condemned, it must be all the more clear that a very radical reaction is intended by this movement towards the ecclesiastic control of secular education. It is evident that exclusiveness and less of toleration are desired. What this bodes towards the minority, should one class of believers who hold this view become the majority, is equally evident. The only safety rests in division into many denominations. If one becomes dominant and will not tolerate the others, there will be proscription and persecution. We have already seen that the tendency of divided schools must be to compel the small classes of believers to send their children to the schools of the larger classes, and thus to disappear altogether. With this process there will be a continual rise of ecclesiastical power and a deeper penetration of its influence into the counsels of the civil government. This will happen during the first generation. The second generation educated exclusively in the parochial school, and without the counteracting influence of a majority of their fellow-men educated into liberal, tolerant humanitarianism, will be quite ready to vote the establishment

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of the church and the punishment of dissenters by excluding them from a share of the benefits of the public funds appropriated to the church. A third generation educated under this reactionary plan would not scruple to add to civil disabilities the physical chastisement of heretics.

The establishment of God's kingdom upon earth in this guise would be the utter extirpation of civil freedom and of all science except theology. That intensity of partisan feeling which grows into bigotry would make impossible a popular government such as ours. There would be no political dialectic process like that now existing, in which the violence or indiscretion of one party reacts swiftly and places its opponent in power; for when the partisan spirit brings in eternal distinctions, the choice of God, into its political creed, it is not easy for the individual to renounce one party and work with another that holds different views of God's choice. The eyes would become so blinded by the contemplation of infinite and eternal distinctions that they could not discern finite ones. The shifting of partisans which now keeps up the equipoise and secures political freedom could no longer be relied upon, and here too we should see the spectacle exhibited by the republican experiments of the Romanic nations. Each party when in power would use all its strength to annihilate the other. The only refuge from such a state of things is in monarchy and a hereditary nobility, to which we should come in due time, after the crushing effect of religious wars.

But very few will believe that these things are involved in the giving up of education to church control. The first effect of the attempt to distribute a school fund derived from taxation would be the creation of a party opposed to a school fund altogether, and the connection with the state would be severed by the utter destruction of all free schools. Doubtless the growth of the illiterate class, and the consequent weakness of the state and the decline of productive industry, would cause, first, the establishment of free schools for indigent children, as a preventive of crime. Then, by a gradual progress, the free schools for indigent children would grow into the common-school system again.

In order to gain a clearer insight into the main question, we must now investigate the inherent nature of the state and the grounds on which its separation from the church is defended. Afterwards the necessity of the secular school to the state must be considered.

As a slowly but constantly growing fact in modern history, the separation of church and state has attracted the attention of thinking minds, and its causes have received considerable investigation. Upon a precise determination of these causes depends the settlement of a variety of social and political questions, some of which have been already suggested in the first part of this paper.

Asking ourselves what is the end and aim of the state, we ultimately find this answer: The object of the state is the establishment of justice among men and the prevention of crime through this means. The church may have for its object the bringing of men to God and the prevention of sin. Sin and crime are the two distinctions which we must study if we would get clearly before us the difference between state and church, between the political and the religious body. Crime is a breach of the laws of right or justice as defined by the state. Sin is a breach of the mandates of religion. Crime may be punished by a fine, personal duress, or the forfeiture of life; it is measurable, and its punishment is intended to cancel the debt exactly. A sin, on the contrary, is looked upon by religion as an infinite forfeiture, and no finite penalty can restore the sinner to his true relation. Only complete repentance, and utter renunciation of the sin and its consequences as selfish benefit, will restore one before God. God meets infinite forfeiture with infinite mercy wherever there is complete repentance. Repentance, however, does not (and ought not to) save one from the punishment due to crime. Justice must secure to each man the fruition of his deed. If it is criminal, then his deed re-

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turns upon him negatively, depriving him of property or personal liberty. Each man to be free must be self-determined. The ideal of self-determination is the ideal set up by justice. All that man does he shall do to himself. Society organized as the state shall see to it that his deed aimed outwards returns to him: if good, to free him and bless him; if bad, to fetter and curse him. To relieve him of the consequences of his crime were to insult his ideal and prevent him from being self-determined. If, on the other hand, the state regarded crime as sin, borrowing its standard from religion, it would have no finite measure and could not visit the criminal with any punishment except death. This would be the code of Draco. But even death would not expiate crime regarded as sin. It would require eternal punishment.

From this divergence between their modes of viewing dereliction arises the confusion when church and state are united. Justice considers only the overt act. It attempts to return only one's deed upon him; not his unexecuted intention, his disposition, but his deed. Religion regards, and must regard, the disposition or intention. It must lay stress on self-search; it must go behind the deed and before the deed, and proclaim the mandate of religion: a pure heart, an upright disposition and intention, is an essential condition for all who would seek God and find him. Disposition can be judged of only by disposition; when the civil power undertakes to discover disposition, it interprets overt acts, and when it ceases to limit itself thus, it becomes the instrument of suspicion and inaugurates a reign of terror. While the criminal stands on the scaffold, condemned to receive the extreme penalty of the law and without hope of escape, the church may offer him the consolations of religion, assuring him of reconciliation with God effected through his sincere repentance, and promising him immediate blessedness. The smallest sin, unrepented of, shuts one out of the kingdom of God; the largest one, repented of, is forgiven. Here is evident the exclusion of quantitative measure; small and great no longer have significance when we speak of the infinite.

So long as state and church are united, there is of necessity a mutual influence on their standards. The exercise of civil power on the part of the church tends perpetually to impel it to the introduction of finite standards, thus allowing expiation for sin; to permit the substitution of penance for repentance. The exercise of ecclesiastical power by the state, on the other hand, tends to confuse its standards of punishment and to make its penalties too severe at one time and too lax at another, and thus to render the whole course of justice uncertain, by considering the disposition rather than the overt act.

To religion, therefore, should not be given the power of compulsion nor of inflicting penalties. Its nature will lead it to confound finite misdemeanors with sins, and sins are infinite in their negativity. The state with its principle of justice can inflict penalties and exercise compulsion. It can cognize the overt act and say to the doer, In what measure you injure society, in that measure yourself shall suffer. But it cannot go beyond the overt act and penetrate within the sacred circle of personality, in order to take account of the measure in which the soul has internally realized the absolute ideal. Whatsoever has not become deed, but remains only a thought, is not yet uttered or externalized, and hence cannot be returned on the doer, hence cannot be cognized by justice. But religion finds its true province in taking cognizance of the disposition, of the intent and purpose. Hence the stress that it lays on confession and profession, on the shrift, the narration of religious experience, and above all the outpouring of the soul in prayer. Phariseeism, which looks only to external forms and ceremonies, is the object of its strongest disapproval. Cleanliness within, purification of the heart in its motives and imaginings, are always insisted on. When under the influence of the principle which takes account of the disposition rather than the overt act, and

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which depends upon confession to obtain this, the state formerly put its suspected criminals to the torture in order to compel a confession.

Church and state thus differ in their attitude toward the real world. The church assumes a negative attitude toward it, making the world and all that it contains to be a finite and unworthy affair when compared with the object of religion, which is the attainment of the supreme ideal or reconciliation with God. There are, accordingly, two negative acts which go with religion: (*a*) devotion, theoretical, the negative act of the intellect by which the soul acknowledges its own infinite unworthiness and the utter nullity of all its finite concerns in view of the absolute ideal and its own reconciliation therewith; (*b*) sacrifice, the negative act of the will, the practical renunciation of selfish interests whenever they come in conflict with spiritual interests. The general relation of religion to this world is therefore negative. Its outcome would be nihilism if made the principle of the secular. The state and civil society, on the other hand, hold a positive relation to the real world. Man, as a natural being, is a brute, with brute necessities. Food, clothing, and shelter he must have. Secular institutions have for their object the transformation of crude selfishness into disinterested service of others. The brutish form of supplying one's wants shall give place to universal, non-selfish forms. By division of labor, for example, each one shall labor for all the rest, for society in the aggregate. By means of the universal solvent of property, *i. e.*, money, he shall be helped in turn by all society, and far more potently than he can help himself. By organization and consequent renunciation of his mere animal individuality he becomes a person in society and acts directly for society, his deed being returned to him by society, purified from selfishness (or at least the form of selfishness) by this mediation. Thus the state and civil society organize the finite world of man into an institution which *reflects* the divine; for the divine possesses the *reality* of this mediation, to wit, the mediation of the individual man in his relation to God, who is the Absolute Person. Civil society reflects or adumbrates the divine by mediating the individual man through the community, his labor through their labor, his fruition through theirs.

In this sense, therefore, the religious and secular realms do not conflict, but mutually complement each other. Religion presents the absolute ideal and demands a reconciliation with it in the innermost depths of individual consciousness, at the sacrifice of all that is temporal, while the state and civil society seek only to mold the secular world into a reflection or manifestation of the divine idea by transmuting human selfishness into rational action. The religious world is the divine itself, the secular world is the manifestation or reflection of it. In religion, he who loses his life for Christ's sake shall find it. In civil society, the man who seeks to gratify his animal wants of food, clothing, and shelter must first serve others or labor at some employment. Directly supplying his wants he can be no higher than a savage, and even the savages have some organization of society in which the individual offers up himself to the whole and is in turn protected by the whole. By division of labor a greater miracle is performed. Each helps the others and the others help him. But he gets back a myriad-fold as much as his own unaided might could obtain. By his free will he dedicates his labor to society, and society with equal free will endows him from its stores. It is an act of grace, mankind meeting the devotion of the individual by a magnificent return. The organization of state and civil society furnishes to each one the possibility of participating in the labors of all, asking from him only the devotion of his own labor in return.

If it is desirable that the church should continue to exist as a reality in this world of ours, then it is desirable that the necessary condition thereof, or the state and civil society, shall exist. Hence if religion or the church sets up the doctrine of the supreme importance of spiritual

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interests and insists upon the subordination of all secular interests thereto, it must not apply this doctrine outside of the individual. If it attacks the organized institutions of the state and civil society with this principle, it will attack by the same action its own historical existence, and thus contradict itself. It directs itself outward in order to destroy the outward. It undertakes to annihilate the only possible divine form that the externality of man (his historical existence in time and space) can assume. For this can be done only on the principle of justice, as has been shown. Religious mediation is between God and the personal will of man, secular mediation is between the individual man and mankind. The salvation of the soul demands supreme renunciation. The salvation from barbarism demands the sacrifice of one's potentiality, his right to be everything at once (all humanity), and the devotion of one's energies to a special calling and its minute details.

Herein, too, religion distinguishes itself from morality. The strictly moral duties concern the relation of man to man, and for this reason are all finite when compared with the content of religion. The moral world is moreover distinguished from the state in that it too, like religion, deals with the disposition, the heart, the motives. But as it relates to man in general, it herein resembles the state. The moral world has one factor identical with religion, to wit, the disposition of the individual man; and one factor identical with the state, to wit, mankind in general. Hence the secular relation of religion toward morality is likewise negative and destructive, just as it is toward the state. If the religious duty of the salvation of the soul should be alone heeded, and the individual occupy himself solely with this, all the moral virtues would die of neglect. The direct mediation of man with God would replace all finite mediation of man with society; people would flee to the wilderness in order to live a holy life as hermits, or seek seclusion in monastic cells in their endeavor to realize a more direct communion with God. The beggar, who is the symbol of the utter annulment of the secular world, would again become the nearest approach of the worldly to the divine life. Such, indeed, he is represented in the Autos of Calderon. Productive industry and beggary are antitheses; in The World Theatre, however, the beggar takes the lowest place in this life, but for this reason alone in the next he stands higher than the king.

Before coming to treat directly of the necessity of the secular school to the state as an institution belonging within civil society rather than to the church, it will be proper in this connection to consider the incompatibility between religious instruction and secular instruction, and the advantage of separating the two for the highest perfection of each. The secular branches — reading, writing, and arithmetic, geography, grammar, and history — form the conventional instrumentality by the mastery of which the individual man is enabled to lay hold of and participate in the spiritual patrimony of the race, the treasures of human experience already spoken of as preserved and transmitted in the form of science and literature by means of the human combination called civil society. These branches of instruction are "godless" in the sense that they relate to man and nature directly. But inasmuch as they initiate man into the theoretical participation with mankind, and enable him to share in the victory achieved by the race over nature, they participate in the spiritual or divine and godlike. They possess the semblance of the divine just as the state and civil society do; being instrumentalities only, they may reflect the divine but not constitute it. Hence we find their relation to religious instruction quite similar to that of the state to the church. When taught in close connection with religion they tend to weaken the effect of the latter, and in turn suffer from the tendency to introduce its alien method into their treatment. In these secular branches the mind is to be cultivated to keep all of its powers awake: thought is to be alert and critical, faith is to be dormant. In religion, faith is

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the chief organ, and the merely negative activity of the understanding is to be subordinated and set aside. Religious truth is revealed in allegoric and symbolic form, and is to be appreciated not merely by the intellect but by the fantasy. The analytic understanding is necessarily hostile and skeptical in its attitude toward religious truth, but it is an essential activity in the apprehension of science. The conclusion is obvious that the mind must not be changed too abruptly from secular studies to religious contemplation. To bring in a lesson on religious dogmas just succeeding a lesson in mathematics or physical science inevitably has the disadvantage that the mind brings with it the bent or proclivity of the latter study, and to the serious injury of the former. We are not surprised to find, therefore, as a practical fact, that such schools tend either to cultivate habits of flippant and shallow reasoning on sacred themes, thus sapping the foundations of piety, or that on the other hand the influence of the dogmatic tone of the religious lessons creeps into the secular recitations, and drives out critical acuteness and independent thinking from the mind of the pupil. Too much authority leaves too little room for originality. Now in religious lessons, wherein the divine is taught as revealed to the human race, the raw, immature intellect of youth is not to be permitted to attempt to construct for itself speculatively the contents. It is too much for it to grasp the rationality of the dogma, for to do this requires a synthesis of theoretical and practical, of the will and the intellect; and the theoretical intellect alone is inadequate to comprehend the highest truth. The will develops only with one's life work, and becomes clear or transparent in its forms only after it has been realized in experience. Hence the utmost care should be taken to surround religious instruction with the proper atmosphere. It should be approached with a very carefully arranged preparation, and after the mind has recovered from the intellectual tension of its analytic studies.

The commonly accepted theory of the relation of the common school to the state in our own country may be briefly formulated thus: Our government is a government of the people by the people. The people are expected to make the laws that govern them, if not directly, at least indirectly through representatives selected by them and from their own number. Even a people that is to render enlightened obedience to laws made for them must have some school education. With a people that is called upon constantly to choose, at the ballot-box, between representatives, and also to decide the course which it ought to take in regard to public measures, school education is indispensable.

Even under governments that have a hereditary ruling class the necessity of common-school education has been discovered. The motive not merely to have intelligent obedience among its subjects, but to have the functions of society, now grown so complex, performed with greater skill, has controlled in this. The printed page has come to be for the great majority of civilized men the chief means of obtaining and communicating information. It has made an artificial addition to the three wants — food, clothing, and shelter. Besides these, man has a spiritual want — books. The common school teaches how to read, how to measure the world of things, and thus be able to exchange the commodities necessary to gratify the three material wants. By reading and writing man learns how to gratify his spiritual want of culture. The net result of school discipline may be summarized under the head of power to make combinations. The mathematical and physical sciences enable one to make combinations in the material world, the literary, grammatical, and historical studies enable one to make human combinations. Directive power involves these species of combination, one or both. Now the demand of directive power increases in modern times in a geometrical ratio. Formerly political and military combinations included the greater part of the combinations needing directive power. Within a hundred years, labor-saving

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machinery has turned mere hand labor into the brain labor of supervision and direction. The mere hand laborer does not need much directive power. One overseer can direct a whole gang. But in a manufacturing establishment every machine has to be supervised, and, again, the various phases of the whole must be also supervised. The supply of raw material, the procuring of help, and the disposition of the manufactured product, each and all need skilled directive power to make the requisite combinations with materials and men. The laborer who leaves the spade and sits as a director of a machine has new demands made upon him, demands of a higher spiritual character. He must have regularity, punctuality, and attention — spiritual forces developed in him — the moral basis of school discipline. Vast corporations spring up on every hand to conduct mining, manufacturing, transit facilities, commerce, and intercommunication (telegraph, newspapers, etc.). These demand a generation of laborers educated to make combinations, material and spiritual, in order to furnish the directive power to manage them. The enormous growth of cities is the social characteristic of our century. This keeps pace with the multiplication of the powers of productive industry by means of machinery. Most remarkable, too, is the fact that the railroad, telegraph, and daily newspaper have made all the villages participant in urban life, and, as it were, moved all except the agricultural population into the city. Urban life is characterized by extreme division of labor and mutual interdependence of each individual upon every other. The highest degree of complexity and the closest unity exists, and its demand upon the individual is exorbitant and can be met in an adequate manner only by elaborate preparation in the common school.

Again, it is a recent discovery, dating back a quarter of a century, that civil society must be protected in its departments of productive industry by the æsthetic education of the laborer. Taste quite as much as skill is an ingredient of the manufactured product that is to command the highest price in the market and the readiest sale. Various European powers have established large schools of industrial art, and by this means have successfully recovered prestige for their manufactures when in some instances the same had already been driven from market by foreign competition. The productive power of labor is increased twenty-five to fifty per cent. by the education given in the primary school; and by the full course of the common school the increase in productive power (as measured by the wages of the laborer [1]) is from fifty to one hundred per cent. over that of the illiterate.

In addition to the political and social necessity, there is the military necessity of common-school education. This has become apparent through the recent rapid strides of Prussia to the first place among the powers of Europe. The other great powers are fully aroused to the importance of common schools, by that portent. The invention of machinery for use in war has progressed so far that an uneducated soldiery stands no chance with one trained in schools into ability to make combinations readily.

Thus, while other states educate for reasons of national strength, — military necessity and industrial necessity, — our nation has the weightier necessity of educating its citizens for the duties of self-government, — intelligent obedience to laws, and intelligent capacity to make and administer laws. The language of the president's message is very strong on this point: "We are a republic whereof one man is as good as another before the law. Under such a form of government it is of the greatest importance that all should be possessed of education and intelligence enough to cast a vote with a right understanding of its meaning. A large association of ignorant men cannot for any considerable period oppose successful resistance to an oppressive tyranny from the educated few, but will inevitably sink into acquiescence to the

[1] See statistics on this subject collected in the Report of the National Commissioner of Education for 1870, pp. 448, seq.

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will of intelligence, whether directed by the demagogue or by priestcraft. Hence the education of the masses becomes our first necessity for the preservation of our institutions."

Here, then, are the grounds why the state cannot give up to the church the direction and control of common schools. The church is and must be the last institution to which to trust the political or the industrial interests of the nation. Once, when the state and civil society were as yet germinal and undeveloped, and more or less in implicit unity with the church, all education was in the hands of the latter. With the development of these institutions, they became filled with the divine form revealed to them through the Christian religion, and took on the semblance of that divine form, each discovering its own peculiar guiding principle. Thus the state is governed by justice, civil society by productive industry, education by the scientific method. The principle of religion is adumbrated in all these, but could not be exactly repeated by them without destruction to the entire secular world.

It is not the question whether religion is essential to man or not. Its essentiality to the state and civil society must be granted by all who will prove the necessity of the separation of church and state. The real question is whether religion should be united in implicit unity with the secular (state and civil society), and whether religious instruction is best given in the same school with secular instruction.

Christian civilization — for such we must name it, when we consider what principle it reflects — has always tended to develop its institutions into independence through harmony with each other. An institution in collision with others is necessarily limited through those others and is made finite thereby; it depends upon those others for its definition. The tendency of the Christian principle of love and recognition is to evolve harmony; the members freely choose a common end and aim, and thus effect a deeper unity with each other through spontaneous self-direction on the part of each. Blind obedience requires definite specific commands. "One head shall govern many pairs of hands." But such blind obedience is an example of abstract identity wherein the central unit is not reënforced by its subjects. When the obedient hands acquire enlightened brains, and assist in the spirit of the whole, there is reduplication and reënforcement of the highest degree. By this the central unit is assisted to some purpose, for it has not to exert the motive power for all, but each member of the system is in turn a new centre and furnishes its own motive power. One brain divided and dissipated in the occupation of directing many blindly obedient hands soon reaches the maximum of its influence. For the margin of adaptation necessary under each new set of circumstances changes by degrees the original direction given, until it is to be found contradicting the first impulse. But when each new member of the system is a self-active one, one that seizes the central principle, interprets its spirit, and applies it to the new set of conditions with whatever modifications are necessary, there is no limit to the growth of such a system. Recognition, reflection, harmony, are thus the products of the Christian principle, which tends perpetually to the evolution of new self-directive centres. God is believed to rejoice more over the creation of one free soul who loves and recognizes him, and lives a divine life, than over a whole cosmos of mechanically adjusted worlds regulated to run like clock-work. In the free soul he sees his image; in the mechanism he sees his caricature.

This principle of growth into independence of what is at first dependent, and a part of another organism, is believed to be the highest principle dominant in the universe. It is found suggested in Leibnitz's system of monads, in Plato's system of ideas, in Aristotle's first and second entelechies, in Hegel's absolute idea, and throughout the profound speculations of the great churchmen, such as St. Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and St. Anselm, as well as in the writings of the German mystics,

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Meister Eckhart, Tauler, Jacob Boehme, and others.

Since the thirteenth century, the age in which Thomas Aquinas, perhaps the greatest thinker of all Christendom, unfolded the nature of justice and saw in it the divine foundation of the state and the importance of its supremacy in civil affairs, just as the church is supreme in religious affairs, the conviction has gathered strength that the secular must develop independently of the ecclesiastical, and that in finding its own necessary conditions of development it will come to reflect the divine ideal of the Christian church.[1]

These institutions organized separately on their own principles will best subserve the cause of religion and further the interests of God's kingdom.

William T. Harris.

[1] Dante, that noble Ghibelline who followed the thought of Aquinas, has happily expressed this principle of reflection or recognition in his Paradiso. After repeating the sentiment of Plato and Aristotle that God in no wise possesses envy, he says,—

"Più l' è conforme, e però più le piace:
Che l' ardor santo, ch' ogni cosa raggia,
Nella più simigliante è più vivace."
(Canto vii.)

STELLA SPECIOSA.

I saw the star of even
Sail down the paling west,
And, from the verge of heaven,
Drop to her silent rest.

How peaceful moved she through
The soft, decaying light!
How lovely, pure, and true,
She looked her sweet "Good night!"

Doth thus our planet move
Through the high walks of space,
And thus unmingled love
Seem mirrored on her face?

Do the still spaces bar
The signs of human woe?
Doth Earth shine soft afar,
As stars shine here below?

Are noise and pain and sin,
'Mong all her nations rife,
Entirely veiled within
This atmosphere of life?

O silent, silver orb,
Gliding in peace along,
Doth aught but joy absorb
Your happy nations' song?

J. F. Bingham.

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OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XIII.

Among the persons whom I used to see behind the scenes were two who for different reasons attracted my attention: one was the Earl of W——, and the other the Rev. A. F. C——. I was presented to Lord and Lady W—— in society, and visited them more than once at their place near Manchester. But before I had made Lord W——'s acquaintance he was an object of wondering admiration to me, not altogether unmixed with a slight sense of the ridiculous, only because it passed my comprehension how any real, live man could be so exactly like the description of a particular kind of man, in a particular kind of book. There was no fault to find with the elegance of his appearance and his remarkable good looks; he certainly was the beau ideal of a dandy, — with his slender, perfectly-dressed figure, his pale complexion, regular features, fine eyes, and dark, glossy waves of hair, and the general aristocratic distinction of his whole person, — and was so like the Earl of So-and-So, in the fashionable novel of the day, that I always longed to ask him what he did at the end of the "third volume," and "whether he or Sir Reginald married Lady Geraldine." But why this exquisite *par excellence* should always have struck me as slightly absurd, I cannot imagine. The Rev. A. F. C—— was the natural son of William IV. and Mrs. Jordan, and vicar of Maple Durham; when first I came out, this young gentleman attended every one of my performances, first in one of the stage boxes and afterwards in a still nearer position to the stage, one of the orchestra reserved seats. Thence, one night, he disappeared, and, to my surprise, I saw him standing at one of the side scenes during the whole play. My mother remarking at supper his non-attendance in his usual place, my father said that he had come to him at the beginning of the play, and asked, for his mother's sake, to be allowed occasionally to present himself behind the scenes. My father said this reference to Mrs. Jordan had induced him to grant the request so put, though he did not think the back of the scenes a very proper haunt for a gentleman of his cloth. There, however, Mr. F. C—— came, and evening after evening I saw his light kid gloves waving and gesticulating about, following in a sort of sympathetic dumb show the gradual development of my distress, to the end of the play. My father, at his request, presented him to me, but as I never remained behind the scenes or went into the green-room, and as he could not very well follow me upon the stage, our intercourse was limited to silent bows and courtesies, as I went on and off, to my palace in Verona, or from Friar Laurence's cell. Mr. F. C—— appeared to me to have slightly mistaken his vocation; that others had done so for him was made more manifest to me by my subsequent acquaintance with him. I encountered him one evening at a very gay ball given by the Countess de S——. Almost as soon as I came into the room he rushed at me, exclaiming, "Oh, do come and dance with me, that's a dear good girl." The "dear good girl" had not the slightest objection to dancing with anybody, dancing being then my predominant passion and a chair a perfectly satisfactory partner, if none other could be come by. While dancing I was unpleasantly struck with the decidedly unreverend tone of my partner's remarks. Clergymen danced in those days without reproach, but I hope that even in those days of dancing clerks, they did not often talk so very much to match the tripping of the light fantastic toe. My amazement reached its climax when, seeing me exchange signs of amicable familiarity with some one across

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the room, Mr. F. C—— said, "Who are you nodding and smiling to? Oh, your father. You are very fond of him, an't you?" To my enthusiastic reply in the affirmative, he said, "Ah, yes; just so. I dare say you are." And then followed an expression of his filial disrespect for the highest personage in the realm, of such a robust significance as fairly took away my breath. Surprised into a momentary doubt of my partner's sobriety, I could only say, "Mr. F. C——, if you do not change your style of conversation I must sit down and leave you to finish the dance alone." He confounded himself in repeated apologies and entreaties that I would finish the dance with him, and as I could not find a word to say to him, he went on eagerly to excuse himself by a short sketch of his life, telling me that he had not been bred to the church and had the greatest disinclination to taking orders; that he had been trained as a sailor, the navy being the career that he preferred above all others, but that in consequence of the death of a brother he had been literally taken from on board ship and, in spite of the utmost reluctance on his part, compelled to go into the church. "Don't you think it 's a hard case?" reiterated he, as I still found it difficult to express my opinion either of him or of his "case," both appearing to me equally deplorable. At length I suggested that, since he had adopted the sacred calling he professed, perhaps it would be better if he conformed to it at least by outward decency of language and decorum of demeanor. To this he assented, adding with a sigh, "But, you see, some people have a natural turn for religion; you have, for instance, I 'm sure; but you see I have not." This appeared to me incontrovertible. Presently, after a pause, he asked me if I would write a sermon for him, which tribute to my talent for preaching, of which he had just undergone a sample, sent me into fits of laughter, though I replied with some indignation, "Certainly not; I am not a proper person to write sermons, and you ought to write your own!" "Yes," said he, with rather touching humility, "but you see I can't, — not good ones, at least. I 'm sure you could, and I wish you would write one for me; Mrs. N—— has." This statement terminated the singular conversation, which had been the accompaniment to a quadrille. The vicar of Maple Durham is dead; had he lived he would doubtless have become a bishop; his family had already furnished its contingent to the army and navy, in Lord E. and Lord A. F. C——, and the living of Maple Durham had to be filled and he to be provided for; and whenever the virtues of the established church system are under discussion, I try to forget this, and one or two similar instances I have known of its vices as it existed in those days. But that was near "fifty years since," and such a story as that of my poor sailor-parson friend could hardly be told now. Nor could one often now in any part of England find the fellow of my friend H. D——, who was also the predestined incumbent of a family living. He was passionately fond of hunting, and, clinging to his beloved "pink" even after holy orders had made it rather indecorous wear, used to huddle on his sacred garments of office at week-day solemnities of marrying or burying, and, having accomplished his clerical duties, rapidly divest himself of his holy robes, and bloom forth in unmitigated scarlet and buckskins, while the temporary cloud of sanctity which had obscured them was rapidly rolled into the vestry closet.

I confess to having heard with sincere sympathy the story of a certain excellent clergyman of Yorkshire breeding, who, finding it impossible to relinquish his hunting, carried it on simultaneously with the most exact and faithful discharge of his clerical duties until, arriving at length at the high dignity of the archbishopric of York, though neither less able for, nor less devoted to, his favorite pursuit, thought it expedient to abandon it and ride to hounds no more. He still rode, however, harder, farther, faster, and better than most men, but conscientiously avoided the hunting-field. Coming accidentally, one day, upon the

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hounds when they had lost the scent, and trotting briskly away, after a friendly acknowledgment of the huntsman's salutation, he presently caught sight of the fox, when, right reverend prelate as he was, he gave a "view halloo" to be heard half the county over, and fled in the opposite direction at a full gallop, while the huntsman, in an ecstasy, cheered on his pack with an exclamation of "That 's gospel truth, if ever I heard it!"

A. F. C—— was pleasant-looking, though not handsome, like the royal family of England, whose very noble *port de tête* he had, with a charming voice that, my father said, came to him from his mother.

I have spoken of my being allowed to take riding lessons, and of purchasing a horse, which was not only an immense pleasure to me, but, I believe, a very necessary means of health and renovation, in the life of intense and incessant excitement which I was leading.

For some time after my first coming out I lost my sleep almost entirely, and used to lie wide awake the greater part of the night. With more use of my new profession this nervous wakefulness wore off; but I was subject to very frequent and severe pains in the side, which any strong emotion almost invariably brought on, and which were relieved by nothing but exercise on horseback. The refreshment of this panacea for bodily and mental ailments was always such to me that often, returning from balls where I had danced till daylight, I used to feel that if I could only have an hour's gallop in the fresh morning air, I should be revived beyond all sleep that I could then get.

Once only I was allowed to test my theory, and I found that the result answered my expectations entirely. I had been acting in Boston every night for a whole week, and on Saturday night had acted in two pieces, and was to start at one o'clock in the morning for New York, between which and Boston there was no railroad in those days. I was not feeling well, and was much exhausted by my hard work, but I was sure that if I could only begin my journey on horseback instead of in the lumbering, rolling, rocking, heavy, straw-and-leather-smelling "Exclusive Extra" (that is, private stage-coach), I should get over my fatigue and the rest of the journey with some chance of not being completely knocked up by it. After much persuasion my father consented, and after the two pieces of our farewell night to a crowded, enthusiastic house, all the excitement of which of course told upon me even more than the actual exertion of acting, I had some supper, and at one o'clock, with our friend, Major M——, and ——, got on horseback and rode out of Boston. Major M—— rode with us only about three miles, and then turned back, leaving us to pursue our road to Dedham, seven miles farther, where the carriage, with my father and aunt, was to meet us.

The thermometer stood at seventeen degrees below zero; it was the middle of a Massachusetts winter, and the cold intense. The moon was at the full, and the night as bright as day; not a stone but was visible on the iron-hard road, that rang under our horses' hoofs. The whole country was sheeted with snow, over which the moon threw great floods of yellow light, while here and there a broken ridge in the smooth, white expanse turned a sparkling, crystalline edge up to the lovely splendor. It was wonderfully beautiful and exhilarating, though so cold that my veil was all frozen over my lips, and we literally hardly dared utter a word for fear of swallowing scissors and knives in the piercing air, which, however, was perfectly still and without the slightest breath of wind. So we rode hard and fast and silently, side by side, through the bright, profound stillness of the night, and never drew rein till we reached Dedham, where the carriage with my father and aunt had not yet arrived. Not a soul was stirring, and not a sound was heard, in the little New England village; the country tavern was fast shut up; not a light twinkled from any window, or thread of smoke rose from any chimney; every house had closed its eyes and ears, and gone to

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sleep. We had ridden the whole way as fast as we could, and had kept our blood warm by the violent exercise, but there was every danger, if we sat many minutes on our saddles in the piercing cold, that we should be all the worse instead of the better for that circumstance. Mr. —— rode along the houses, looking for some possible shelter, and at last, through the chink of a shutter, spying a feeble glimmer of light, dismounted, and, knocking, asked if it were possible for me to be admitted there for a few minutes, till the carriage, which could not be far distant, came up. He was answered in the affirmative, and I jumped down from my saddle and ran into the friendly refuge, while he paced rapidly to and fro before the house, leading the horses, to keep himself and them alike from freezing; a man was to come on the coach-box with the driver, to take them back to Boston. On looking round I found myself in a miserable, little low room, heated almost to suffocation by an iron stove, and stifling with the peculiar smell of black dye-stuffs. Here, by the light of two wretched bits of candle, two women were working with the utmost dispatch at mourning-garments for a funeral which was to take place that day, in a few hours. They did not speak to me after making room for me near the stove, and the only words they exchanged with each other were laconic demands for scissors, thread, etc.; and so they rapidly plied their needles in silence, while I, suddenly transported from the cold brightness without into this funereal, sweltering atmosphere of what looked like a Black Hole made of crape and bombazine, watched the lugubrious occupation of the women as if I was in a dream till, the distant rumbling of wheels growing more and more distinct, I took leave of my temporary hostesses with many thanks (they were poor New England workwomen, by whom no other species of acknowledgment would have been received), and was presently fast asleep in the corner of the carriage, and awoke only long after to feel rested and refreshed, and well able to endure the fatigue of the rest of the journey. In spite of this fortunate result I do not now, after a lapse of forty years, think the experiment one that would have answered with many young women's constitutions, though there is no sort of doubt that the nervous energy generated by any pleasurable emotion is in itself a great preservative from unfavorable influences.

My riding-master was the best and most popular teacher in London, — Captain Fozzard, or as he was irreverently called among his young amazons, "Old Fozzard." When my mother took me to the riding-school, he recalled with many compliments her own proficiency as an equestrian, and said he would do his best to make me as fine a horsewoman as she had been. He certainly did his best to improve a very good seat and a heavy, defective hand with which nature had endowed me; the latter, however, was incorrigible, and so, though I was always a fearless horsewoman, and very steady in my saddle, I never possessed the finer and more exquisite part of the accomplishment of riding, which consists in the delicate and skillful management of a horse's mouth. Fozzard's method was so good that all the best lady riders in London were his pupils, and one could tell one of them at a glance, by the perfect squareness of the shoulders to the horse's head, which was one invariable result of his teaching. His training was eminently calculated to produce that result, and to make us all but immovable in our saddles. Without stirrup, without holding the reins, with our arms behind us, and, as often as not, sitting left-sided on the saddle, to go through violent plunging, rearing, and kicking lessons, and taking our horses over the bar, was a considerable test of a firm seat, and in all these special feats I became a proficient.

One day when I had gone to the school more for exercise than a lesson, and was taking a solitary canter in the tan for my own amusement, the little door under the gallery opened, and Fozzard appeared, introducing a middle-aged lady and a young girl, who remained standing

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there while he advanced towards me, and presently began to put me through all my most crucial exercises, apparently for their edification. I was always delighted to go through these particular feats, which amused me excessively, and in which I took great pride. So I sat through them all, till, upon a sign from the elder lady, Fozzard with extreme deference opened the door and escorted them forth, and then returning to dismount me informed me that I had given a very satisfactory sample of his teaching to the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, the latter of whom was to be placed under his tuition forthwith.

This was the first time I ever saw the woman who holds the most exalted position in the world, the Queen of England, who has so filled that supreme station that her name is respected wherever it is heard abroad, and that she is regarded by her own people with a loyal love such as no earthly dignity but that of personal worthiness can command.

James Street, Buckingham Gate.

Dearest H——: The kind exertion you made in writing to me so soon after leaving London deserved an earlier acknowledgment; but when I tell you that every day since Christmas I have fully purposed writing to you, and have not been able to do so before to-day, I hope you will excuse the delay, and believe me when I assure you that not only the effort you made in going to the theatre, but your seeing me at all, are appreciated by me as very strong marks of your affection for me.

Now let me say something to you about Lady C—— L——'s criticism of my performance. In the first place, nothing is easier than to criticise by comparison, and hardly anything much more difficult than to form a correct judgment of any work of art (be it what it may) upon the foundation of abstract principles and fundamental rules of taste and criticism; for this sort of analysis is really a study. Comparison is the criticism of the multitude, and I almost wonder at its being resorted to by a woman of such ability as Lady C——. I only say this by the way, for to be compared with either Mrs. Siddons or Miss O'Neill is above my expectation. They were both professional actresses, which I can hardly yet claim to be; women who had for years studied the mechanical part of their art, and rendered themselves proficients in their business; whilst although I have certainly had many advantages, in hearing the stage and acting constantly, tastefully, and thoughtfully discussed, I am totally inexperienced in all the minor technical processes, most necessary for the due execution of any dramatic conception. As to my aunt Siddons —look at her, H——; look at her fine person, her beautiful face, listen to her magnificent voice, and supposing that I were as highly endowed with poetical dramatic imagination as she was (which I certainly am not), is it likely that there can ever be a shadow of comparison between her and myself, even when years may have corrected all that is at present crude and imperfect in my efforts?

This is my sole reply to her ladyship. To you, dearest H——, I can add that I came upon the stage quite uncertain as to the possession of any talent for it whatever; I do not think I am now deceived as to the quantity I can really lay claim to, by the exaggerated praises of the public, who have been too long deprived of any female object of special interest on the boards to be very nice about the first that is presented to them; nor am I unconscious of the amount of work that will be requisite to turn my abilities to their best use. Wait; have patience; by and by, I hope, I shall do better. It is very true that to be the greatest actress of my day is not the aim on which my happiness depends. But having embraced this career, I think I ought not to rest satisfied with any degree of excellence short of what my utmost endeavor will enable me to attain in it. . . .

My print, or rather the print of me, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's drawing, is out. He has promised you one, so I do not. There are also coming out a series of sketches by Mr. Hayter, from

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my Juliet, with a species of *avant propos* written by Mrs. Jameson; this will interest you, and I will send you a copy of it when it is published.

I will tell you a circumstance of much anxious hope to us all just now, but as the result is yet uncertain, do not mention it. We have a species of offer of a living for my brother John, who, you know, is going into the church. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and I most sincerely hope we may not be disappointed. He is still in Germany, very happy and very metaphysical; should we obtain this living, however, I suppose he would return immediately. Independently of my wish to see him again, I shall be glad when he leaves Germany, I think; but I have not time for what I think about Germany to-day, and you must be rather tired of

Yours most affectionately,

F. A. K.

This letter will show that I was not altogether, in the midst of my successful career, without the wholesome check of occasional criticism. The Lady C—— L—— mentioned in this letter was the sister of the Earl of J——, almost the ugliest and most charming woman in the London society of my day. She was good and amiable, extremely clever, and very humorous and witty, the comical things she used to say deriving additional point from an odd trick she had of looking at her nails through half her sentence, and then at the end of it suddenly raising her dear ugly face, twitching most grotesquely, and bright with the irresistible effect of her own drollery. She was the most intimate friend of the socially celebrated Misses Berry, and was almost always to be found at their house, where I remember a discussion once occurring in which they all took part, as to the pleasantest age of life; when she suddenly beamed up with a ludicrous grimace from contemplating her nails, and said, "I think my present age" (somewhere between fifty and sixty) "the pleasantest." Which sentiment was uttered in my hearing by a very different person, Dr. Channing, one evening at a happy assembly of young people among the pleasant hills of Berkshire, when some one present remarking upon the happiness of youth, he said, with the solemn sweetness peculiar to his manner, "I think all ages are pleasant, but I think sixty-five" (his own) "the pleasantest of all."

Mr. Hayter's graceful sketches of me in Juliet were lithographed and published with Mrs. Jameson's beautifully written but too flattering notice of my performance; the original drawings were purchased by Lord Ellesmere. The second part assigned to me by the theatre authorities was Belvidera, in Otway's Venice Preserved. I had never read the play until I learnt my part, nor seen it until I acted in it. It is, I believe, one of the longest female parts on the stage. But I had still my school-girl capacity for committing quickly to memory, and learned it in three hours. Acting it was a very different matter. I was no longer sustained by the genius of Shakespeare, no longer stimulated by his sublime passion and exquisite poetry. Juliet was a reality to me, a living individual woman, whose nature I could receive, as it were, into mine at once, without effort, comprehending and expressing it. Belvidera seemed to me a sort of lay figure in a tragic attitude, a mere "female in general," without any peculiar or specific characteristics whatever; placed as Belvidera is in the midst of sordidly painful and coarsely agonizing circumstances, there was nothing in the part itself that affected my feelings or excited my imagination; and the miserable situations into which the poor creature is thrown throughout the piece revolted me, and filled me with disgust for the men she had to do with, without inspiring me with any sympathy for her. In this piece, too, I came at once into the unfavorable light of full comparison with my aunt's performance of the part, which was one of her famous ones. A friend of hers and mine, my dear and excellent William Harness, said that seeing me was exactly like looking at Mrs. Siddons through the diminishing end of an opera glass. My personal like-

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ness to her, in spite of my diminutive size and irregular features, was striking, and of course suggested, to those who remembered her, associations which were fatal to my satisfactory performance of the part. I disliked the play and the character of Belvidera, and I am sure I must have played it very indifferently.

I remember one circumstance connected with my first performance of it, which proved how painfully the unredeemed horror and wretchedness of the piece acted upon my nerves and imagination. In the last scene, where poor Belvidera's brain gives way under her despair, and she fancies herself digging for her husband in the earth and that she at last recovers and seizes him, I intended to utter a piercing scream; this I had not of course rehearsed, not being able to scream deliberately in cold blood, so that I hardly knew, myself, what manner of utterance I should find for my madness. But when the evening came, I uttered shriek after shriek without stopping, and rushing off the stage ran all round the back of the scenes, and was pursuing my way, perfectly unconscious of what I was doing, down the stairs that led out into the street, when I was captured and brought back to my dressing-room and my senses.

The next piece in which I appeared was Murphy's Grecian Daughter: a feeble and inflated composition, as inferior in point of dramatic and poetical merit to Otway's Venice Preserved, as that is to any of Shakespeare's masterpieces. It has situations of considerable effect, however, and the sort of parental and conjugal interest that infallibly strikes sympathetic cords in the *pater familias* bosom of an English audience. The choice of the piece had in it, in my opinion, an ingredient of bad taste, which, objectionable as it seemed to me, had undoubtedly entered into the calculation of the management, as likely to increase the effect and success of the play; I mean the constant reference to Euphrasia's filial devotion, and her heroic and pious efforts in behalf of her old father, incidents in the piece which were seized upon and applied to my father and myself by the public, and which may have perhaps added to the feeling of the audience, as they certainly increased my dislike for the play. Here, too, I again encountered the formidable impression which Mrs. Siddons had produced in the part, of which, in spite of the turgid coldness and stilted emphasis of the style, she had made a perfect embodiment of heroic grandeur and classical grace. My Euphrasia was, I am sure, a pitiful picture of an antique heroine, in spite of Macdonald's enthusiasm for the "attitude" in the last scene, and my cousin Horace Twiss's comical verdict of approbation, that it was all good, but especially the scene where "you tip it the tyrant."

JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE,
January 17, 1830.

DEAREST H——: Although my mind is much occupied just now with a new part in which I appear to-morrow, I take advantage of the bodily rest this day affords me to write you a few lines, which I fear I might not find time for again as soon as I wish. There was enough in your last letter, dear H——, to make me melancholy, independently of the question which you ask respecting my picture in Juliet, and which the papers have by this time probably answered to you.

Sir Thomas Lawrence is dead. The event has been most distressing, and most sudden and unexpected to us. It really seemed as though we had seen him but the day before we heard of it; and indeed, it was but a few days since my mother had called on him, and since he had written to me a long letter on the subject of my Belvidera, full of refined taste and acute criticism, as all his letters to me were. It was a great shock; indeed, so much so that absolute amazement for a little time prevented my feeling all the regret I have since experienced about it. Nor was it till I sat down to write to Cecilia, to request her to prevent any sudden communication of the event to my aunt Siddons, that I felt it was really true, and found some relief in crying. I had to act Belvi-

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dera that same night, and it was with a very heavy heart that I repeated those passages in which poor Sir Thomas Lawrence had pointed out alterations and suggested improvements. He is a great loss to me, individually. His criticism was invaluable to me. He was a most attentive observer, no shade of feeling or slightest variation of action or inflection of voice escaped him; his suggestions were *always* improvements, conveyed with the most lucid clearness; and, as you will easily believe, his strictures were always sufficiently tempered with refined flattery to have disarmed the most sensitive self-love. My Juliet and Belvidera both owe much to him, and in this point of view alone his loss is irreparable to me. It is some matter of regret, too, as you may suppose, that we can have no picture of me by him, but this is a more selfish and less important motive of sorrow than my loss of his advice in my profession. I understand that my aunt Siddons was dreadfully shocked by the news, and cried, "And have I lived to see him go before me!" . . . His promise to send you a print from his drawing of me, dearest H——, he cannot perform, but I will be his executor in this instance, and if you will tell me how it can be conveyed to you, I will send you one.

This letter, my dearest H——, which was begun on Sunday, I now sit down to finish on Tuesday evening, and cannot do better, I think, than give you a full account of our last night's success; for a very complete success it was, I am happy to say. Murphy's play of The Grecian Daughter I suppose you know; or if you do not, your state is the more gracious, for certainly anything more flat, poor, and trashy I cannot well conceive. It had been, you know, a great part of my aunt Siddons's, and nothing better proves her great dramatic genius than her having clothed so meagre a part in such magnificent proportions as she gave to it, and filled out by her own poetical conception the bare skeleton Mr. Murphy's Euphrasia presented to her. This frightened me a great deal; Juliet and Belvidera scarcely anybody can do ill, but Euphrasia I thought few people could do well, and I feared I was not one of them. Moreover, the language is at once so poor and so bombastic that I took double the time in getting the part by rote I should have taken for any part of Shakespeare's. My dress was beautiful; I think I will tell it you. You know you told me even an account of hat and feathers would interest you. My skirt was made immensely full and with a long train; it was of white merino, almost as fine as cashmere, with a rich gold Grecian border. The drapery which covered my shoulders (if you wish to look for the sort of costume in engravings, I give you its classical name, peplum) was made of the same material beautifully embroidered, leaving my arms quite free and uncovered. I had on flesh-colored silk gloves, of course. A bright scarlet sash with heavy gilt acorns, falling to my feet, scarlet sandals to match, and a beautiful Grecian head-dress in gold, devised by my mother, completed the whole, which really had a very classical effect, the fine material of which my dress was formed falling with every movement into soft, graceful folds.

I managed to keep a good heart until I heard the flourish of drums and trumpets, in the midst of which I had to rush on the stage, and certainly when I did come on my appearance must have been curiously in contrast with the "prave 'ords" I uttered, for I felt like nothing but a hunted hare, with my eyes starting from my head, my "nostrils all wide," and my limbs trembling to such a degree that I could scarcely stand. The audience received me very kindly, however, and after a little while I recovered my breath and self-possession, and got on very comfortably, considering that, what with nervousness and the short time they had had to study them in, none of the actors were perfect in their parts. My father acted Evander, which added, no doubt, to the interest of the situation; the play went off admirably, and I dare say it will be of some service to me, but I fear it is too dull and poor in itself, despite all that can

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be done for it, to be of much use to the theatre. One of my great difficulties in the play was to produce some striking effect after stabbing Dionysius, which was a point in which my aunt always achieved a great triumph. She used to fall on her knees as if deprecating the wrath of Heaven for what she had done, and her mode of performing this was described to me. But, independently of my anxiety to avoid any imitation that might induce a comparison that could not but be fatally to my disadvantage, I did not (to you I may venture to confess it) feel the situation in the same manner. Euphrasia had just preserved her father's life by a deed which in her own estimation, and that of her whole nation, entitled her to an immortal dwelling in the Elysian fields. The only feeling, therefore, that I can conceive as checking for a moment her exultation would be the natural womanly horror at the sight of blood and physical suffering, the expression of which seems to me not only natural to her, as of the "feminine gender," but not altogether superfluous to reconcile an English audience to so *unfeminine* a proceeding as stabbing a man. To conciliate all this I adopted the course of immediately dropping the arm that held the dagger, and with the other veiling my eyes with the drapery of my dress, which answered better my own idea of the situation and seemed to produce a great effect. My dearest H——, this is a long detail, but I think it will interest you and perhaps amuse your niece; if, however, it wearies your spirits, tell me so, and another time I will not confine my communications so much to my own little corner of life.

Cecilia dined with us on Sunday, but was very far from well. I have not seen my aunt Siddons since Sir Thomas Lawrence's death; I almost dread doing so; she must have felt so much on hearing it, he was for many years so mixed up with those dearest to her, and his memory must always recall theirs. I hear Campbell means to write his life. His letters to me will perhaps be published in it. Had I known they were likely to be so used, I would have preserved them all. As it is, it is the merest chance that all of them are not destroyed, for, admirable as they were in point of taste and critical judgment, some of them seemed to me such mere specimens of refined flattery that, having extracted the advice likely to be profitable to me, I committed the epistles themselves to the flames, which probably would have been the ultimate destination of them all; but now they have acquired a sad value they had not before, and I shall keep them as relics of a man of great genius and in many respects, I believe, a truly amiable person.

The drawing, which is, you know, my mother's property, is safe in Mr. Lane's hands, and will be restored to us on Saturday. The funeral takes place tomorrow; my father, I believe, will attend; neither my mother nor myself can muster courage to witness it, although we had places offered to us. It is to take place in St. Paul's, for Westminster Abbey is full. All the beautiful unfinished portraits which filled his rooms will be returned imperfect to their owners, and I wonder who will venture to complete them, for he has certainly not left his like behind him. Reports have been widely spread that his circumstances were much embarrassed, but I fancy when all his effects are sold there will be a small surplus. He behaved with the utmost liberality about his drawing of me, for he gave it to my mother, and would not accept of any remuneration for the copyright of the print from Mr. Lane, — who, it is said, made three hundred pounds by the first impressions taken from it, — saying that he had had so much pleasure in the work that he would not take a farthing for either time or trouble.

We are all tolerably well; I am quite so, and rejoice daily in that strength of constitution which among other of my qualifications entitles me to the appellation of "Shetland pony."

How are you all? How is E——? Tell her all about me, because it may amuse her. I wish you could have seen me, dear H——, in my Greek dress; I really look very well in it, and taller than

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usual, in consequence of all the long draperies; moreover, I "stood grandly" erect, and put off the "sidelong stoop" in favor of a more heroic and statue-like deportment. Oh, H——, I am exceedingly happy, *et pour peu de chose*, perhaps you will think; my father has given me leave to have riding-lessons, so that I shall be in right earnest "an angel on horseback," and when I come to Ardgillan (and it won't be long first) I shall make you mount upon a horse and gallop over the sand with me; won't you, my dear? Believe me ever your affectionate FANNY.

P. S. This is a very long letter; is it too long? Pray write and tell me.

The words in inverted commas at the end of this letter had reference to some strictures Miss S—— had made upon my carriage, and to a family joke against me in consequence of my having once said, in speaking of my desire to ride, that I should not care to be an angel in heaven unless I could be an "angel on horseback." My invariable description of a woman riding was "a happy woman," and after much experience of unhappiness, certainly not dissipated by equestrian exercise, I still agree with Wordsworth that "the horse and rider are a happy pair." After acting The Grecian Daughter for some time I altered my attitude in the last scene, after the murder of Dionysius, more to my own satisfaction: instead of dropping the arm that held the dagger by my side, I raised the weapon to heaven, as if appealing to the gods for justification and tendering them, as it were, the homage of my deed; of course I still continued to veil my eyes and turn my head away from the sight of my victim.

JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE,
Saturday, February 20th.

DEAREST H——: I need hardly apologize to you for my long silence, for I am sure that you will have understood it to have proceeded from no want of inclination on my part to answer your last, but from really not having had half an hour at my command in which to do so. I have thought, too (although that has not prevented my writing), much upon the tenor of your letter and the evident depression it was written in, and I hardly know how to resolve: whether I ought not to forbear wearying you with matters which every way are discordant with your own thoughts and feelings, or whether it is better by inducing you to answer me to give you some motive, however trifling, for exertion. Dearest H——, if the effort of writing to me is too painful to you, do not do it. I give you a most disinterested counsel, for I have told you more than once how much I prize your letters, and you know it is true. Still, I do not think my "wish is father to my thought" when I say that I think it is not good for you to lose entirely even such an interest as I am to you. I say even such an interest, because I believe your trouble must have rendered me and my pursuits, for the present at least, less likely than they have been to occupy a place in your thoughts. But 't is for you to decide; if my letters weary or annoy you, tell me so, dear H——, and I will not write to you until you can "follow my paces" better. If you do not like to make the exertion of answering me, I will still continue to let you know my proceedings, and take it for granted that you will not cease to love me and think of me. Dear H——, I shall see you this summer again; you, and yours, whom I love for your sake. I shall go on with this letter, because if you are inclined for a gossip you can read it, and if not it may perhaps amuse your invalid. I have been uncommonly gay, for me, this winter, and I dare say shall continue to be so, as it does not disagree with me, and I am so fond of dancing that a quadrille renders palatable what otherwise would be, I think, disagreeable enough, — the manner in which society is now organized. I was at a very large party the other night, at the poet Campbell's, where every material for a delightful evening — good rooms, pretty women, clever men — were brought into requisition to make what, after all, appeared to me

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nothing but a wearisome, hot crowd. The apartments were overfilled: to converse with anybody for five minutes was impossible. If one stood up one was squeezed to death, and if one sat down one was stifled. I, too (who was the small lioness of the evening), was subjected to a most disagreeable ordeal, the whole night being stared at from head to foot by every one that could pass within staring distance of me. You probably will wonder at this circumstance distressing a young person who three times a week exhibits herself on the stage to several hundred people, but there I do not distinguish the individual eyes that are fixed on me, and my mind is diverted from the annoyances of my real situation by the distressful circumstances of my feigned one. Moreover, to add to my sorrows, at the beginning of the evening a lady spilled some coffee over a beautiful dress which I was wearing for the first time. Now I will tell you what consolations I had to support me under these trials: first, the self-approving consciousness of the smiling fortitude with which I bore my gown's disaster; secondly, a lovely nosegay, which was presented to me; and lastly, at about twelve o'clock, when the rooms were a little thinned, a dance for an hour which sent me home perfectly satisfied with my fate. By the bye, I asked Campbell if he knew any method to preserve my flowers from fading, to which he replied, "Give them to me, and I will immortalize them." I did so, and am expecting some verses from him in return.

On Thursday next I come out in Mrs. Beverley; I am much afraid of it. The play wants the indispensable attribute of all works of art, imagination; it is a most touching story, and Mrs. Beverley is a most admirable creature, but the story is such as might be read in a newspaper, and her character has its like in many an English home. I think the author should have idealized both his incidents and his heroine a little, to produce a really fine play. Mrs. Beverley is not one shade inferior to Imogen in purity, in conjugal devotion, and in truth, but while the one is to all intents and purposes a model wife, a poet's touch has made of the other a divine image of all that is lovely and excellent in woman; and yet, certainly, Imogen is quite as *real* a conception as Mrs. Beverley. The absence of the poetical element in the play prevents my being enthusiastic about my part, and I am the more nervous about it for that reason; when I am excited I feel that I can excite others, but in this case — However, we shall see; I may succeed with it better than I expect, and perhaps my audience may like to see me as a quiet, sober lady, after the Belvideras and Juliets and Euphrasias they have hitherto seen me represent. I will tell you my dress: it is a silver gray silk, and a white crape hat with drooping feathers. I think it will be very pretty. My father acts Beverley with me, which will be a great advantage to me.

Oh! I must tell you of a delightful adventure which befell me the other night while I was acting in The Grecian Daughter. Mr. Abbot, who personates my husband, Phocion, at a certain part of the play where we have to embrace, thought fit to clasp me so energetically in his arms that he threw me down, and fell down himself. I fell seated, with all my draperies in most modest order, which was very fortunate, but certainly I never was more frightened or confused. However, I soon recovered my presence of mind and helped my better half on with his part, for he was quite aghast, poor man, at his own exploit, and I do believe would have been standing with his eyes and mouth wide open to this moment, if I had not managed to proceed with the scene somehow and anyhow. Only conceive me sitting plump down on the ground in the midst of that most heroical play! It was a fearful tumble indeed from Mr. Murphy's stilts.

I gave the commission for your print of me, dear H——, to Colnaghi, and I hope you will like it, and that the more you look at it the stronger the likeness will appear to you. Was my brother

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John returned from Germany, when last I wrote to you? I forget. However, he has just left us to take his degree at Cambridge, previous to being ordained. Henry, too, returned yesterday to Paris, so that the house is in mourning for its liveliest inmates. I continue quite well, and indeed I think my work agrees with me; or if I am a little tired with acting, why, a night's dancing soon sets me to rights again. T—— B—— is in town, and came to see me the other day. I like her; she is a gentle, nice person; she is going back in a week to Cassiobury. How I wish you and I had wings, and that Heath Farm belonged to us. It is coming to the time of year when we first became acquainted; and, besides all its associations of kindly feeling and affectionate friendship, your image is connected in my mind with all the pleasantest things in nature, — the spring, May blossoms, glow-worms, "bright hill and bosky dell;" and it dates from somewhere "'twixt the last violet and the earliest rose," which is not a quotation, though I have put it in inverted commas, but something that just came to the tip of my pen and looks like poetry. Cecy Siddons dined here to-day, and bids me tell you all manner of excuses (which I have forgotten) for not having written to you; they were very good ones, I know, so just imagine those that will best satisfy you. I must leave off now, for I got leave to stay at home to-night to write to you instead of going to the opera, with many injunctions that I would go to bed early; so, now it is late, I must do so. Good-by, dearest H——; believe me ever

Yours most affectionately,

F. A. K.

P. S. This is my summer tour — Bath, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. I am Miss *Fanny* Kemble, because Henry Kemble's daughter, my uncle Stephen's granddaughter, is Miss Kemble by right of birth.

The invalid referred to in my letters to Miss S—— was her niece, who at this time was condemned to a reclining posture, from which for upwards of a year she was not able to rise, in consequence of some nervous affection which attacked the spine, and rendered every other attitude impossible. It was a remarkable instance of that sort of malady. Crampton, the celebrated Irish surgeon, repeatedly assured her parents that there was no affection of the spine whatever, and that the infirmity would disappear suddenly and entirely, though in the mean time it was quite impossible to find any remedy for it. After a twelvemonth's wearisome prostration on her back, one morning she said to her father, "I wonder what was in the night, last night; I feel as if I could sit up." Her father, alarmed at the possible ill result of such an exertion, endeavored to dissuade her from it, but she resumed her natural upright posture without effort or difficulty, and never again was subject to a similar attack, though on one occasion, some time after, having thrown herself back much in the same position to which she had been so long condemned, she sprang up with a sudden exclamation, declaring that she felt as if she was going to be laid down on her back without being able to move again, — a sensation which showed how purely nervous the affection had been, and how the mere action of the imagination had threatened to reproduce the same singular condition.

The lady who spoiled my pretty cream-colored poplin dress by spilling coffee on the front of it, instantly, in the midst of her vehement self-upbraidings and humble apologies for her awkwardness, adopted a very singular method of appeasing my displeasure and soothing my distress, by deliberately pouring a spoonful of coffee upon the front breadth of her own velvet gown. My amazement at this proceeding was excessive, and it neither calmed my wrath nor comforted my sorrow, but exasperated me with a sense of her extreme folly and her conviction of mine. The perpetrator of this singular act of atonement was the beautiful Julia, eldest daughter of the Adjutant-General, Sir John Macdonald, and the lady whom

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the Duke of Wellington pronounced the handsomest woman in London; a verdict which appeared to me too favorable, though she certainly was *one* of the handsomest women in London. An intimate acquaintance subsisted between her family and ours for several years, and I was indebted to Sir John Macdonald's assistance, most kindly exerted in my behalf, for the happiness of giving my youngest brother his commission in the army, which Sir John enabled me to purchase in his own regiment; and I was indebted to the great liberality of Mr. John Murray, the celebrated publisher, for the means of thus providing for my brother Henry. The generous price (remuneration I dare not call it) which he gave me for my play of Francis the First obtained for me my brother's commission.

JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE,
March 9th.

DEAREST H——: I have been so busy all this day, signing benefit tickets, that I hardly feel as if I could write anything but "25th March, F. A. K." Our two last letters crossed on the road, and yours was so kind an answer to mine, which you had not yet received, that I feel no further scruple in breaking in upon you with the frivolity of my worldly occupations and proceedings.

I was sorry that the newspapers should give you the first account of my Mrs. Beverley, but my time is so taken up with "an infinite deal of nothing" that I have not had an hour to call my own till this evening, and this evening is my only unengaged one for nearly three weeks to come.

The papers will probably have set your mind at ease as to the result of my appearance in The Gamester; but although they have forestalled me in the sum total of the account, there are some small details which perhaps may interest you, of which they can give you no knowledge. I shall talk to you much of myself, dearest H——, and hope it will not weary you; that precious little self is just now so fully occupied with its own affairs that I have little else to talk of. [I probably also felt much as our kind and most comical friend, Dessauer, used, when he emphatically declared, "Mais, je m'interesse extrêmement à ce qui me regarde."]

I do not think I ever spent a more miserable day than the one in which I acted Mrs. Beverley for the first time. Stage nervousness, my father and mother both tell me, increases instead of diminishing with practice; and certainly, as far as my own limited experience goes, I find it so. The first hazard, I should say, was not half so fearful as the last; and though on the first night that I ever stood upon the stage I thought I never could be more frightened in my life, I have found that with each new part my fear has augmented in proportion as previous success would have rendered it more damaging to fail. A stumble at starting would have been bad enough, and might have bruised me; but a fall from the height to which I have been raised might break my neck, or at any rate cripple me for life. I do not believe that to fail in a part would make me individually unhappy for a moment, but so much of real importance to others, so much of the most serious interests and so much of the feelings of those most dear to me, is involved in the continuance of my good fortune, that I am every way justified in dreading a failure. These considerations and their not unnatural result, a violent headache and side ache, together with no very great liking for the part (interesting as it is, it is so perfectly prosaic), had made me so nervous that the whole of the day was spent in fits of crying; and when the curtain drew up, and I was "discovered," I 'm sure I must have looked as jaded and tear-worn as poor Mrs. Beverley ever did. However, all went well with me till the last act, when my father's acting and my own previous state of nervousness combined to make my part of the tragedy anything but feigning; I sobbed so violently that I could hardly articulate my words, and at the last fell upon the dead body of Beverley with a hysterical cry that had all the merit of pure nature, if none other, to recommend it.

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Fortunately the curtain fell then, and I was carried to my dressing-room to finish my fit in private. The last act of that play gives me such pains in my arms and legs, with sheer nervous distress, that I am ready to drop down with exhaustion at the end of it; and this reminds me of the very difficult question which you expect me to answer, respecting the species of power which is called into play in the act, so called, of *acting*.

I am the worst reasoner, analyzer, and metaphysician that ever was born; and therefore whatever I say on the subject can be worth very little, as a reply to your question, but may furnish you with some data for making a theory about it for yourself.

It appears to me that the two indispensable elements of fine acting are a certain amount of poetical imagination and a power of assumption, which is a good deal the rarer gift of the two; in addition to these, a sort of vigilant presence of mind is necessary, which constantly looks after and avoids or removes the petty obstacles that are perpetually destroying the imaginary illusion, and reminding one in one's own despite that one is not really Juliet or Belvidera. The curious part of acting, to me, is the sort of double process which the mind carries on at once, the combined operation of one's faculties, so to speak, in diametrically opposite directions; for instance, in that very last scene of Mrs. Beverley, while I was half dead with crying in the midst of the *real* grief, created by an entirely *unreal* cause, I perceived that my tears were falling like rain all over my silk dress, and spoiling it; and I calculated and measured most accurately the space that my father would require to fall in, and moved myself and my train accordingly in the midst of the anguish I was to feign, and absolutely did endure. It is this watchful faculty (perfectly prosaic and commonplace in its nature), which never deserts me while I am uttering all that exquisite passionate poetry in Juliet's balcony scene, while I feel as if my own soul was on my lips, and my color comes and goes with the intensity of the sentiment I am expressing; which prevents me from falling over my train, from setting fire to myself with the lamps placed close to me, from leaning upon my canvas balcony when I seem to throw myself all but over it. In short, while the whole person appears to be merely following the mind, in producing the desired effect and illusion upon the spectator, both the intellect and the senses are constantly engrossed in guarding against the smallest accidents that might militate against it; and while representing things absolutely imaginary, they are taking accurate cognizance of every real surrounding object that can either assist or mar the result they seek to produce. This seems to me by far the most singular part of the process, which is altogether a very curious and complicated one. I am glad you got my print safe; it is a very beautiful thing (I mean the drawing), and I am glad to think that it is like me, though much flattered. I suppose it is like what those who love me have sometimes seen me, but to the majority of my acquaintance it must appear unwarrantably good-looking. The effect of it is much too large for me, but when my mother ventured to suggest this to Lawrence, he said that that was a peculiarity of his drawings, and that he thought persons familiar with his style would understand it.

My dearest H——, you express something of regret at my necessity (I can hardly call it choice) of a profession. There are many times when I myself cannot help wishing it might have been otherwise; but then come other thoughts: the talent which I possess for it was, I suppose, given to me for some good purpose, and to be used. Nevertheless, when I reflect that although hitherto my profession has not appeared to me attractive enough to engross my mind, yet that perhaps admiration and applause, and the excitement springing therefrom, may become *necessary* to me, I resolve not only to watch but to pray against such a result. I have no desire to sell my soul for anything, least of all for sham fame, mere notoriety. Besides, my mind has such far deeper en-

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joyment in other pursuits; the *happiness* of reading Shakespeare's heavenly imaginations is so far beyond all the excitement of acting them (white satin, gas lights, applause, and all), that I cannot conceive a time when having him in my hand will not compensate for the absence of any amount of public popularity. While I can sit obliviously curled up in an arm-chair, and read what he says till my eyes are full of delicious, quiet tears, and my heart of blessed, good, quiet thoughts and feelings, I shall not crave that which falls so far short of any real enjoyment, and hitherto certainly seems to me as remote as possible from any real happiness.

This enviable condition of body and mind was mine while studying Portia in The Merchant of Venice, which is to be given on the 25th for my benefit. I shall be much frightened, I know, but I delight in the part; indeed, Portia is my favoritest of all Shakespeare's women. She is so generous, affectionate, wise, so arch and full of fun, and such a true lady, that I think if I could but convey her to my audience as her creator has conveyed her to me, I could not fail to please them much. I think her speech to Bassanio, after his successful choice of the casket, the most lovely, tender, modest, dignified piece of true womanly feeling that was ever expressed by woman.

I certainly ought to act that character well, I do so delight in it; I know nothing of my dress. But perhaps I shall have some opportunity of writing to you again before it is acted. Now all I have to say must be packed close, for I ought to be going to bed, and I have no more paper. I have taken two riding lessons and like it much, though it makes my bones ache a little. I go out a great deal, and that I like very much whenever there is dancing, but not else; my own home spoils me for society; perhaps I ought not to say it, but after the sort of conversation I am used to, the mere usual jargon of society seems poor stuff; but you know when I am dancing I am "o'er all the ills of life victorious." John has taken his degree and will be back with us at Easter; Henry has left us for Paris; A—— is quite well, and almost more of a woman than I am; my father desires his love to you, to which I add mine to your eldest niece and your invalid, and remain ever your affectionately attached F. A. K.

BLACKHEATH.

MY DEAREST H——: I was exceedingly glad to receive your letter, for I thought it was a long time since you had written, and I began to fear the exertion of doing so was too much for you- I am very glad indeed that it is not, for your handwriting always occasions me much pleasure. I look forward exceedingly to my visit to Ireland, to seeing you once more, dearest H——, and to becoming acquainted with those about whom I am much interested for your sake. Cecy Siddons had told me of your niece E——'s improved health, and I rejoiced most truly, for all your sakes, to hear of it. Pray give her my most sincere congratulations on her restoration to the perpendicular. I trust now that the summer will accelerate her convalescence, and that when I have the pleasure of seeing her she will have made great progress in recovering her strength. You ask me for my own criticism on my Portia; you know that I think I am able to do myself tolerably impartial justice, which may be a great mistake; but whether it is or not, I request you will believe the following account in preference to any other report, newspaper or letter, public or private, whatever.

In the first place, on my benefit night (my first appearance in the part) I was so excessively nervous about it, and so shaken with the tremendous uproar the audience made with their applause, that I consider that performance entirely out of the pale of criticism, and quite unworthy of it. I was *frightened* FLAT to a degree I could hardly have believed possible after my previous experience.

I am happy to think that I improve in the part, and sincerely hope that I shall continue to do so for some time. The principal defect of my acting in it

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is that it wants point — brilliancy. I do not do the trial scene one bit better or worse than the most mediocre actress would, and although the comic scenes are called delightful by people whose last idea of comedy was borrowed from Miss C—— or Miss F——, my mother says (and I believe her) they are very *vapid*. The best thing I do in the play (and I think it is the best thing I do at all, except Juliet's balcony scene) is the scene of the caskets, with Bassanio, and this I think I do *well*. But the scene is of so comparatively subdued, quiet, and uneffective a nature, that I think the occupants of the stage boxes and the first three rows of the pit must be the only part of the audience who know anything about my acting of that portion of the play. I like the part better than any I have yet played. I delight in the poetry, and my heart goes with every sentiment Portia utters. I have a real satisfaction in acting it, which is more than I can say for anything else I have yet had to do. Juliet, with the exception of the balcony scene, I act; but I feel as if I *were* Portia — and how I wish I were! It is not a part that is generally much liked by actresses, or that excites much enthusiasm in the public; there are no violent situations with which to (what is called) "bring the house down." Even the climax of the piece, the trial scene, I should call, as far as Portia is concerned, rather grand and impressive than strikingly or startlingly effective, and with the exception of that the whole character is so delicate, so nicely blended, so true, and so free from all exaggeration, that it seems to me hardly fit for a theatre, much less one of our immense houses, which require acting almost as *splashy* and coarse in color and outline as the scene-painting of the stage is obliged to be. Covent Garden is too large a frame for that exquisite, harmonious piece of portrait painting. This is a long lecture, but I hope it will not be an uninteresting one to you; and now let me tell you something of my dresses, which cost my poor mother sad trouble, and were really beautiful. My first was an open skirt of the palest pink levantine, shot with white and the deepest rose-color (it was like a gown made of strawberries and cream), the folds of which, as the light fell upon them, produced the most beautiful shades of shifting hues possible. The under-dress was a very pale blue satin, brocaded with silver, of which my sleeves were likewise made; the fashion of the costume was copied from sundry pictures of Titian and Paul Veronese — the pointed body, cut square over the bosom and shoulders, with a full white muslin shirt drawn round my neck, and wide white sleeves within the large blue and silver brocade ones. *Comprenez-vous* all this? My head was covered with diamonds (*not real;* I 'm anxious for my character), and what delighted me much more was that I had jewels in the roses of my shoes. I think if I had been Portia I never would have worn any ornaments but two large diamonds in my shoe bows. You see, it shows a pretty good stock of diamonds and a careless superiority to such possessions to wear them on one's feet. Now pray don't laugh at me, I was *so* enchanted with my fine shoes! This was my first dress; the second was simply the doctor's black gown, with a curious little authentic black velvet hat, which was received with immense applause when I put it on; I could hardly keep my countenance at the effect my hat produced. My third dress, my own favorite, was made exactly like the first, the ample skirt gathered all round into the stomacher body; the material was white satin, trimmed with old point lace and Roman pearls, with a most beautiful crimson velvet hat, a perfect Rubens, with one sweeping white feather falling over it. . . .

We are spending our holiday of Passion week here for the sake of a little quiet and fresh air; we had intended going to Dover, but were prevented; I am sorry for it, for I love the sea, and I should have been so happy in watching the effect it would have produced on my sister, who has never seen it. You ask me after my mother: she is pretty well now, but her health is extremely uncer-

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tain, and her spirits, which are likewise very variable, have so much influence over it that her condition fluctuates constantly; she has been very well, though, for the last few days. London, I think, never agrees with her, and we have been racketing to such a degree that quiet had become not only desirable but necessary. Thank you for wishing me plenty of dancing. I have abundance of it and like it extremely; but I fear I am very unreasonable about it, for my conscience smote me the other day when I came to consider that the night before, although my mother had stayed at a ball with me till three in the morning, I was by no means gracious in my obedience to her request that I should spare myself for my work. You see, dear H——, I am much the same as ever, still as foolishly fond of dancing, and still, I fear, almost as far from "begetting a temperance in all things." as when you and I wandered about Heath Farm together. I have been to a church to-day which I have not visited since I was five or six years old. The house where I at that time often stayed is either demolished or so altered and modernized as to have prevented me from recognizing it. The neighborhood is much more populous, and the church, which I remember well, instead of standing in the open fields forms the centre of a little town of new, white, citizen-retreat-like villas. I felt vexed, though the inside was unaltered. The wise man said, "There is nothing new under the sun," but he did n't live in or near London in the nineteenth century.

We met with a comical little adventure the other evening. We were wandering over the common, and encountered two gypsies. I always had desired to have my fortune told, so A—— and I each seized hold of a sibyl and listened to our fates. After predicting to me all manner of good luck and two lovers, and foretelling that I should marry *blue eyes* (which I will not), the gypsy went up to my father, and began, "Pray, sir, let me tell your fortune: you have been much wronged, sir, kept out of your rights, sir, and what belonged to you, sir, — and that by them as you thought was your friends, sir." My father turned away laughing, but my mother, with a face of amazed and amazing credulity, put her hand in her pocket, exclaiming, "I must give her something for that, though!" Is n't that delicious?

Oh, H——! how hard it is to do right and be good! But to be sure, "if to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done," etc. How I wish I could have an hour's talk with you! I have so much to say, and I have neither time nor paper to say it in; so I must leave off.

Good-by, God bless you; pray look forward to the pleasure of seeing me, and believe me ever

Your affectionate F. A. K.

The house where I used to visit at Lea, in the neighborhood of Blackheath, was a girls' school, kept by ladies of the name of Grimani, in which my aunt Victoire Decamp was an assistant governess. These ladies were descended from a noble Venetian family, of which the Reverend Julian Young, their nephew, has given an account in his extremely interesting and amusing memoir of his father; his mother, Julia Grimani, being the sister of my kind friends, the directresses of the Blackheath school. One of these, Bellina Grimani, a charming and attractive woman, who was at one time attached to the household of the ill-fated and ill-conducted Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, died young and single. The elder Miss Grimani married a Mr. H—— within a few years. Though I have never in the intervening fifty years met with them, I have seen two ladies who were nieces of Miss Grimani, and pupils in her school when I was a small visitor there. My principal recollections connected with the place were the superior moral excellence of one of these damsels, E—— B——, who was held up before my unworthy eyes as a model of school-girl virtue, at once to shame and encourage me; Bellina Grimani's sweet face and voice; some very fine cedar-trees on the lawn, and a picture in the drawing-room

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of Prospero with his three year old Miranda in a boat in the midst of a raging sea, which work of art used to shake my childish bosom with a tragical passion of terror and pity, invariably ending in bitter tears. I was much spoilt and very happy during my visits to Lea, and had a blissful recollection of the house, garden, and whole place that justified my regret in not being able, while staying at Blackheath fifteen years after, to find or identify it.

Frances Anne Kemble.

THE BIRD IN THE BRAIN.

In a legend of the East there sits
  A bird with never a mate:
Out of the dead man's brain it flits,—
  Too late for a prayer, too late,
    Repeating all the sin
    Which the beating heart shut in.

Little child of mine, that I kiss and fold,
  With your flower-like hand at my breast,
Already within this head all gold
  That bird is building a nest!
    May it give but one brief cry,
    Sweet, when you come to die.

My lord the king, that shadowy bird
  Broods under your crown, I fear;
Take care, sir priest, lest you whisper a word
  That Heaven were loath to hear:
    Ermine nor lawn will it spare;
    Ah, king, ah, priest, take care!

Oh, half-saint sister, so cloister-pale,
  That bird will be at your bier!
Though you count your beads, though you wear your veil,
  Though you hold your cross right dear,
    When your funeral tapers come
    Will the weird of wing be dumb?

Poor lover, beware of the bud of the rose
  In the maiden's hand at your side:
She has some secret, the dark bird knows,
  Which her youth's fair hair can hide;
    Turn, maid, from your lover, too;
    The bird knows more than you.

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

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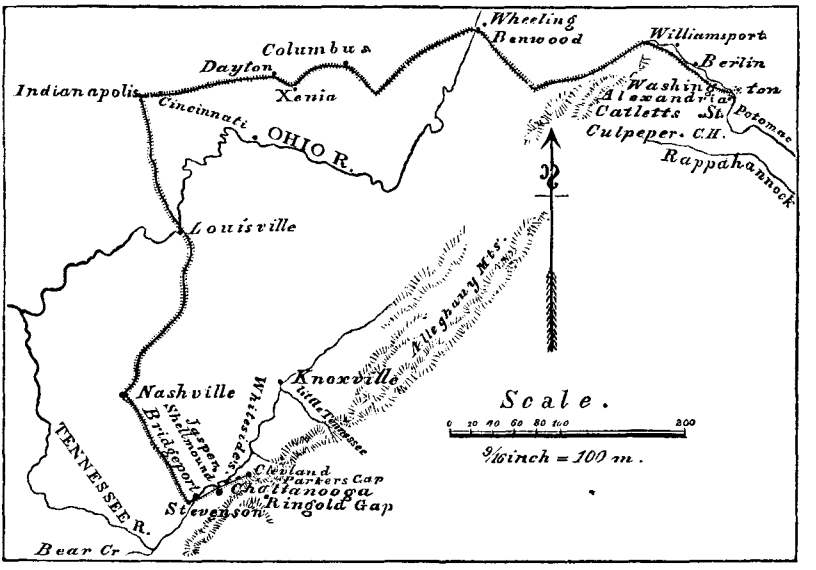
CHATTANOOGA.

A FRIEND remarks that he is sorry I undertake to write on the battle of Chattanooga, because in his judgment the subject has already been thoroughly exhausted.

I know that there are many accounts. I have read several of them, and, so far as my knowledge goes, they are well written and reasonably accurate; but as I was present myself, and took part in this battle, my experience may differ from that of others, and my manner of telling what I saw and heard may throw some additional light upon those important events that have already become the subject of controversy.



FROM THE POTOMAC TO THE TENNESSEE.

After pursuing Lee to the crossing of the Potomac at Williamsport, General Meade's army, not a little chagrined at the enemy's escape, turned southward, and crossing the river at Berlin pursued direct routes as far as the Rappahannock.

It took up a new position, with the advance at this time in the vicinity of Culpepper Court House and the rear at or near Catlett's Station. The last-named place was my position, looking defensively to the left and rear. There, on September 24, 1863, without previous warning, the following mandatory summons reached my head-quarters: —

"The commanding general directs that you have your command [eleventh corps] in readiness to proceed to Washington to-morrow morning by railroad.

"You will at once notify Mr. J. H. Devereux, superintendent of the road, Alexandria, at what points you desire to have the trains take up your troops, and the number at each place.

"Your command must have five days' cooked rations. You will not wait to be relieved by other troops, but proceed to Washington the moment the trains are ready to take your command. Please acknowledge.

"By command of Major-General Meade. S. WILLIAMS,

"Assistant Adjutant-General.'

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The twelfth corps, under General H. W. Slocum, received a similar order. Of course, the general quiet was now broken. Cars were drawn from a distance and conveyed rapidly to our vicinity. The army wagons were used to haul the baggage to the different depots nearest at hand, and then left behind. The artillery and horses were to be taken.

Car after car and train after train was loaded with men, animals, and material, and moved forward, one train following another as closely as a regard for safety would allow. The movement was apparently for Washington, but this was not really our destination. General Halleck telegraphed me, the 25th of September, an order to report to General Hooker at Willard's Hotel in Washington. I did this at once. Hooker had been placed in command of the eleventh and twelfth corps. He informed me that these two corps were to be transferred to the neighborhood of the army of Rosecrans, then at Chattanooga. The battle of Chickamauga had just been fought, closing on the 21st, only four days before this conversation, by Rosecrans withdrawing his army from the battlefield into that curious place, Chattanooga, — afterwards so familiar to our people, — a sheltered nook lying against the concave bend of the Tennessee, and hemmed in by Lookout Mountain below and by Missionary Ridge above. Here the Confederate General Bragg, with his forces shattered and weakened by the terrific fighting near that river of death, the Chickamauga, undertook to besiege the army of the Cumberland. With fewer words than my story, General Hooker apprised me of these facts, and that his command, as I have described it, was to proceed westward by rail as far as it could, and join Rosecrans with all possible dispatch.

As one may suppose, the trains did not halt at Washington, but immediately took the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Just as soon as everything that pertained to my command was well loaded upon the cars and the last train was in motion, I stepped into a car set apart for my staff and the belongings of the eleventh army corps head-quarters, and followed the moving body.

No matter how many precautions may be taken, there will always be the accompanying accidents to mark the progress of an army moving by rail, as well as on foot. For some reason the soldiers' thirst for whisky (which is perhaps greater with them than with other men) seemed to be increased by the unusual excitement of this move, and it was arranged that all liquor shops should be closed during the passage of the troops. Two or three men, while drunk, had met with fearful falls from our box cars. This arrangement checked the evil. The operation of crossing the Ohio was rather slow at Benwood, a town situated not far from Wheeling, West Virginia. The cars had to be lowered, ferried over, and raised by machinery on the other bank, but we proceeded with this work with very little delay. The journey through Ohio with our slow-moving trains was quite a memorable ovation; in all the towns and villages the people turned out to cheer us on. At Xenia, Ohio, little girls came with presents of flowers, flags, needle-books, thread-books, papers, etc. They brought everything easily portable and useful to the soldiers that kindness could suggest. How the men did cheer them! — men who knew what war was by experience; fresh from such fields as Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and going on to much more and closer work, with few chances in favor of a safe return. It is not strange that many a father's eye filled with tears, and many a rough face softened into a pleasant smile, as these little ones bade them welcome, and kissed them good-by. I must not forget the people of Dayton for their gentle, thoughtful, sympathetic expressions of loyalty and patriotism, as the soldiers of my corps were passing through.

In some places, of course, there was bitterness, but generally in Ohio and Indiana loyalty prevailed. Occasionally we had to take up a vender of whisky (who was secretly slipping bottles of it into the pockets of the drinkers), carry him a hundred miles or so, and permit

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him to walk back from some inconvenient point between stations.

The next crossing of the Ohio, at Louisville, Kentucky, was slower. The men were not permitted to handle their own baggage, so that here there was carelessness, confusion, and delay. All sorts of material were mixed together: tents, mess-chests, army clothing, and what not. Brigade and regimental baggage was thrown together savagely, so that for many subsequent days and weeks the lesson was impressed upon all the officers, more particularly upon the indefatigable quartermasters of the command, that unless under compulsion they would never again allow railway men to handle the baggage of their troops.

In five days the two divisions of my corps, the second under Steinwehr and the third under Schurz, had made the journey from the Rappahannock by way of Louisville, Kentucky; Nashville, Tennessee; and Stevenson, Alabama, to Bridgeport, the place where the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad crosses the Tennessee River. We were some time longer in obtaining our wagons and mules, and bringing them up. These had to be escorted by marching troops from Nashville.

ON THE TENNESSEE.

I shall never forget General Hooker's first visit to my camp at Bridgeport.

It was, perhaps, the 4th or 5th of October. The air was damp, but sharp and penetrating; you could see every breath you exhaled. The Confederates had left behind plenty of camp rubbish, and filth of all kinds in every direction. There were no buildings except the old mill and the rough quartermaster-shanties for temporary messing and cover. General Hooker looked around, and was not a little disgusted at the general appearance of the region, as I also had been; but when we came to the river his whole face lighted, and he exclaimed, "Grand, grand! Is it not?" So broad, so rapid, so full was its flow at that point, that the sight filled you with those indefinable emotions which strong and active life-power is calculated to inspire. Portions of the Nashville railroad were given us to guard at the time, to keep off the enemy's enterprising raiders, appearing at different points between the mountains and the river. We could not always do it. You might see, at intervals, trains that had been overturned, and the remains of cars that had been burned. Bridges were often destroyed; but with construction trains always on hand, they were very soon replaced. Across the river, beyond Bridgeport, the Confederates had all the country in possession, for their scouting parties to roam over, for eighteen miles along the railroad to Chattanooga. They had their sentinels and pickets so arranged as to interrupt the most direct wagon road on our side of the river, by firing across at favorable points. All our supplies were being hauled by way of a road farther back, it being more than forty miles from our station at Bridgeport to the army at the front. Even *this* road had been raided upon by the Confederate cavalry, and a large supply train destroyed. Brave and determined as the army of the Cumberland was, yet when Colonel Hodges, the chief quartermaster of that army, came to my tent at Bridgeport and described to me the situation, the starving and dying condition of the overworked and underfed animals, the saucy conduct and positions of the enemy, and the pressing and increasing needs of Rosecrans's gallant army, I confess that my sanguine expectancy cooled considerably, and I feared that disaster and defeat would soon come upon Chattanooga. General Rosecrans, having been relieved from his command a little later, came down to Bridgeport and stayed with me overnight on his way to Nashville. He was more hopeful, but General Thomas, who succeeded him, was both hopeful and determined. When General Grant, who had just been assigned to our military division, telegraphed him (October 19, 1863) from Louisville, "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible," he answered promptly, "I will hold the town till we starve!"

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And it is to the very highest credit of his army that there was no murmuring, even at this hard condition; a condition that must have seemed desperate to the hungry soldiers, during the thousands of futile expedients which had hitherto been tried in vain to give the besieged army substantial relief in the way of supplies.

GRANT AND HOOKER.

The 21st of October I visited General Hooker at Stevenson, about ten miles distant from my head-quarters at Bridgeport, and during the interview he told me that General Grant was on the train coming south from Nashville. General Hooker made preparations to receive him, and, doubtless understanding that the general was still lame from the injury he had received through the falling of his horse at New Orleans, sent his spring-wagon to meet him at the depot, and take him, perhaps half a mile, to the house which he occupied. Hooker did not go himself; I do not now remember the reason. I had gone to the depot to catch the train, and supposed, of course, General Grant would stop at least one night with General Hooker, but I was mistaken. As I entered the car I saw, for the first time, that hero of battles who had been for some time occupying the public attention, enjoying the attacks and defenses of our newspaper press, and of whom, as people will, I had formed a decided preconception. I confess he was quite the opposite of my ideal, — in size small, in color pale at that time, in manner remarkably quiet and retiring.

When I was introduced he gave me his hand, and a pleasant smile spread over his face; then, after perhaps a single complete sentence, he let *me* do the talking.

General Hooker's message arrived. Without the least disturbance of manner Grant said, "If General Hooker wishes to see me, he will find me on this train." General Hooker soon appeared and paid his respects to his commanding general. I wondered then at the manner of this meeting, and presumed it was General Grant's method of asserting himself where he thought a general who had had large commands and considerable self-assertion might be seeking an ascendency over him. The train, leaving General Hooker at Stevenson, went on to Bridgeport. Here, at my head-quarters, General Grant and staff were made as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, for the night. One incident that occurred so impressed me that I have remembered it. General Grant stayed with me. An empty liquor flask, borrowed at Chattanooga, was left at my tent hanging against the wall, by an officer who had come down from the army. I feared the general would think I drank liquor, so that I said to him at once, as his eye fell on it, "That flask is not mine; it was left here by an officer to be returned to Chattanooga; I never drink." General Grant said pleasantly, "Neither do I." His whole appearance at that time indorsed this declaration, and was to me the contradiction of a thousand falsehoods which ambition and envy had industriously circulated against him. The next morning, General Rawlins, Grant's chief-of-staff, then in full health and vigor, made all the necessary preparations for the ride to Chattanooga. He helped the general upon his horse, and the party started to go along the west bank of the Tennessee, by the way of Jasper. That rough journey through mud and rain, over roads nearly impassable at any time, and rendered worse by wagon wrecks and dead animals, that the passing supply train had left behind, has been well described by others. Badeau says, "Grant, who was still lame and suffering, was carried in the arms of soldiers over spots unsafe or impossible to cross on horseback." He was in Chattanooga the evening of the 23d of October. The noble General Thomas had already issued his orders to General Hooker to collect parts of his command, the eleventh and a portion of the twelfth corps, at Bridgeport. We knew from this his intention in some way to commence the operations intended by our coming West, *i. e.*, to open up

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better communication with Chattanooga. But — may I say it? — for some reason, plans take more practical and active shape wherever Grant appears, and he almost never assumes the credit of their conception or of their execution. This was just the case at this time.

CHATTANOOGA.

The descriptions of Chattanooga have been so often made that I will assume the reader to be already familiar with the place and its vicinage. The town and its rolling valley lay along a bend of the Tennessee, between Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Thomas's army held this valley on the south side. The enemy occupied the front and flanks of the position. A bridge of boats connected it with the north side of the river. Over this bridge all the supplies for the army of the Cumberland had to come.

A NEW LINE OF SUPPLIES; LOOKOUT VALLEY.

On the 24th of October, Generals Grant and Thomas, and Thomas's chief engineer, General W. H. Smith (army sobriquet "Baldy"), crossed the bridge and reconnoitred on the north side. Going over the intervening neck of land southward, they could see the Tennessee River below Lookout Mountain, and the entrance of Lookout Creek on the opposite shore. This stream runs between the Racoon Mountain and the lofty Lookout range, and forms the Lookout Valley. General Smith, in The Galaxy, lately, has a clear description of the army movements from Chattanooga that were coöperative with ours from below, and doubtless gives in substance the plans that were discussed by these three distinguished men during the reconnoissance I mention. He says, —

"From the base of Lookout Mountain a low range of hills skirted the river between Lookout and Racoon mountains, connecting them. The Lookout Creek broke through these hills, near the mountain of that name, and lower down, two miles or more, another creek entered the river. Through the gorge thus formed ran a road to the river, over which had been established in former times what was called Brown's Ferry. On the north or right bank of the river, the mountains and hills set back, leaving a wide valley. . . .

"On the night of October 26th (two days after General Grant's visit) a brigade under General Hazen embarked, and, drifting silently to Brown's Ferry, landed, carried the gorge and hills adjacent, and began intrenching themselves.

"As soon as Hazen's troops were disembarked the boats were used in ferrying over another brigade, which had marched to the north side of the ferry, and before ten o'clock in the morning of the 27th, the two brigades were strongly posted on the hills and a new bridge spanned the river behind them, thus connecting them with the army at Chattanooga and allowing any number of reenforcements to reach them within an hour."

Now we will return to Hooker's command. For some time we had been pushing out into the enemy's country, across the Tennessee from Bridgeport, and already occupied Shell Mound, a station on the railroad about six miles above Bridgeport. General Hooker gave the advance to my command, strengthened by one company of the first Tennessee and another of the first Alabama cavalry.

The evening of the 27th, the day that Hazen was strengthening his position at the mouth of Lookout Valley, we encamped at Whitesides, distant ten or twelve miles. The next day Hooker's column moved in the same general order as before. General Geary's division of the twelfth corps followed my two divisions, Steinwehr's and Schurz's. The march was continued with scarcely an interruption, until we reached the neighborhood of Wauhatchie. About a mile south of that point scouts and cavalry were met by a fire from the enemy, who were concealed in the thick underbrush at the base of a spur which juts out from the ridge that extends along the Tennessee. This point is at the fork

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of the Brown's Ferry and Chattanooga wagon road. A brisk skirmish ensued, when the enemy gave way. Five or six of our men, of Colonel Busbick's brigade, were wounded. The scene was now peculiar and impressive. The troops were moving in the valley, apparently very close to Lookout Mountain. It appeared not more than three or four hundred yards to the top. The distance to the summit was doubtless greater than it seemed to be. We were in plain sight of Longstreet's men, both those on the high table-land at the foot of the palisade and those above along the frowning crest; their signal flags were clearly visible. We had just passed the fork of the roads at Wauhatchie, toward Brown's Ferry, when the batteries on the highest point of Lookout opened on us. First the smoke could be seen rolling out in curious volumes, and then would be heard the screaming of the shells, then the sound of their bursting low down in the valley. The echoes, mingling with the roaring of the guns, sounded and resounded in a way that reminded us of a similar entertainment at Gettysburg, but here for the most part the enemy's artillerymen overshot us, so that but one man was killed and one wounded.

The meeting with Hazen's men, who were strongly posted near the ferry, as I have indicated, and whom we did not at first recognize as on our side, though covering the low hills to our front with their waving flags and bright bayonets, was an unexpected and joyous event to us; and not less so to those so lately besieged. They called out a welcome with the usual loud cheers and shouts, as we came near, and they cried, "Hurrah! hurrah! you have opened up our bread line!" We encamped facing Lookout, the left near Hazen and the right extending toward Racoon Mountain. Geary with his one division was stopped by General Hooker at Wauhatchie, in order to cover a road that led thence southward to the Tennessee at Kelly's Ferry. Longstreet, as we have seen, had kept an outpost on the river to watch and play upon the wagon road on the north side, and we were in hopes of catching his men there, in their attempt to regain their main lines. In fact, Wauhatchie was deemed an important point for securing the valley. General Hooker left Geary there, probably three miles from our position.

BATTLE OF LOOKOUT VALLEY.

Perhaps an hour after midnight, in that country as yet all new to us, we were aroused by heavy artillery firing; soon the noise of musketry, with its unmistakable rattle, was mingling with the roaring cannon. Those ominous sounds seemed to come from the direction of Geary. I was hardly on my feet before Hooker's message came, "Hurry, or you cannot save Geary. He has been attacked." Steinwehr was urged to hasten, but Schurz's division being nearest and first under arms was pushed forward toward the sound, followed by the other division. As soon as the troops were in motion I went forward to General Hooker's position, at a turn of the road a half-mile nearer Geary. Hooker and General Butterfield, who was then his chief-of-staff, were sitting on the slope of a hill with a camp-fire just starting. The night was chilly. Hooker seemed quite anxious, as might be expected. The issues of a night engagement under the best of circumstances are more than ordinarily uncertain, and our ignorance of the situation of the country and of the enemy's position, taken up since nightfall, added to the uncertainty. The general was of opinion that we should secure the ridge of hills that ran along on our side of Lookout Creek as we moved toward Geary's position. To this end orders were given. Then I said to General Hooker, "With your approval, I will take the two companies of cavalry and push through to Wauhatchie." He replied, "All right, Howard; I shall be here to attend to this part of the field."

Soon after I had left, Orland Smith's brigade of Steinwehr's division swept up the wooded ridge near what was called Ellis's house, and found the enemy intrenched or barricading as well as it

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could be done in the night and among the roots and rocks. My report says, "The troops charged up the heights under heavy fire without returning it, until the enemy was completely routed. They took quite a number of arms and prisoners."

General Schurz's command was much delayed from one cause or another, the night, the low ground, the thick underbrush (for the command at first avoided the road, as being too much exposed to the ridge along whose foot it ran). Finally Schurz sent Tyndall's brigade to clear the heights, from which he was annoyed by a fire upon his flank. This work was well done. Afterward the brigade of Colonel Hecker, whose name I never mention without a feeling of respect for his uniform loyalty and courage, made its way to Geary's position. But long before Hecker's arrival the work of Geary had been done.

An extract from the observation of a spectator among the Confederates will throw some light upon Longstreet's intentions, matured into plans, as Longstreet saw "during the afternoon the long, dark, thread-like line of troops become visible, slowly wending their way in the direction of Chattanooga." He says, "General Longstreet, . . . who from the peak had carefully watched the march of the eleventh corps, determined to make an attack for another purpose (not expecting now to hinder the main object of the movement), merely to capture, if possible, a large park of wagons and its escort, numbering, as was supposed, from fifteen hundred to two thousand men, who still remained in the rear."

This supposed escort was of course Geary's division with his trains. After leaving General Hooker, with the two companies of horsemen, skirting the Racoon side of the rough valley, I reached General Geary at Wauhatchie by three or three and a half A. M. There was then light enough (it may have been only starlight) to see squads of men moving about in the comparatively open space just north of Wauhatchie. This we observed as we emerged from the bushes. The firing was all over and quiet reigned.

I called out to the strangers so dimly seen, "Who goes there?" "We are Stevens's men," was the answer. Perceiving that they belonged to the enemy I said, "All right, have you whipped the Yankees?" The same voice replied, "We were on their flank, but our men in front have gone, and we cannot find our way." My men then gradually approached, revealed themselves, and took them prisoners, there being probably as many of them as of us.

I passed into the thicket and came first upon the tent of General George S. Green, then a brigade commander. He was sadly wounded in the face. After a moment's delay for inquiry and sympathy, his officers conducted me to Geary, who was glad enough to see me. He had repulsed the enemy's attack handsomely, using infantry and artillery. This was the place where the mules broke loose and in terror ran in squads through the enemy's lines, and gave rise to the story told in verse, entitled The Charge of the Mule Brigade. Geary's hand trembled, and his tall, strong frame shook with emotion, as he held me by the hand and spoke of the death of his son, during that fearful night. This son was Lieutenant Edward R. Geary, Battery F, Pennsylvania Light Artillery, killed at his battery during the action. In this way the soldier remembers that the exhilaration of victory was very often softened, or entirely quenched, by real grief over its cost, a cost that cannot be estimated!

Seeing Geary now secure in possession of the field, I hastened back to receive from General Butterfield an account of the complete success of Steinwehr and Schurz in routing the enemy's checking forces, and driving all across the Lookout Creek. Many officers and men were killed and wounded during this blind struggle. Colonel Underwood, of the 33d Massachusetts volunteers, was desperately wounded, his wound supposed at the time to be mortal. He partially recovered, to be lame for life.

It surely conveys a wrong impression

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when General W. H. Smith says, in the article from which I have quoted, "The valley between Lookout and Racoon mountains was thus securely held and the pass through the latter covered, from which, in the afternoon of the same day, Hooker, with the tenth and twelfth corps d'armées, debouched and went into camp in the valley without firing a shot." He means the eleventh and twelfth corps. There was wounding and death in the afternoon, followed by the remarkable night engagement which I have just mentioned. As this was our opening work in the West, we were much pleased the next day, October 30, 1863, to receive the following complimentary notice from General George H. Thomas, directed to General Hooker: —

GENERAL, — I most heartily congratulate you, and the troops under your command, at the brilliant success you gained over your old adversary [Longstreet] on the night of the 28th ultimo. The bayonet charge of Howard's troops, made up the side of a steep and difficult hill, over two hundred feet high, completely routing the enemy from his barricades on its top, and the repulse by Geary's division of greatly superior numbers, who attempted to surprise him, will rank among the most distinguished feats of arms of this war. . . .

GEORGE H. THOMAS,
Major-General Commanding.

PLANS AND PREPARATIONS.

The foregoing preparatory movements were introductory to the grand battle of Chattanooga, which itself embraces the action of the troops engaged in the neighborhood of Lookout Mountain and those more nearly connected with Missionary Ridge. There were three elements in the Union forces which were to operate, and four characters to control them: first, the Cumberland army; second, the troops from the East, that we have just traced to Lookout Valley; and third, the troops from the West (the fifteenth army corps). The first character (and a sound one indeed) was General George H. Thomas. He was feeding his troops, replenishing his supplies, refitting his artillery, bringing up his absentees, and getting ready for real work. The second character was General Hooker, nominally subordinate to Thomas, but from circumstances, perhaps, rather than plan, to play a part as prominent as would seem befitting him, judging from his well-known history as a "fighting man." The third was General W. T. Sherman. The people were learning to watch Sherman's course with ever-increasing interest; there was a pathway of light wherever he moved, like the streaming, forceful burner at the head of a locomotive under full headway, disappearing in occasional valleys and reappearing around important headlands, but ever making real progress toward the grand destination. Of course the fourth was the new commander of the military division, General U. S. Grant. He had hardly set foot in Chattanooga before he telegraphed Halleck, "Please approve order placing Sherman in command department of Tennessee, with head-quarters in the field." This request was granted. Then he turned toward Sherman, and sent a dispatch down the Tennessee, "Drop everything at Bear Creek, and move towards Stevenson with your entire force, until you receive further orders." The order did not reach Sherman till the 27th of October, the day Hazen was securing the stronghold at Brown's Ferry, and we of the East were approaching the valley of Lookout. Sherman, as usual, instantly set to work to fulfill his instructions. With four divisions he reached Bridgeport with his head of column on the evening of the 13th of November.

At General Grant's request, Sherman left his troops and hastened to Chattanooga for a personal interview with him. I was in Chattanooga when Sherman arrived, the evening of the 14th of November, and saw him and General Grant together. I was in the room when General Sherman entered. After a cordial greeting, Grant offered Sherman a cigar, which the latter took and lighted, talking continually in his peculiar,

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lively, and hearty style. Grant says, "Take the chair of honor, Sherman," pointing to an old-fashioned, high-backed rocking-chair. "Oh no! that belongs to you, general." Grant, showing that unfailing covert humor that always appears when there are no politicians present to annoy him, continues, "I don't forget, Sherman, to give proper respect to age." "Well, then, if you put it on that ground, I *must* accept." So Sherman takes the high-backed chair and leads off in a most entertaining talk, bearing upon passing events. At this interview, casually referred to in his Memoirs, began my personal acquaintance with General Sherman. His character is written on his face and appears in his manner and conversation. He is above the medium height, stands erect, and carries a head capable of continuous study and thought, with a mind as acute as it is capacious. He has a voice that is sonorous, manly, and attractive, and a manner that secures your attention and wins your confidence. Introduce any topic, and Sherman is at home. His memory for detail strikes you at once as extraordinary, and his ability to carry with him the knowledge of places and localities long since seen shows a remarkable source of power at his command as an officer. His marked peculiarity in contrast with General Grant was a wonderful suggestive talent. He would draw up five plans of campaign to another man's one, while General Grant would weigh the matter and select the best.

After the general plan of battle had been settled on, Sherman returned to his troops at Bridgeport, and marched them to us by the route of Hooker's movement, already described. Owing to rains, bad roads, and the breaking of the bridge at Brown's Ferry, it took till the 23d for Sherman to get three of his divisions into place, some three miles above Chattanooga, on the north bank of the Tennessee, near the mouth of the North Chickamauga. General Thomas reënforced him directly by the division of General Jeff. C. Davis, and indirectly by instructions to me to open communication with him and coöperate as soon as he had effected a crossing of the Tennessee. For, with a view of strengthening Thomas at Chattanooga and keeping the attention of the enemy during Sherman's movements into position, I had been detached from General Hooker, marched early across the Brown's Ferry bridge, and finally made to cross the other bridge into Chattanooga, and go into camp there near Fort Wood. This was in plain sight of Bragg's position on Missionary Ridge.

BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA; RECONNOISSANCE.

On the 7th of November General Grant had given orders to General Thomas to attack Bragg, using the private horses of officers and taking such team horses as could be made available for the purpose of moving the artillery. But General Thomas advised against the movement in his crippled condition, so that it was postponed. On the 23d of November, the preparation for this battle not being yet completed, owing to rains, breakages in the bridges, and other incidents belonging of necessity to large combined movements, General Grant determined to make a reconnoissance instead of battle. In plain sight of the enemy, and displayed before Generals Grant and Thomas, and other officers gathered at Fort Wood, General Gordon Granger deployed one division of the fourth corps and supported it by his other two. This force, extended into line, presented a picture not often seen; the bayonets gleamed in the sunlight, the skirmishers sprang forward at proper intervals and covered the entire front, as alert and active as children at play. The fourteenth corps supported the right, and the eleventh, massed in close order, was ready in view to follow up on the left. "Only a reconnoissance." Nothing of that solid, slow, thoughtful, solemn entrance into battle of Sumner's troops at Antietam, or French's division on the second day at Chancellorsville, but a brisk, hearty, almost gay parade. The Confederates stood on their breastworks

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to look at our parade and drill, when our lines went forward with rapidity toward the Orchard Knob. No straggling, no falling out from suspicious exhaustion, no hiding behind stumps and trees at this time. Soon the enemy's pickets were driven or taken, soon all those outward defenses for a mile ahead near the knob were in our hands; but not without bloodshed. Wood's division alone lost over a hundred, killed and wounded. The fourth corps had done gallantly what was required, and the other troops were ready and anxious to execute any movement. General Grant, at Fort Wood, kept looking steadily toward the troops just engaged, and beyond. He was slowly smoking a cigar. General Thomas, using his glass attentively, made no remark. Rawlins (who was afterward Secretary of War) seemed to be unusually urgent in pressing his reasons into the general's seemingly inattentive ear. He was heard to say, "It will have a bad effect to let them come back and try it over again." When General Grant spoke at last, without turning to look at anybody, he said, "Intrench them and send up support." In a moment aids and orderlies were in motion. General Thomas sent messengers to Granger of the fourth, to Palmer of the fourteenth, and to me commanding the eleventh. Within a few minutes a new line of intrenchments was in process of construction, facing and parallel with Missionary Ridge, with Orchard Knob as a point of support. The batteries were soon covered against sharp-shooters and stray shots of the enemy. I know I felt freer to breathe when I placed my feet on this little advanced hill, than I had done since entering the beleaguered Chattanooga. General Granger, always gay after an action began, was quite exhilarated by the prompt success of his movement, and was directing the fire of the battery when I arrived. He says, "How are you, Howard? This looks like work." Then, as he liked to bring his neighbors to duty, he adds: "Your troops on the left have n't squared up." I entered a thicket to the left, and, finding my troops too much retired, went from brigade to brigade and dressed up the lines to Granger's satisfaction. General Schurz, commanding the nearest division, disliking to be meddled with, declared that this movement would reopen the engagement, but the enemy had by this time vacated the whole line of Citico Creek, so that we of the eleventh — Germans, Irish, Hungarians, and Saxons — for once pleased our neighbors without loss or detriment. In fact, the better to clear our front of Confederate sharpshooters and skirmishers, General Steinwehr had just before, by my direction, sent the seventy-third Ohio across Citico Creek near its mouth, and marched it up in line nearly at right angles to our main front.

At the end of this skirmish, that was a cheerful party that gathered for a few minutes at Orchard Knob: Gordon Granger, Philip H. Sheridan, Absalom Baird, Thomas John Wood, Carl Schurz, and A. von Steinwehr. These had not yet attained the full stature of their reputation, but were such men, whether commanders or simple men, as one likes to be associated with in times of trial. Historians of this field have made detailed exhibits of their leadership and success. I cannot do so without too much extension, but I enjoy the mention of their names, and the recollection of the picture of a half-hour's unpremeditated grouping on that 23d of November in this foreground of Chattanooga. The beginnings of real success are inspiriting.

THE BATTLE: LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

While we were amusing Bragg, keeping him from sending more men against Burnside at Knoxville, or from running away, as Grant feared he intended to do, from his threat to assault and his preliminary humane warning to noncombatants, the Brown's Ferry bridge that linked us to Hooker broke, leaving one of Sherman's divisions (Osterhaus's) over in Lookout Valley.

General Hooker, on the morning of the 24th, taking time by the forelock, reported to General Thomas, probably by the

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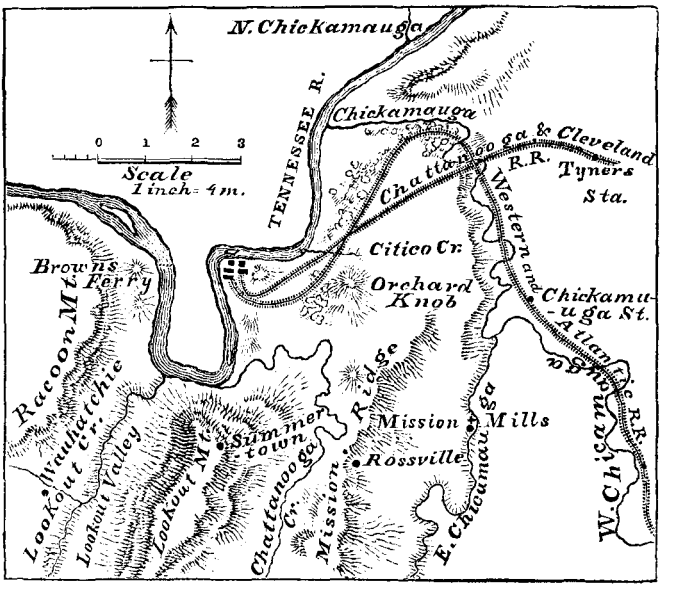
flag signal, as early as four A. M., that he was ready to begin *his* movement. The burden of his instructions was a "strong demonstration," or to carry the point of the mountain, the latter to be done contingent upon the condition and strength of the enemy. This was just the latitude and contingency to suit the temper of Hooker, a general always ambitious and enterprising. He had now of his own troops Geary's division, of Sherman's, Osterhaus's division (these belonged to the celebrated fifteenth corps, that were good anywhere to fight a battle, clean out a village, or forage liberally on a march), and Whitaker's and Grose's brigades of the fourth corps, making a division under General Cruft. Add Wildrick's battery I, first New York artillery, and Heckman's battery K, first Ohio, detailed from my corps. Geary with Whitaker joined to him, now five thousand strong, went back under cover of a thick fog (just the veil needed before the scenes open) to his old fighting place of Wauhatchie. He now turned abruptly to the left, crossed Lookout Creek, and pushed due east, as if to



reach and ascend the western, awfully rugged, precipitous side of old Lookout. By eight o'clock he had surprised and seized the enemy's picket line. As quickly as it could be done, Geary's head of column, toiling up the foot-hills and the main steep, reached the foot of those perpendicular rocks which like palisades crown this lofty mountain. He faced his line toward the north and moved on over rocks round, pointed, and rolling, over elevations and depressions, past trees and through underbrush — rough pathways indeed for the men. Sweeping along with his right flank secure against an impassable barrier he rolled up the enemy's line, which was doubtless quite unprepared for this flank assault.

Cruft, with his remaining brigade, cooperated with this movement at the bridge, not far from the mouth of Lookout Creek, and Osterhaus with Charles R. Wood's brigade went in from an intermediate crossing, a half or three quarters of a mile higher up the creek. As Geary came on, these troops, which had kept the attention of the Confederates (particularly those near by and those on the nose of the mountain in their front), caught sight of the moving lines and rivaled them in charging and pursuing the now flying enemy. Batter-

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ies had been well located so as at first to distract attention. These now became most effective in increasing the adversary's disorder and demoralization. We, who were upon the opposite side of the nose of Lookout Mountain, and who had heard the cannonading for hours, and occasionally the rattling of musketry, were deeply anxious, watching every sign. The Confederates were driven from every advanced position, and what I have called the nose of the mountain was taken quite early in the afternoon. As the fog and clouds slowly lifted, we could see the flashes and smoke of the guns and shells that exploded, and catch glimpses of flags, bayonets, and men in motion toward us; so that, as there were masses of dark clouds still hanging against the nose of Lookout Mountain lower down, General Meigs, who was present, did not exaggerate when he wrote that day of "the battle above the clouds."

At dark the troops seemed still contending, but we knew it was Bragg's desperate effort at retreat to save men and material, and keep open the only road of escape (the Summertown) for his troops still on the summit. The next morning our flags appeared from the highest point, and our signals gayly waved their talk to their companion signals in Chattanooga.

Bragg had lost his left, and of course concentrated his command on the next mountain ridge, where his main line had been so long facing the imperturbable Thomas along the crest of Missionary Ridge. This is a continuous ridge with transverse spurs which stretched out in a long line as a barrier to our advance east or south, not so frowning and formidable in appearance as Lookout, but worse indeed with an army upon it.

A glorious victory, this of the 24th of November! No envy yet, no exaggerations; a cheerful hurrah courses along our lines. All honor to "fighting Joe Hooker," all honor to Grant, the quiet leader who plans and executes, and dares say "Forward, march!" in the nick of time, when other men are apt to flag, halt, and fail.

THE BATTLE: ON THE LEFT.

Now for Sherman. Full of nerve and energy, with a spirit that knows no discouragement, and true to the core, he bends only to circumstances, necessities, events which I like to believe are under the rule of Providence. He cannot have his fourth division, but he cheerily goes on with the rest of the fifteenth corps, reënforced by General Jeff. C. Davis's excellent division, taken from the army of Thomas. When Hooker commenced his grand movement early in the morning of the 24th, the bridge boats, which were launched at midnight seven or eight miles above Chattanooga, could be seen, just as the dawn of day appeared, opposite the mouth of the South Chickamauga. Sherman's men were some of them already across the river (here the river is more than twelve hundred feet wide), some were being ferried over, and the larger portion in waiting for the completion of the pontoon bridge, which was slowly and steadily putting itself out, like two floating docks, from either bank. The little home-made steamer from Chattanooga came up to lend its aid to Sherman, as soon as it was safe to do so. When Sherman had captured the enemy's pickets and drawn one division across, he ordered that semicircular line of trenches, convex toward the end of Missionary Ridge, which covered the bridge builders against annoyance from sharp-shooters and against assault.

My first part was to open communication with Sherman. It is not a nice feeling, to know or suspect that an enterprising enemy lies between your detachment and the main body. Grant provided against this discouragement for Sherman. He directed Thomas, and Thomas directed me, and I directed Steinwehr to send Bushbick with his brigade (supported by Krizanouski's brigade), and covered by one of the eleventh corps batteries (Wheeler's), over the river, adding a company of cavalry. These troops were to proceed by the river's bank, on the enemy's side of the river, from our position already named on Citico Creek to Sherman's

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bridge, several miles above. In order to see this ground, and to be ready to co-operate with Sherman with my remaining troops, if necessary, I concluded to accompany Bushbick's command.

We met very little resistance and no organized troops of the enemy; there was some lively skirmishing on our right. About half past ten, while Hooker was storming Bragg's left, I stood on the south and Sherman on the north projection of his bridge, which was steadily growing toward a junction. As the last boat was put in, we were conversing, and before the gap was quite closed, General Sherman sprang across, and we joined hands. I think this was the first time Sherman and I had more than a passing acquaintance. He asked if I would leave my brigade with him, so as to extend his right flank and make more speedy connection with Thomas than at Orchard Knob, as all advanced. I assented at once. He explained the position, and his intended forward movements just as soon as the troops should be over the bridge, with that frank, hearty confidence of manner that attached me to him. I now turned back with my cavalry escort to join my corps and report progress. General Sherman moved as he had told me, sweeping up the gentle slopes for a mile or more, till he struck the rougher portions of the ridge. He was not heavily resisted till, having skirmished over two rugged knobs, he came to the first prominence north of the railroad tunnel. There are more transverse ravines and spurs on this rocky wooded ridge than appeared before the trial to our observation and study with glasses. Bragg's right, Cleburn's (familiarly called "Pat Cleburn") division, was strongly posted. Trees, big stones, and logs arranged as barricades, and unapproachable crags in front, made it almost inaccessible. Add to this Cleburn's brave men in plenty, with large guns and small ones at command, and it is easily conceived that it would be no holiday operation for Sherman to make a successful advance and assault, after he had actually struck the end of Bragg's line. Night, which brought out the bright flashes of Hooker's skirmishers on the east side of Lookout, brought to view also to Grant and Thomas, at Chattanooga, Sherman's camp-fires on the crest of Mission Ridge, in close proximity to the stubborn enemy.

THE BATTLE: AT THE CENTRE.

The reconnoissance of Thomas on the 23d, resulting in the brisk skirmish and taking of the outer line of Bragg's position at Orchard Knob, was a successful move against his centre. The "demonstration" and contingent attack of Hooker on the 24th resulted in a grand battle and dislodgment of Bragg's entire left. The well-planned and nicely-executed flank movement of Sherman had really taken "the bull by the horns," developed extraordinary resistance, and showed to all of us that there was tough work yet to be done. Sherman renewed his attack early in the morning of the 25th. He sent Corse's division forward on his right, Morgan L. Smith's on the left of the ridge. He used the brigade of Bushbick's that I had brought him. John E. Smith and Loomis were brought up to the attack. These brave men gained some ground, and barricaded, but with heavy loss, there being many wounded and many killed. They held what they could, but the struggle against a resolute enemy so well posted was too unequal a contest for any considerable success here.

Grant had moved his own position from Fort Wood to Orchard Knob, and had a fair view of these movements. He directed me at 9.45 A. M. to go at once and reënforce General Sherman. When I reached Sherman's bridge, Colonel Meizenburg brought word from Sherman to place my corps on his left flank, extending his line down the rough eastern slope of Missionary Ridge to the crooked Chickamauga Creek. General Hardee, who commanded Bragg's right wing, extended his line constantly to confront ours. He renewed the desperate contest, but with little *direct*, though doubtless with a very positive *indirect* effect. As Grant kept reënforcing

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Sherman, Bragg's attention was absorbed by that flank, and he doubtless put every man he dared spare from elsewhere, to help resist this persevering onslaught. At any rate, all the morning, from sunrise, we had seen gray soldiers moving thitherward. General Breckenridge, who commanded Bragg's left wing, confronted Hooker's advance upon his left flank by a small checking force, that gave way after General Hooker had rebuilt the bridge across the Chickamauga, and crossed over, not far from Rossville, to the attack.

When Hooker, chafed and hindered by streams impassable except by bridging, had at last advanced well on toward the crest of Missionary Ridge, far south of Bragg's actual left flank, and the enemy's attention was divided between the dogged attacks of Sherman's men on the north and the sure approach of Hooker from the south, General Grant took this time in the afternoon (it might be four o'clock) to order the firing of six cannon shot, near his own position, as a signal for the long waiting but never impatient Thomas to push forward his divisions and seize the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge. As in all the other great battles, the artillery, from its various available points, almost simultaneously opened upon the enemy's troops, as if to clear the way and make paths for a safer advance (a doubtful measure with old troops, as it merely says, "Enemy, get ready; we are coming"). The divisions of Baird, T. J. Wood, Sheridan, and Johnson (probably thirty thousand effectives in all) spring forward in line over the rough ground, through the underbrush, now appearing, now disappearing, to come again in sight, flags flying, bayonets glistening, musketry rattling, cannon roaring, like Pickett's gallant advance at Gettysburg against the terrible Cemetery Ridge. Such was the handsome and rapid movement straight up to the enemy's lower line of rifle-pits. On this event the aroused Thomas reports, —

"Our troops advancing steadily in a continuous line, the enemy, seized with panic, abandoned the works at the foot of the hill, and retreated precipitately to the crest, whither they were closely followed by our troops, who, apparently inspired by the impulse of victory, carried the hill simultaneously at six different points, and so closely upon the heels of the enemy that many of them were taken prisoners in the trenches."

General Grant speaks like a diligent and friendly observer under some excitement: "These troops moved forward, drove the enemy from the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge like bees from a hive, stopped but a moment until the whole were in line, and commenced the ascent of the mountain from right to left, almost simultaneously, following closely the retreating enemy without further orders. They encountered a fearful volley of grape and canister from near thirty pieces of artillery, and musketry from still well-filled rifle-pits on the summit of the ridge. Not a waver, however, was seen in all that long line of brave men."

This Grant and Thomas beheld from their commanding post of observation. The enemy fly up the ridge without stopping to re-form. With no particular namable formation, in squads, with flags now drooping, now fallen, again uplifted, the men, with no more orders, followed by their officers, move on up, up the ridge. Batteries upon the crest bear upon them, and burst the shells over their heads, and cross musketry-fire from the rifle trenches on the heights kills some and wounds others, but our men do not stop until they have fully crowned the summit of this angry mountain and turned the enemy's guns to fire in another direction, upon his own fragments.

The enemy gave way all along the line as the victorious columns of Hooker joined Sheridan's right flank, the last to let go and the hardest to beat being Cleburn's division (which seemed to partake of that Irishman's stubborn nature). This same division, lying in ambush, subsequently met our troops at Taylor's Ridge and gave a bloody revenge for its discomfiture at Missionary Ridge, and put a damper on Hooker's glory, so lately won. It was the 25th of November, late in the season, so that

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night came on soon after Thomas's men had reached the crest and had gotten into respectable order. Sherman's troops saw nothing of this grand work until it was nearly over, and then they pushed in as far as the Chickamauga. From this it will be seen why a quick, close, and continuous pursuit was not made. Sheridan, always on hand and ardent, did go on into the dark as far as Mission Mills. Guns were captured, prisoners and small arms and flags were gathered up from all quarters, but very soon the night shut down upon the joyful and victorious troops.

After the cheerings, after the exciting recitals around the camp-fires, while the soldiers are quiet and sleeping beneath the silent stars, the slow-moving ambulances with their escorts of drummers and fifers and musicians (no *music* now) go sorrowfully over the field (it is a rough one and extensive), to gather up the wounded and bring them to the field hospital. Then the indefatigable surgeons and assistant-stewards keep up their benevolent though sad and bloody work for the entire night. Friend and foe are here treated alike. To delicate nerves all this, — the pain, the blood, the bandages, the poorly-suppressed groan, and the ever-recurring struggles of the dying, — all this is simply terrible, horrible, yet the weary soldiers who are unhurt are oblivious to it all; the ground is covered with them, sleeping and dreaming of triumphs won and home scenes now nearer.

But the officer of rank, whose brain must be busy with plans for the morrow, the watchful aids and orderlies who go and come with instructions and messages, and those who are connected with the medical corps, are obliged to hear these cries of pain, and witness these torch-light scenes that take hold on eternity, and make impressions too deep for human language against the arbitrament of war.

After the last charge, four stout men carried a sergeant to the rear. They stopped to rest. E. P. Smith, then of the Christian Commission, drew near the stretcher, and speaking kindly, asked, "Where are you hurt, sergeant?" He answers, "Almost up, sir." "I mean in what part are you injured?" He fixes his eye on the speaker, and answers again, "Almost up to the top." Just then Mr. Smith uncovers his arm, and sees the frightful shattering wound of the shell that struck him. "Yes," he says, turning his eye thither, "that 's what did it. I was almost up; but for that, I should have reached the top." The sergeant was bearing the flag when he was hit. He died with the fainter and fainter utterance of "Almost up," while his companions on the heights he almost reached were echoing the cheers of the triumph that he would so much have enjoyed. It is comforting to hope that his faithful spirit reached the crest of higher battlements than those which the living victors that day attained.

PURSUIT.

By five A. M. on the morrow (November 26th) my corps was on the march, following General J. C. Davis's division across the Chickamauga pontoon in pursuit. Davis led, coming upon the skirmishers of Bragg's rear guard just beyond Chickamauga station. Sherman and I were together much of that day, admiring the complete and soldierly manner in which Jeff. C. Davis handled his troops; he kept up a good line, well supported in rear, and well covered by skirmishers in front, preventing attempts at mischief by the enemy, which are always frequent during retreat. Just at night we had a sharp and successful combat at Graysville, engaging both Davis's troops and mine. It was of brief duration.

I stayed at a house where there was a large family of poor people, much terrified. They had torn up the floor (there being no cellar), to get down as low as possible, made barricades of mattresses and other bedding, and were not a little relieved when the heavy guns had ceased to roar, the sharp musketry had stopped, and our friendly faces gave them hope that their last day had not yet come.

The next day, the 27th, while Hooker

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was fighting Cleburn at the Ringgold Gap of Taylor's Ridge, I passed through Parker's Gap, farther north, sent forward and broke three miles of the Cleveland and Dalton Railroad, and drew my men back into camp near Taylor's Ridge, having taken quite a number of prisoners, one of whom was an officer bearing dispatches from Longstreet to Bragg.

THE RELIEF OF BURNSIDE.

At the end of this day General Grant checked his pursuit of Bragg, and sent Sherman, attaching my corps to his command, to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville. It will be remembered how closely Longstreet invested him there, and how anxious our people were for his safety.

With few wagons, hardly any tents, — just enough for the scribes, — no bridge trains, scarcely any rations, wearied with the three days' fighting and two days' vigorous pursuit, my corps never grumbled. We marched to Louisville, within one day's journey of Knoxville, the troops resting a day, while several of our officers, myself included, accompanied Sherman to congratulate Burnside that Longstreet had failed in his assault and been quickened in his steps Virginia-ward by our near approach. Sherman left Granger with the fourth corps in Burnside's neighborhood, and then we turned back. Did n't our engineers work! We gave them plenty of help, however, bridging the Hiawassee and the Little Tennessee. A bridge of half-destroyed, abandoned Confederate wagons, which were roughly repaired and dragged six miles from Loudon, was made at the ford. It was one thousand feet long and was put into the stream between sunset and sunrise. The men were crossing, dry, and smoking their pipes and joking, as the sun was appearing in the east. We turned back, retracing the same route, and the 17th of December went into winter quarters at our old camp in Lookout Valley, having made a march up and back of two hundred and forty miles. What results from this sturdy work of twenty-five days since the first advance on Orchard Knob, the 23d of November!

The poor, suffering besieged, reënforced from east and west, had beaten the besiegers, gained Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, and driven Bragg's army beyond Taylor's Ridge, with a loss to him of at least 10,000 men, gaining in *morale* far more than in numbers. The victorious army, capturing between 6000 and 7000 prisoners, 40 pieces of artillery, 69 artillery carriages, and 7000 stand of small arms, breaking up connection between Bragg and Longstreet, had forced the one southward and the other northward, compelling the latter to cease harassing Burnside, and had really made a large breach in the enemy's grand strategic line of armies, and splendidly prepared the way for Sherman's even more brilliant ensuing spring campaign.

It is difficult to get at accurate numbers, or even fair estimates. Probably after we were ready for battle, Hooker's wing had 10,000 effectives, Sherman's, including my corps and Davis's division, at least 30,000, and Thomas, at the centre, about the same number of men. Colonel Long, with a small body of cavalry, had operated between us and Cleveland during the battle, destroying Tyner's Station, and taking 200 prisoners and 100 wagons at or near Cleveland.

It is not likely that Bragg, after Longstreet had been detached, had more than 40,000 effective troops, but he had vastly the advantage of natural positions, and they were well fortified. It was Grant's purpose to concentrate superior numbers. It was always the true way against an enemy so much like us in skill, courage, and warlike appliances, such as the splitting of a common country would certainly provide. Our loss, 757 killed, 4529 wounded, and 330 missing, aggregating 5616, was relatively large, but it was caused by our being obliged to attack positions of great natural strength and the best kind of artificial protection, in the way of intrenchments and breastworks.

Gradually the work done by our great soldiers, Grant, Sherman, and Thomas,

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and other helpers, is passing into history. Just now it seems almost a shame to have lived to mingle in these times. Those who sought the nation's life are becoming its rulers, but our Union heroes have a proud satisfaction in knowing that they were the direct means of killing secession, state supremacy, and slavery in America, and that it is only the enlarged generosity of the victors that has lifted up the vanquished into the higher position of power.

O. O. Howard.

DICKENS AND THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

Mr. Tony Weller, when Mr. Pickwick praised the intelligence of his son Samuel, expressed his pleasure at the compliment as something which reflected honor on himself. "I took," he said, "a great deal o' pains in his eddication, sir; let him run the streets when he was werry young, sir, and shift for hisself. It 's the only way to make a boy sharp, sir." When Mr. John Dickens was asked where his son Charles was educated, he exclaimed, "Why, indeed, sir, — ha! ha! — he may be said to have educated himself!" The effect of this system of education by neglect, which produced such specimens of humanity as Samuel Weller and Charles Dickens, shows that the method, however ruinous in the majority of cases, is sometimes seemingly justified by the results. Still, the great humorist of our time, the man who has domesticated himself as a genial companion at millions of firesides, the man who has provoked so many bursts of humane laughter and unsealed the springs of so many purifying tears, would have been a wiser guide, both in what he laughed at and in what he wept over, had his early culture been such as to furnish him, at the start, with demonstrated general principles in matters of history, government, political economy, and philosophy. Such knowledge would have checked and corrected the fallacies into which he was sometimes whirled by the intensity of his perception of unrelated facts, and the unwithholding warmth with which he threw himself into the delineation of exceptional individuals. In comparing him with such a master workman as Fielding, in the representation of life, manners, and character, we are at once struck by the absence in Dickens of the power of generalization. Fielding generalizes as easily as he individualizes; his large reason is always abreast of his cordial humor; and indeed his humor is enriched by his reason. The characters he draws most vividly, and in whom he takes most delight, never possess his sympathies so exclusively as to prevent his sly, subtle criticism of the motives of their acts and of the consequences of their acts. He always conveys the impression of knowing more about them than their self-knowledge reveals; and the culminating charm of his exquisite pleasantry comes from the broad and solid good sense he applies to the illusions, amiable or criminal, of the individuals he creates or depicts. He ever has in view the inexorable external laws which his characters can violate only at the expense of being victimized; his disciplined understanding more than keeps pace with his humorous creative imagination; and great as he unquestionably is in characterization, he is never imprisoned in any of his imagined forms of individual excellence, frailty, or depravity, but stands apart from his creations, — a philosopher, well grounded in scholarship, in experience, in practical philosophy, and specially judging individuals from his generalized knowl-

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edge of human life. Dickens never attained, owing to the defects of his early education, this power of generalization, and consequently he rarely exhibited those final touches of humorous perception which the possession of it gives. He loses himself in the throng of the individuals he represents; but Fielding impresses the reader with the fact that he is never himself fooled by the plausible fallacies which are uttered, in certain circumstances of their career, by the characters he so vividly represents.

Charles Dickens was the son of Wilkins Micawber, Esquire, — I beg pardon, — of John Dickens, a clerk in the navy-pay office. He was born on Friday, February 7, 1812. Friday is popularly supposed to be an unlucky day; but certainly, on the particular Friday which gave birth to Charles Dickens, humanity was "in luck." He was the second of eight children, and was, in his childhood, a small, frail, queer, and sickly boy, — a sort of Paul Dombey before he had developed into a David Copperfield. As a boy he was too feeble to find pleasure in the ordinary athletic amusements of his companions; but in his father's limited collection of books were the Arabian Nights, the Tales of the Genii, some fairy tales, and the romances of De Foe, Fielding, Smollett, and Le Sage. The various schools in which he obtained the rudiments of his education afforded him little mental nutriment; and before such books could appeal injuriously to his senses and appetites, he had mastered and, in imagination, realized the lives and adventures of Tom Jones, Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Humphrey Clinker. At the period he was devouring such novels as these, Scott was at the height of his popularity; yet there are no evidences that Dickens, at the age of ten, had caught sight of a volume of Waverley, Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy, or The Heart of Mid-Lothian. His father's small library was confined to romances of an older date and a coarser texture. Still, books which might have corrupted a youth of thirteen were comparatively harmless to a boy of eight or ten; especially as this boy was a genius in embryo, with something of the chivalrous delicacy of feeling towards children and women which was afterwards indicated in the character of young Walter Gay. In connection with this love of whatever was innocent and pure, he early developed a closeness, certainty, and penetration of observation, a sureness of memory of what he had observed, a power of connecting his observations with the instinctive play of his latent qualities of sympathy and humor, and a force of will in the assertion of Charles Dickens as a personage not to be confounded with other boys of his age, which show that the child was, in his case, literally the father of the man. He observed everything and forgot nothing. As a boy, his realizing imagination identified himself with the hero of every romance he read, and reproduced in memory every scene he had witnessed. With the acutest observation of the actual world around him, in his limited experience, he still early lived in an ideal world of his own.

When he was about ten years old, his father, as was natural, was arrested for debt, and lodged in the Marshalsea prison for debtors. Charles, on a salary of six shillings a week, was sent, to do what he could to support himself and to aid the family, to an establishment for the manufacture of blacking, which was set up by a relative of Dickens, in rivalry of the world-renowned "Warren," whose name still survives in both hemispheres as *the* man who has been instrumental in giving the last and finest polish and shine to shoes and boots. Charles's work was, in his own words, "to cover the pots of paste-blacking, first with a piece of oil-paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string; and then to clip the paper close and neat, all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had obtained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots." He lodged during this period with a lady in reduced circumstances,

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whom he afterwards celebrated as Mrs. Pipchin; visited his imprisoned father on Sundays; and herded, during the remaining days of the week, with the persons whom he has described — his recollections somewhat combined with his imaginations — in a few of the earlier chapters of David Copperfield.

In the performance of his duties in the blacking establishment, Dickens did nothing that he should ever have been weak enough to conceal; duties which have, in kind, been done by young clerks who have risen in time to take their place in the front rank of bankers, manufacturers, and merchants, and of which it might be said that it was only shameful to be ashamed. We must consider that the father of a large family was in prison, that the mother had in vain attempted to provide for daily necessities by setting up a school, and that the separate members of the scattered household must be either workers or paupers. A relative gives one of the boys — the boy who is not yet recognized as a genius — a situation where he has nothing to do but to paste labels on blacking bottles. Twenty-five years afterwards, when Dickens was famous all over the world, he committed to his friend, John Forster, this episode in his life. He solemnly informed him that he had never told to any other human being, not even to his own wife, the disgraceful fact that at the age of eleven he had worked with "*common* men and boys, a shabby child."

When his father and the proprietor of the blacking establishment quarreled, Mrs. John Dickens tried to reconcile them, and advised that the son be sent back to his business. For this advice Dickens could never more than half forgive her. The father prevailed, and Charles was again sent to school, was educated to a limited extent, and at the age of fifteen was placed in an attorney's office as a clerk, or, rather, office lad. But by this time he had developed the strong point in his character, self-asserting will joined to untiring industry. He mastered the mystery of short-hand; became a reporter of proceedings in Parliament; and a wonderfully alert special reporter of speeches made by leading statesmen in the provinces. He could write out a clear report of a speech in a post-chaise, furiously driven through a storm of rain and sleet towards London, with only a lantern to guide the swift motions of his pencil, and supply the London Morning Chronicle, the newspaper to which he was attached, with the result of his night's journey, in written words which gave the printers but little trouble to decipher. Indeed, his early successes as a reporter were marked by the same energy which characterized his after triumphs as a creator. Whatever he undertook to do he did resolutely and did well. The sickly boy grew rapidly up into a strong man, physically and intellectually strong. His rough experiences made him take discomfort and hardship not only bravely, but even laughingly. He converted, indeed, his experiences into commodities; and the Pickwick Papers are to a great extent the record of his humorously idealized perception of the various kinds of life he met in city and country while engaged in his duties as a reporter.

As an author, his first appearance in public was signalized by a slight sketch, published in The Monthly Magazine for January, 1834, entitled A Dinner at Poplar Walk, or, as he afterwards called it, Mr. Minns and his Cousin. For two years after this he stole sufficient time from his labors as a reporter to write for the same magazine, and for the Evening Chronicle, the series of papers which he afterward published under the title of Sketches by Boz. These show considerable powers of observation, wit, and satire; there are gleams, here and there, of his peculiar sentiment and fancy; and the manner and style of representation are bright, brisk, and "clever;" but they are still comparatively flashy and superficial, and are specially shallow in characterization. The sketches, however, gave him sufficient notoriety to induce a shrewd publishing firm to propose to him a scheme which was rapidly to raise notoriety into reputation, and reputation into fame. Mr. Hall, of

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the firm of Chapman and Hall, waited upon him at his chambers in Furnival's Inn, and proposed the publication of "a monthly something," of which Seymour was to furnish the illustrations and Dickens the text. The result of this conference was the publication, on March 31, 1836, of the first number of The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, edited by "Boz." Mr. Seymour, the artist, had at first sketched Mr. Pickwick as a long, thin man. Mr. Chapman, one of the publishers, suggested instead the figure of a friend of his by the name of John Foster, "a fat old beau who would wear, in spite of the ladies' protests, drab tights and black gaiters;" and Dickens took the name from that of a celebrated coach-proprietor of Bath. Samuel Weller notices this coincidence in the thirty-fifth chapter of the work, when his master leaves London in the Bath stage. He sees the name on the coach-door, and thinks it a premeditated assault on the dignity of the club; for, he says, "not content vith writin' up Pickwick, they puts 'Moses' afore it, vich I call addin' insult to injury, as the parrot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English langwidge arterwards;" and Sam is much surprised when, in answer to his question, "An't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty, sir?" he is told that the occasion furnishes no appropriate outlet for his propensities to pugilism. "I hope," says Sam, as he reluctantly obeys, "that 'ere trial has n't broke his spirit, but it looks bad, wery bad."

The success of the Pickwick Papers was almost unprecedented in literary history. For the first number the binder was directed to prepare for only four hundred copies; for the fifteenth, the order was for forty thousand. The work literally took the town by storm. It quickly established itself as a favorite with high and low, wherever the English language was known. Macaulay received the earlier numbers when he was in India, and resisted the novelty of the style and characters with all the force of his critical conservatism, but began to appreciate the riotous humor of the work as early as in the second chapter, — where Alfred Jingle describes, in brief, broken-backed, inconsecutive statements, his conquest of Don Bolaro's daughter, as the certain result of being himself a "handsome Englishman," — and ended in being as fond of Pickwick as of Sir Charles Grandison. Sydney Smith and Jeffrey resisted a little longer; but when their objections gave way, they almost made an idol of the author they had at first tried to represent as a mere caricaturist. The marked distinction of the popularity of Dickens, as compared with that of all other novelists of the century except Scott, was due to the fact that it overleaped the barriers which separate the classes into which the English people are divided, and extended all the way down from the throne to the cottage. Dukes and dandies, lords and ladies of all descriptions, wits, humorists, critics, cynics, diners-out, — indeed, the whole army of the conventional aristocracy of birth, manners, and literature, — were more or less carried away by this genial humorist, who gave them the electric shock of a brisk and new surprise. Sam Weller elbowed his way into fashionable drawing-rooms from which even Pelham would have been excluded; and his estimable father, Tony of the same name, winked, lifted his pewter mug of beer to his lips, and, in the intervals of slowly imbibing the liquid, discoursed wisely on the terrors of second marriages, while lolling on damask cushions in the boudoirs of countesses. This welcomed intrusion of the vulgar, of what is called "the common herd," into the selectest of select circles, was doubtless to be referred, in some degree, to the disgust which intelligent people of fashion had begun to feel for "fashionable novels," then in the last stage of intellectual inanition; but the fact of their exceptional admission into exclusive circles is due to the exceptional genius of the man by whom they were introduced. The middle and the "lower" classes were more easily managed by this magician, for in these was the "main haunt and region" of his romance; and they

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clung to him from the first with a grip that has never been relaxed. They felt that he had idealized their somewhat commonplace existence; that he had domesticated in the imagination of the English people a series of racy characters which were universally felt to belong to "the good society" of human nature, however distant they might be from the society of tedious lords and ladies; that until some genius should spring up, capable of idealizing aristocratic life in similar vivid and poetically humorous pictures of life and character, they would be dominant in the imaginations of men and women; and that, as the poet of the *bourgeois* and the proletariat, Dickens would give the law of essential humanity and politeness to the supercilious upper classes of gentry and nobility whom he and they equally disliked.

Dickens tells us that his friends dissuaded him from undertaking a work to be issued in monthly parts, price one shilling, because it was "a low, cheap form of publication," by which he would ruin all his "rising hopes." Macaulay, in his essay on Addison, has recorded a few of the instances in which the friends of an author have adjured him not to undertake the particular work by which he raised himself to that eminence which now makes him widely known. Herder entreated Goethe not "to take up so unpromising a subject as Faust." The History of Charles the Fifth gave Robertson immense reputation, and put forty-five hundred pounds in his pocket; but Hume tried to persuade him not to choose such a period for the exercise of his historical talent. Pope advised Addison to print the tragedy of Cato, but not to run the risk of its being hissed from the stage. One of Scott's best friends predicted the failure of Waverley, and urged him not to peril his reputation by publishing it. The list might be indefinitely extended of intelligent persons who, with the most cordial good-will to an author, have advised him not to think of doing the special thing which his taste or genius prompted him to do. In few cases has the wise neglect, by a man of genius, of the advice of friends been more triumphantly vindicated than by Charles Dickens in the matter of the Pickwick Papers.

The Pickwick Papers are specially interesting to the critic as exhibiting the genius of the author in its processes and growth. It requires two or three perusals before the direct assault on the risibility of the reader has sufficiently subsided to allow any opportunity for the exercise of analysis and judgment; even then the critic titters and chuckles as he dissects, and is reluctantly compelled to admit that humor, as well as beauty, "is its own excuse for being." Carlyle gives a singular illustration of the fascination that the work exercised on the public mind while it was in course of publication. "An archdeacon," he says, "with his own venerable lips repeated to me, the other night, a strange, profane story, of a solemn clergyman who had been administering ghostly consolation to a sick person; having finished, satisfactorily as he thought, and got out of the room, he heard the sick person ejaculate, 'Well, thank God, Pickwick will be out in ten days, any way!'" Such a work defies criticism; yet it may be well to note the marvelous progress of Dickens's mind during the twenty months that he was engaged in its composition. In the earlier chapters, he evidently considered Pickwick, Winkle, Snodgrass, and Tupham as mere puppets, interesting only as they were made interesting by the humorous incidents in which they bear a part. The gradual process by which they become real men, and the incidents are made more humorous through their subordination to the development of character, is detected only by the most laborious scrutiny of the text. The author was himself unconscious of the process by which, month after month, he converted caricatures into characterizations. In respect to Mr. Pickwick, he accounts for the change by declaring that "in real life the peculiarities and oddities of a man who has anything whimsical about him generally impress us first, and that it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look be-

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low those superficial traits, and to know the better part of him." This indicates the method by which Dickens ever afterwards considered his creations as actual beings, whose sayings he quoted as though they had not been put into their mouths by himself; but in the Pickwick Papers he exhibits some of them as growing, and not, as in his succeeding romances, as grown. In a vast majority of cases we may say that his characters are fixed from the moment he introduces them, and never depart from the limitations to which he has confined them, either in intellect or in conduct. The character is formed before he exhibits it on the scene, and all its expressions are almost mechanically true to its type.

In the Pickwick Papers, the first example of his presentation of characters thoroughly matured is Mr. Wardle, of Manor Farm, Dingley Dell; then, in Chapter X., we are introduced to Sam Weller; and finally, in Chapter XX., we are made acquainted with one of the great masterpieces of humorous genius, Tony Weller. In each of these cases the character is unchangeably formed, and all they say and do might be deduced from the logic of character. Mr. Pickwick comes gradually into the same category, and Tupham, Winkle, and Snodgrass solidify by degrees, from personified jokes into human beings. There is a question whether Weller the son is superior or inferior to Weller the father; but no discriminating reader can fail to see that Sam's humor consists in what he says, while Tony's consists not so much in what he says as in what he *is*. Tony's mere bodily appearance, as surveyed by the eye of imagination, is more richly ludicrous than any of Sam's jokes; and when he does condescend to furnish us with a single maxim from his accumulated stores of wisdom, the remark owes nine tenths of its wit to our vivid conception of the person by whom it is uttered. Indeed, if we could conceive of a literary flood destroying almost all of the inhabitants of Dickens's ideal world, we think that Tony Weller would be sure to find a secure seat in the ark floating on the engulfing waters, snugly ensconced by the side of Mrs. Gamp, with her dilapidated umbrella spread over them as a kind of shelter from the pitiless rain.

Dickens followed, in the Pickwick Papers, the method of his favorite novelist, Smollett. In the "adventures" of Roderick Random and Peregrine Pickle the interest is purely biographical; there is, properly speaking, no plot. Certain things occur in the experiences of those scapegraces, and are recorded as they occur; still there is no attempt, as in the Tom Jones of Fielding, to make each incident or occurrence an important element in the main design of the story. But the humorous incidents in Dickens's narrative are distinguished from Smollett's by the absence of coarseness. Smollett doubtless represented the manners of his age in depicting scenes which make us laugh, and at the same time make us somewhat ashamed of the cause of our laughter. The more literally true his descriptions are, the more he repels the taste. Besides, he had a misanthrope's delight in exhibiting human beings in situations which were as degrading as they were ludicrous. Dickens's immense animal spirits and his sense of comic situations might have been expected to drive him at times into violations of decorum if not of decency; but his imagination was so beautiful and humane that it allowed free course to his humorous spirit and invention, and still contained both spirit and invention within proper bounds for the production of humor at once beautiful and beneficent.

In the Pickwick Papers there are certain peculiarities of style, description, narrative, and characterization, which gradually deepened, in the novels which succeeded, into permanent traits of Dickens's genius. We shall notice these hereafter, when we come to those works in which they received their full development.

Edwin P. Whipple.

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AUGUST.

SILENCE again. The glorious symphony
Hath need of pause and interval of peace.
Some subtle signal bids all sweet sounds cease,
Save hum of insects' aimless industry.
Pathetic, summer seeks by blazonry
Of color to conceal her swift decrease.
Weak subterfuge! Each mocking day doth fleece
A blossom and lay bare her poverty.
Poor, middle-agèd summer! Vain this show!
Whole fields of golden-rod cannot offset
One meadow with a single violet;
And well the singing thrush and lily know,
Spite of all artifice which her regret
Can deck in splendid guise, their time to go!

H. H.

FROM THE PURPLE ISLAND.

IT is one of the pleasant things about the Purple Island that one need never want for society. Somebody is always at leisure to talk to you. Whether you go down to the decaying wharf, or up to the Cliff, or over to Sconset, and seat yourself on a stone or a timber to look at the sea and watch the fishing-boats, or whether, finding the street you are exploring to end in a flight of gray wooden steps leading down into somebody's back garden, you sit down on the top step thereof and breathe in the south wind from the pines, — in either or any case, you will find appearing from somewhere an old or a young sailor, ship-owner, or captain, ready to enter into a pleasant conversation or to tell you tales of the days that are gone, when Commercial Wharf buzzed like a bee-hive and the wide pastures were white with sheep; when whalers went off on seven years' voyages, and perhaps never heard from home in all the time; when anxious ship-owners and more anxious women paced the walks on top of the great, roomy houses, with glasses all pointed seaward to get the first sight of the ship that was due and overdue. Oftentimes the glass was dropped with tears and thanksgiving as the brave vessel came in sight, adorned as a bride for her husband, and with the signal flying which showed all was well. Oftentimes the growing darkness made the glass useless, and it was closed with a sigh and the remark that there was no use in watching any more *to-night.* And then the pale woman and the grave old man went patiently about their daily housewifely and business cares, growing paler and graver day by day, while all the time the good ship's bones, with those who had sailed with her, lay at rest in the Pacific or Arctic seas. Happy they who knew that their dead were dead, and had no ghastly dreams of drifting boats and waterless vessels and yelling devils of savages. In no place does the tragedy which underlies all human life take a more solemn tone than in a New England fishing or whaling town.

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I was sitting in this way over on the Point, with a book in my lap and a tatting-shuttle in my hand, but doing nothing with either of them. It was a day of Paradise, bright but not glaring, and with just enough of crispness in the air to make me prefer the sunny to the shady side of the old red tower. The gracious presence which beautified the light-house in those days was absent, so I sat down on the sand and found abundance of amusement in watching the little ripples of the advancing tide, the

"Tender curving lines of creamy spray,"

and the pretty little long-legged birds which tripped along the margin of the sea. I was far from strong, and weary with hard work, and the rest of body and mind was inexpressibly pleasant to me. Presently a neat dory was beached not far away, and Captain Burton and his mate Asa came up and joined me. They were both old friends. I had been sailing with them many a day in the captain's beautiful little cat-rigged boat, and hoped to go many times more.

"Seems to me you've always got a book, but I don't see you reading much," remarked the captain, presently.

"I accomplish a good deal in that way on rainy days," I answered. "To-day it would be a mere waste of time to read."

"Some folks say reading novels is a waste of time, anyhow," said Asa. "Uncle Jehiel used to say so."

"Uncle Jehiel thought everything a waste of time that did not help to make one sixpence into two," answered the captain. "If folks must have amusement, and I suppose they must, I don't see why a good novel is n't as good as anything else. I don't object to one now and then, myself."

"Some people condemn them because they are improbable and give false views of life," said I.

"As to that, when any one has been knocked about the world as much as I have, he will come to think one thing about as probable as another!" answered the captain. "I have seen plenty of things with my own eyes which nobody would ever dare to set down in a novel, because every one would cry out, 'How improbable!' My great objection to novels is that the people in them act like such fools."

"You don't consider that giving a false view of life, do you?" I asked.

The captain smiled, showing his white, strong teeth in the midst of his grizzled beard, with quite a startling effect.

"Well, no; not exactly, but I don't think people in real life are fools in just that way. For instance, here 's a young man in love with a young woman, and he wants to tell her so. Well, what does he do? He don't ask her to go out walking or riding, and say to her right out, 'Betsy Jane, will you marry me?' or words to that effect. Nor he don't write it in a letter and stick a stamp on it, and put it in the office, or ask his sister to hand it to her. No, that an't delicate enough to suit his notions. So he writes a note and puts it in a bunch of flowers or a book, or some other place where it 's ten to one she never finds it. Then when he gets no answer, he does n't take an opportunity to say, 'Betsy Jane, did you get my letter?' Not he! He goes and has a brain fever, or runs away to Australia, or some such nonsense. And very likely the young woman is wondering why he don't speak out, and breaking her heart about it. For women do break their hearts about men, though precious few of them are worth it, I can tell you that, sissy!"

"Well, people are just as silly as that in real life," remarked Asa. "There was Ed Swayne and Susan Coffin, thee knows, Beriah!"

"Tell me the story please," said I, "that is, if it is n't a secret."

"Oh dear, no. It was no secret thirty years ago, and we are all old folks now. I am no great hand at a yarn, but I've got to wait here till the light-house man comes back; and so, if it will amuse you, I 'll tell you the story."

And this is the story which Asa told me in that mellow voice and peculiarly soft, clear accent which seems the natural birthright of those born on the Purple Island.

"You must know that Ed Swayne

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and I had been playmates and messmates ever since we could run alone. We had caught our first cod and blue-fish in company, made our first trip in a banker and our first whaling voyage together; and, in short, we were like twin brothers. Mother used to laugh about it, and once, I remember, she said that whoever married one of us would have to take the other, as well.

"'I don't know about that!' says grandma. 'Thy two little tommy kittens, Esther, were very good friends till they began to run out nights to see the pussy cats, and then thee had to send one away to keep them from scratching each other's eyes out.'

"I could n't help laughing; and yet, somehow, I wished grandma had n't said it. She was very old and very wise, and the things she said were wonderful apt to come true. Still, I could n't think Ed and I should ever quarrel. Ed was a good boy, only he had a brooding sort of temper, and he was always proud and apt to fancy slights when nobody meant any."

"Rather a bad sort of temper to have," I remarked.

"Well, I don't know. I never found any kind of bad temper that was very good. I don't know that Ed's was worse than any other. I was just the contrary, and always brought everything right out, so we slipped along together very well. We never had a serious quarrel in the world.

"By and by Ed began to wait on Susan Coffin. No danger of our quarreling about that. Susan was my cousin, and a very nice, good girl. We were always friends, and I had a great respect and regard for her; but we no more thought of falling in love than if we had been brother and sister. Things being in that shape, I was very glad to see Ed making up to Susan, and wished them joy with all my heart. Her folks were a good deal better off than Ed. Her mother was old Cap'n Jehiel's daughter, up to Suckernuck, and the old man had promised to give Susan two thousand dollars on her wedding-day if she married to suit him. All this made Ed rather shy for a while; but they liked each other, and before long they came to an understanding. Susan was a quiet, placid girl, but with more grit and resolution than a good many more noisy ones. Cap'n Coffin, her father, was no ways averse to the match, for he liked Ed, and had a great deal of confidence in Susan's judgment; though for my part, I would n't give that scallop shell for the judgment of the wisest man or woman on earth, once they are fairly in love. Aunt Esther, she liked it, too; but old Cap'n Jehiel was n't pleased a bit. You see, he wanted her to marry one of her own family connection. There was no end of us boys to choose from, and pretty good boys too, though I say it that should n't. But love goes where it is sent, you know.

"One day Cap'n Jehiel came down to see Susan and talk to her about the matter. Now it happened that Susan had gone up to the haul-over with Ed that very afternoon, and when he found it out, the old man's temper wa'n't sweetened a bit. He waited for them till sunset, and just as he was setting out for home he met them coming in. Ed had his little boat, and there was nobody aboard but himself and Susan.

"'Ed Swayne, ahoy!' sings out the captain.

"'Ahoy!' answered Ed.

"'Draw along-side, will you?' says Cap'n Jehiel; 'I want to speak to you.'

"So Ed drew along-side as near as he could, and says he, 'What can I do for you, cap'n?'

"Says Cap'n Jehiel, 'Is it true what I hear, that you are a-courting my granddaughter, Susan Coffin?'

"'That 's so, sir,' answers Ed.

"'And that she means to have you?'

"'So she says!' answered Ed, after looking at Susan, and waiting a minute for her to answer for herself if she chose.

"'Very well!' says Captain Jehiel. 'Then I shall save my two thousand dollars. Susan has got cousins enough to take her pick from, and if they an't good enough for her, then my money an't good enough, either. Good night, young folks.'

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"Then they parted company, and the old man bore away for Suckernuck, thinking he had done something smart, though he might have known better than to think he should gain anything by threatening one of his own flesh and blood. Just as they parted, Susan spoke up, as placid as a summer morning.

"'Good night, grandfather,' says she; 'give my love to grandmother and all the folks at home.'

"Ed and Susan parted good friends enough, but afterwards, when Ed came to think it over, he did n't feel quite satisfied. He thought Susan might have spoken up for herself, and that she need n't have said good night quite so friendly. So he did n't go to see her for two or three days.

"One day he was busy putting up some cleats in his shed. He owned a pretty little house where he lived with his old grand aunt; and, sailor-fashion, he was always tinkering it and making improvements. He was just thinking how Susan would put up her clothes-lines on these cleats, and how he would make her a set of ivory clothes-pins his next voyage, when old Huldah Greenaway came in to borrow a hammer. Huldah was an off-islander who had come from nobody knew where. She was as old as the hills and as ugly as sin, and some folks thought she knew more than any one had any business to know. The women-folks used to hire her to make soap and try lard, and the like, for she was uncommonly smart to work; but they got shy of having her after a while, because wherever she went some family trouble seemed sure to follow. I don't think, myself, there was any witchcraft about the matter. I think Huldah was only a mischief-making, tattling old sinner, but that's bad enough, in all conscience. Well, she got what she wanted, and then says she, —

"'So you and Susan's broke off!'

"'Who told you that?' asks Ed.

"'Them that knows!' says Huldah, with her spiteful laugh. 'I don't have to look in the papers when I want to learn the news. Susan's a-going to marry her cousin Asa. I see 'em walking together only last night. Oh, Susan knows which side her bread is buttered!' says Huldah, laughing again and showing her white teeth, as strong and sharp as a shark's. 'She don't mean to let that money go out of the family.'

"Now, would n't any one have said that the most natural thing in the world would have been for Ed to come to me, if he did n't want to go to Susan, and ask in so many words what was the matter?"

"It would have been according to nature and common sense, and Scripture into the bargain!" said Captain Burton, who had been listening with the greatest interest. "'If thy brother trespass against thee, tell him his fault between him and thee alone,' the good book says. But when folks are in love there's no saying what they 'll do."

"Just so. Well, Ed never said a word to me or anybody. He took his boat and went off scup-fishing all alone, and stayed till ten o'clock at night, brooding and thinking over all he had heard, and all that Susan had or had n't said, so that by the time he got home he was in a state to catch fire at anything. As ill luck would have it, just as he was going up Step Lane to his own house he met Susan and me. We did n't notice him, though it was moonlight, for we were in a hurry and he was on the shady side of the street. If he had only stopped or spoken, he would have heard the whole story. But not he! He thought of what old Huldah had told him, and made up his mind at once. He just went home and packed up a few things, and the next morning early he went over to New London and shipped on board a Cape Horner for a five years' voyage. He wrote to his old aunt to tell her the news, and sent a message to Susan to the effect that he released her from her engagement to him and left her free to earn her grandfather's money. There was n't a word to me.

"If he had only written to Susan, it would n't have been quite so bad, for she was a girl who could keep her own counsel; but old Aunt Eunice was a talking body, and she had never liked

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the notion of Ed's marrying Susan. So she not only told Susan, but twenty other people, and in two or three days there were not a dozen people on the island who did n't know that Ed Swayne had broken with Susan Coffin and gone off on a Cape Horner. A great many people blamed Ed, and some blamed Susan, and said she had an eye to the main chance, and so on; but nobody ventured to mention the matter to her, for she was not a girl to take liberties with.

"Susan bore it pretty well, to all appearance. She grew a little thinner and paler, but she kept about her work all the same, attending to the house, waiting on her mother, who was a delicate woman, and making things pleasant to everybody, except to my brother Dave, who was fool enough to try to make up to her, and got sent off with a flea in his ear. She had always been a serious-minded young woman, and about this time she began to exercise in meeting, mostly in the way of prayer. Friends found her very acceptable, and she got to be uncommonly useful, especially among the young.

"Folks naturally coupled Susan's name and mine together, and Uncle Jehiel thought he was going to get matters his own way, and crowed a good deal about it. He found out his mistake some six months afterward, when I stood up in meeting with Lois Macey, whom I had been waiting on for a whole year. The old man was mad enough, but I cared very little about that. I did n't want any of his money.

"Of course, having a wife to support, I could n't afford to stay long at home, however I might have liked it; so after two or three months, Uncle Jethro Macey gave me a good berth on his whaler. The place was full of whalers in those days. The big ships lay in the harbor as thick as clams in a sand-bank, and the old red and gray warehouses and try-houses, that are so empty and silent now, were full of business and bustle. There was plenty of fun, too. They used to give New Year's balls in that warehouse you see yonder, and there my own father danced with poor Elizabeth Swayne not ten minutes before she was summoned home in her pink brocade and with the mask on her face, to her aunt's death-bed."

"Poor thing, she paid a heavy price for her frolic, if all tales are true!" remarked Captain Burton; "but go on, Asa."

"I 'm afraid I 'm making a long yarn of it," said Asa. "So I 'll hurry up a little. Of course I went down to Aunt Esther's to say good-by, and Susan said she guessed she would walk back with me as far as old Huldah's. For Huldah was breaking up at last, and Susan was as good as an angel to her. She heaped coals of fire on her head if any one ever did, but Huldah's skull was pretty thick, and I don't believe they burned her much, after all. Just as we parted at the gate, I ventured to say something that had been on my mind all the evening.

"'Susan, supposing I meet Ed, out there anywhere; shall I say anything to him?'

"'Thee may tell him how it was,' says she, after thinking a minute. 'I don't know as I ought to say any more than that.'

"'That 's more than he deserves,' said I.

"'We won't talk about deserts, Asa,' says Susan. 'The best of us can't afford to do that. But thee can tell him just how it was, and say that I asked thee to do so.'

"Well, I sailed the next day, leaving Lois at home with her mother. We had been out a year and a little over, and by great good luck we had had letters once during the time. Often a whaler would be out three or four years and never hear from home once in all that time."

"Yes, I know," said I. "When I first came here we had a mail only every other day, but as sure as I said a word about it, some old gentleman would tell me how he used to go out whaling, and not get a letter in five years."

"Just so. Well, we had put into Callao for some repairs, and I had found a long letter from my wife, so I was feel-

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ing very nice indeed. I was going along the street, whistling, when I stumbled on a Kanaka I used to sail with, a good-hearted, honest little fellow as ever lived, and a first-rate sailor. So we naturally stopped for a bit of yarnin', and says he to me presently, 'There 's a man from your place in the little hospital here, very sick.'

"'Who is it?' I asked.

"'I don't know his name,' says he. 'He was picked up at sea in a whale-boat, the only one left alive of the crew, and brought in here by a Portuguese brig. The place is n't far off, if you like to go and see him. I heard say he would n't live long.'

"Well, of course I wanted to go, and he took me to a hospital. It was a comfortable place for the kind, not very large, and was under the care of some sisters or nuns. I could speak the language enough to be understood, and the lady in charge was very polite, and took me at once to see the patient, only cautioning me that he was very weak. He was lying in a ward by himself on a decent, clean bed. He was fearfully worn and wasted, but the minute I set eyes on him I knew it was Ed Swayne. I had been angry and unforgiving toward him for a good while, but the feeling all went away the minute I saw him. It is a fearful sight, a man wasted to skin and bone by famine. There is no sickness which gives such a look."

"I know!" said I. "I saw the men from Andersonville."

"Just so. Well, Ed did n't seem to notice me at first. He was asleep or in a stupor, I could n't tell which, so I sat down by the bed and got out my wife's letter again. I had read it over for the tenth time, trying to realize that I had a baby of my own, when poor Ed moaned and opened his eyes.

"'Drink!' said he faintly.

"There was a jug of cool stuff made of lemons or something standing by, and I raised his head and gave him a drink. As I laid him down he looked at me earnestly, and I saw at once that he knew me.

"'Asa!' said he in a whisper, and trying to put out his hand to me. '*Is* it Asa, or am I dreaming again?'

"'It is Asa this time, and no mistake!' said I, trying to speak as cheerful as I could. 'How are you, old fellow?'

"'I 'm not long for this world,' says he; 'I 've seen about the last of it, and I don't know that I 'm very sorry either.'

"I did n't contradict him, for I never found much use in that, so I said I was glad he had such a comfortable place, or words to that effect.

"'Yes, they are very kind,' he answered, in a dejected sort of way; 'but it seems dreary to die without having any one to make a prayer or say a verse of Scripture to comfort one. The ladies are very good, but they are not our sort, you know, and I can't understand them, nor they me. Can't you stay with me, Asa? I shan't keep you long. I know I have n't used you very well, but'—and here he stopped for weakness, but he held my hand with his wasted fingers and looked into my face with great, hollow, hungry eyes. That look went to my heart, I can tell you. I did n't answer for about a minute, and during that minute I thought of more things than a man often does in an hour. Our ship was to sail next day on her homeward voyage. I did n't know how soon I might get another chance, and there was my wife expecting me, and the other young woman that I had n't seen yet. But Lois was well off with her mother, and here was my old friend to all appearance dying, with not a soul near to care for him except strangers. I thought all this over while I was dropping my wife's letter and picking it up again. Then I made up my mind what my duty was.

"'Of course I 'll stay with you; that is, if I can settle matters with Uncle Jethro, and I guess I can,' says I. 'Don't you worry, Ned! I shan't leave you alone, anyhow.'

"It took some time to see Uncle Jethro and talk him over, for at first he would n't hear of such a thing, and scolded me for thinking of it. But he was a good old man, and soft-hearted, and a good Christian besides; and at last he

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agreed to let me stay if I would send Kanaka John in my place. Then I had to hunt up John, to write to Lois and pack up some things I had bought for her at one place and another, and get my traps ashore. I was n't afraid of what Lois would say, though, of course, I knew she would feel it at first. By night-fall, however, it was all done. I hired a decent lodging — decent for those parts — not far from the hospital, and then I went back to Ed. He had fallen into a kind of stupor again, and the nurse said that unless he took a turn for the better she did n't think he could last many hours. You see, he had been almost starved to death, and, as sometimes happens in such cases, he seemed to have lost the power of taking nourishment. I won't deny that as I sat by Ed's bedside about two o'clock in the morning, with the lights burning low, and everything quiet, only some poor crazy woman who was crying and screaming in another part of the house, — I won't deny that I wished myself back on shipboard again. I thought of Lois and the baby that I had never seen and might never see; of the chances there were against my getting a direct passage home; of Uncle Jethro's arrival at home, and the way Lois and my mother would look when they found that I had not come. I remembered how delicate mother was, and how many things might happen, and I won't deny but I made something of a fool of myself. If there is any time in the twenty-four hours when the devil has particular control of a man's thoughts, it is between two and four o'clock in the morning.''

" Some folks would say that your second thoughts were best, and that your first duty was toward your wife!'' remarked Captain Burton.

" I don't believe second thoughts are always best!'' answered Asa, his dark face flushing a little; " I believe when a man is in the habit of trying to do and think the thing that is right, his first thoughts are almost always best. And I think a man's first duty to his wife is to do his duty *like* a man, whatever it costs him. If my wife had been in any need or danger, she would have had the first claim, but she was n't. She was safe at home among her own folks, and nobody knows what those four words mean — among your own folks — till he has been sick among strangers in a strange land.''

" That 's just as true as you live!'' said Captain Burton, emphatically. " *I* think you did the right thing. Go ahead!''

" I knew that kind of thing would n't answer, of course,'' continued Asa. " So I took out a little Testament mother gave me when I went my first voyage, and which I always carried in my pocket; and after I had read and thought a little while, I was all right again. Still, the night was pretty long, and I did n't dare to go to sleep because the lady had told me that Ed might be taken worse at any time. I had got out my letter, to have another look at the lock of the baby's hair which Lois had pinned at the top of the paper, when Ed moved and opened his eyes. I saw at once that he knew me.

" ' You have got a letter from home? ' says he in a kind of ghostly whisper, after I had given him a drink and laid him down again.

" ' Yes, from my wife,' says I. He gave a deep sigh and closed his eyes, but presently opened them again.

" ' Is Susan — is she well? ' he asked.

" ' I suppose so, though Lois does n't mention her,' answered I; ' she has so much to tell about the baby, that she has no room for anything else, only to say generally that all our folks are well.'

" Ed opened his eyes so wide that they seemed to swallow up all the rest of his face.

" ' Lois! ' says he. ' Who 's Lois? '

" ' Why, Lois Macey that was. I forgot thee did n't know I was married. Yes, Lois and I were joined more than a year ago, and now she has a nice little girl.'

" ' Lois! ' he repeated in the same dazed way, and then a minute afterwards, ' I don't understand; I thought you were going to marry Susan Coffin.'

" I 'm rather a bad Quaker, I know,

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but I never was given to swearing. However, I did swear a little then.

"'I swear to thunder if thee an't the biggest fool that ever sailed out of harbor!' says I. 'Susan Coffin never would have had me if I had wanted her, and I never did want her. What should I want of a little red-headed wax doll like Susan, when I could have such a girl as Lois Macey?' says I.

"That touched Ed, as I meant it should. He was so excited that he sat right up in bed. 'Red-headed wax doll!' said he in quite a fury; 'Susan Coffin is handsomer than Lois Macey ever thought she was, and her hair is no more red than yours.'

"'Well, we won't quarrel about that,' says I, laughing. 'Susan is a good girl, anyhow, as nobody knows better than I; and as for beauty, she 's handsome enough for thee, any day. But what put such a notion in thy head?'

"'Well, Huldah Greenaway told me first.'

"'A pretty business for thee to be listening to old Huldah! As if thee did n't know what *she* was!'

"'And then I saw you walking together so late in Step Lane that night before I came away. I met you just above the steps,' said Ed; but he looked ashamed as he spoke.

"'Edward Swayne, if thee was n't sick, thee 'd deserve to have thy head broke, for a fool, if nothing worse!' says I. 'If thee 'd 'a' spoken out like a man, instead of sneaking along in the dark, thee 'd have heard all about it. Grandma was taken worse, and mother was feeble and had a little baby, so I went for Susan to stay with grandma. There 's the explanation of the whole mystery. Susan cares more for thy thick head than for all her cousins put together, and if thee had n't been a jealous-pated idiot, we might both have been going home to our wives in the old island this minute.'

"Ed groaned and hid his face. By and by he said, without looking up, —

"'I don't suppose Susan will ever speak to me again.'

"'Thee don't deserve that she should,' said I, 'but I 'll tell thee what she said to me the last thing: "Asa, if thee should meet Ed anywhere, tell him how it was."'

"We were both silent a good while after this, but by and by a bird chirped out by the window, and says Ed, —

"'It 's morning, is n't it?'

"'Yes; why?'

"'Because, I 'm hungry; and I want my breakfast!' answered Ed. 'Asa, yesterday I gave myself up to die. I thought I should never see another morning, and I did n't want to. But now I must get well if I can, if only to go home and tell Susan that I am sorry. I don't know whether she will have me, and I shan't blame her if she don't; but I must try, any way. I have n't wanted to eat anything since they picked me up, but now I am hungry, and I want my breakfast.'

"Well, I called the nurse, and she brought Ed some chocolate. He drank it every bit, and then cried because the lady would n't let him have any more. After that he mended faster than any one I ever saw, and in little more than a month he was ready to go home. He was never tired of hearing about Susan and her doings, but he looked rather blank when he heard about her preaching.

"'I don't believe she will have a word to say to me!' says he. 'She 'll be afraid of disobliging friends.'

"'Not a bit, so long as thee belongs to meeting,' says I. 'Look at Rosanna Coit; her husband 's a sailor.'

"That cheered him up a little, but he was in twenty minds about going home at the very last minute. I don't know what sort of a meeting they had, or how they made it up. But make it up they did, and that in a very short time, and Uncle Jehiel came to the wedding.

"'Well, young folks,' says he, when he had kissed the bride, 'I suppose you think you have cheated the old man, but you are mistaken. I 've been looking into the matter, and I find that Edward's grandmother and my mother were own cousins. So Susan 's gone and married her cousin, after all.' That

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was the way he got out of it, you see. They had quite a family, and their oldest son married my oldest girl and went to San Francisco. Now he 's captain of one of their great steamers that run between California and China."

That was the story friend Asa told me, sitting on the sand over by the red light-house on the beach of the Purple Island, while the white gulls dipped and rose and the beach-birds called to each other in strange, clear voices, and the solemn double toll of the bell-buoy came over the water. You will not find the Purple Island set down on any map. But if you go down to Wood's Hole and take the Island Home, you will by and by see a long strip of purple haze overhanging the southern horizon, and the tall churches and houses of the old town rising gray, quaint, and beautiful before you.

Lucy Ellen Guernsey.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

II.

A MONTH has done more than might have been expected to evolve order at the Exhibition, both within doors and without. Yet there are still unfinished, untidy patches in various directions, some of them in very odd ones. For instance, before the east end of the Main Building, the only uninclosed approach in the whole circuit and the only one to which carriages may come, which therefore may properly be considered the principal entrance, there is a bit of rough, ragged ground strewn with all sorts of rubbish, and the more conspicuous in its neglected disorder for lying between the smooth asphalts immediately in front of the building and the gravel roads and soft turf of the park on the other hand. Now that the barrier of vans, wains, freight-cars, and packing-cases has disappeared from the base of the Main Building, it is possible to judge of its external effect. It is not handsome nor agreeable, though not positively the reverse; the interminable length of straight line which is so well adapted to the purposes of the interior has that look of mere utility deadly to grace or beauty, not rising here, as it sometimes does, into dignity. At one end, besides the ugly bit of ground just mentioned, a panorama of the siege of Paris has been set up in what looks like a huge gasometer, dull gray instead of black. This and a row of brick tenement-houses spoil the view of the tree-tops rising from below the plateau, and the fine bridges over the river, and lovely slopes of the opposite bank. Towards town the long southern side of the structure is parallel with a wide street lined by horse-cars, hideous, hearse-like vehicles called park or Centennial carriages, drays, carts, and all the unornamental sorts of equipages; the more elegant ones are not often to be seen in that quarter. The farther side of the street presents an irregular *façade* of hotels and boarding-houses of vulgar aspect, "run up" especially for this occasion; and beyond them, cityward, of brick-kilns, converging and diverging railroad-tracks sunk between ragged embankments, blocks of mean houses standing up amid waste spaces of coarse weeds half-choked with rags, bits of newspaper, rusty iron, broken bottles, old shoes, and hoop-skirts; here and there a monstrous shell of clapboards, or a caravanserai tent squatting over an acre, dignified by the name of hotel, but apparently containing only drinking rooms. The Exhibition cannot be reached in this direction without unpleasant elbowing from low forms of vice, and contemplation of the worst forms of suburban ugliness. The opposite or north-

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ern side of the Main Building is divided from the grounds by the convenient but disfiguring railway, which encircles the whole inner area, so that it is only at the western end that the approach to the most important part of the Exhibition — the Exhibition proper, in fact — is not positively displeasing, or marred by displeasing objects. Here grass, the shade of trees, the freshness of an immense fountain, fill the interval between this west front and Machinery Hall, while to the right a wide opening, where the ground falls away, gives a view of smaller buildings, pretty and airy-looking, among foliage, with knolls and hollows and glimpses of water, the leafy branches stretching a net-work of pleasantness over everything. It would be unreasonable to complain that beauty should not be the first and predominant effect in a great industrial show, but it is a real cause of regret in this country — where ancient and abiding forms of beauty are lacking, where ugliness grows spontaneously under the footsteps of man, like those evil weeds unknown to the virgin prairie which spring up after cultivation — that opportunities for gratifying and educating taste should be thrown away or abused; and there are many lost opportunities in the Centennial grounds. One of the most pitiable is the fountains, which are for the most part designed to convince Philadelphians that there is no such thing as a pretty fountain. A beautiful play of water makes a delightful object in the green space of intersection between Belmont and Fountain avenues, but here the gracious element has been mostly left to itself. When one remembers the charming results which can be got from mere water, a sheet, a jet, or a fall, it is more irritating to encounter the scarecrows which seem to have been raised in emulation of those which disfigure our streets and squares. It is only in the Main Building, where they appear as monuments to the virtues of Spa, Vichy, or Kissingen, that one gives a sardonic assent to their fitness.

There are causes of irritation enough besides the fountains, the overheard questions and comments of visitors, and other provocations which affect one very differently at the beginning and at the end of a long day's looking. I have not yet been able to discover whether there is a stated time for music, or whether some melodious yet diabolic influence impels the performers at one and the same moment to rush to their different stools, so that as one listens absently but with pleasure to the organ rolling out the overture to the Huguenots the ear is tormented as by a gust with the persistence of "Il segretto per esser Felice" from a thin piano, it may be the richest Steinway or Chickering ever manufactured, but poor as heard against the sonority of the grander instrument; and moving off to be out of reach of this, one comes within the range of another organ, and the soul swells and sinks with the chords of the funeral march from Beethoven's Sonata Eroica. Gradually the notes of the garden-duet from Faust steal through the sublime sorrow of the lament for a hero, and, disgraceful to say, it is not intolerable; but when "motives" from Martha begin to come in at the other ear, Babel and Bedlam get possession of the senses and brain, and one takes to flight. All around are fellow countryfolk from every part of our wide land, some looking at particular things, others at things in general, a great number only at the people. Other signs apart, they can be classified by their views of the Exhibition: the New Yorkers could have done it so much better, the Bostonians would not have done it at all; the real admirers are the Southerners and Westerners. But in their particular remarks all betray one weakness which may be inherent to human nature, but which I have observed as a characteristic of my country-people — the inability to believe that what is new to one's self is not new to everybody else. It is confounding to witness the fatuity with which persons whose ignorance might lead them to suspect that others knew more than they, or those whose intelligence and information must have convinced them of it, will announce well-known facts as discoveries of their own. I know few Americans

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who are not capable of astonishing a Japanese with an account of the practice of *harikari.*

Turning from my fellow-creatures themselves to what they have achieved, I was struck by the suitability of entering the German department through a recess simulating the inside of a book-shop, surrounded by counters representing the leading publishing-houses, chiefly of Leipzig and Berlin. The arrangement is very good: fine maps and photographs from the great pictures of their national galleries cover the board partitions, and sentences in Greek, Latin, German, and English, on the friendship of books and the solaces of study, form an appropriate cornice. It is a meet introduction to a people whose learning is solid and scholarly. A curious evidence of their slowness, however, and one which no doubt has often been instanced, is that they, the inventors of printing, should be so far behind some other nations in the art, and should not yet have adopted the types which all the lettered peoples of Europe have recognized as the common medium. It is natural also to see Germany make an elaborate display of drugs and pharmacies; but an apothecary's window, however cunningly arranged, has little attraction for eyes which have seen through purple jars. There is, however, in the neighboring case of dyes, a beauty independent of scientific or industrial purposes. They are principally mineral, and fill the fancy with the splendor of the underground palaces of the gnomes and kobolds; there is a strange, hard, unsympathetic quality in the colors, which one might ascribe to their stony origin; the hues are distinctly metallic, whether presented in the form of powder or of liquid. This hardness runs through a magnificent scale of reds, from scarlet to rose, although they are illustrated by hanks of cotton and gleaming skeins of floss-silk. A superb mountain of ultramarine rests on a pedestal round which are assorted little cups of all the kindred or derivative tints, from this profound, gorgeous blue up to the palest shade of turquoise, where the eye ceases to distinguish the boundary between azure and green, and follows in bewilderment until it meets something as unmistakable as emerald. It is singular to observe, in going through the departments, what becomes of these beautiful colors in the hands of German bad taste. If one averts the eyes from show-cases of silks and velvets which actually hurt them, to the specimens of ornamental needle-work, the pain is transferred to the mind to see the labor and patience, the excellent skill and dexterity, expended on objects so frightful in design and color: even when they are tolerably good, — and in a few instances they are really pretty, — some inopportune bit of black lace, or tinsel, or bead-work spoils everything. And yet Berlin wool gave birth to modern embroidery, and the South Kensington school of needlework, however it may lean and ape after Flemish tapestry or India shawls, really had its rise in canvas and cross-stitch. The Saxons are very strong in linen, where their designs, being strictly limited to imitation of leaves and flowers, are pretty enough, although entirely inartistic. It is a subject of surprise that the last have sent no china; the famous Dresden or rather Meissen manufactories contribute nothing, which is a pity every way, it being the most perfected of their industries, and the one which would embellish the Exhibition most. This is not the only case where one of the most prominent and graceful inventions of a country has been left out of her display. Norway has a native pottery, which judges declare to be fine and full of character; of this peculiar sort there is not a specimen — only imitations of foreign china. The French show is far below what might be expected in this branch. Sèvres itself, that is, the government, shows nothing, nor does Blois, and the rest is unimportant and not remarkably pretty; the handsomest that I saw were the *faïences de Gien*, a town on the Loire, among which were some dark blue vases with delicate, bright flowers in Japanese style. Among the Limoges faïence were some large jars of coarsely-colored ground, with sprays of pale-tinted flowers carelessly flung over them,

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the effect of which was better than anything in the finished, finer kinds; and this should not be. Yet it is so throughout, in regard to china, always excepting the Eastern departments. Sweden has some very simple household pottery, large crocks and jars of a dark brown color, absolutely without effort or pretension in design, which are very satisfactory to the eye. Spain shows common red pottery of the very coarsest kind, but of the most admirable forms, recalling Etruscan; and some delicious cream-colored earthen-ware of exceedingly curious and graceful shapes, with a shell pattern like rough embroidery encrusted over it, which suggests a Moorish origin. Undoubtedly both sorts are very old; there is not a trace of modern thought or taste about them. Russia, too, has some pale yellow and brown pottery which is pleasing. Remembering that Frederick the Great almost destroyed the Meissen manufactories, carrying off men, materials, tools, and models, that Berlin might have as fine china as Dresden, there is a satisfaction for those who do not worship the High Hand in seeing how uninteresting the array of porcelain from Prussia is. In Germany, also, the common pottery strikes one more than the costlier kinds; there are shelves of stone-ware, big and coarse, yet of the best shapes, and cool gray, brown, and dark blue colors, which with all the difference of date, style, and finish recall the old Nuremberg ware, dear to antiquarians, which is also there, with its droll designs and pewter handles and covers, fit to deceive anybody but an expert. It is wonderful what an honest, wholesome tone the combination of that particular blue, gray, and brown produces; and the effect of the homely shapes with their legends inscribed on bowl or brim is very old-time and friendly. There is something in the genius of the Germans which appeals peculiarly to that corner of our microcosm where the feelings and imagination meet; they excel in delighting children, and it is this quality which produces the Kindergarten, our favorite fairy-stories, and the toys which captivate as no French or English ones can. There is a sentimental pleasure in looking at the toys, among which Nuremberg keeps her time-honored preëminence; they are funny, grotesque, yet have a touch of that genial German humor which distinguishes them from all other playthings, however pretty and ingenious; they speak to one's humanity. Some of them have a quaint poetry, as the stork carrying the baby in a bundle, — in German nurseries it is the stork that brings a little brother or sister, — or Krisskringle figured as a Lapp with a sledge and four-in-hand of reindeer. The German dolls are not so irresistibly lovely as the English wax doll baby, but they look as if they were meant for children, and have not that horrible aspect of *cocottes* which those in our shop-windows have worn for years past. German bad taste, whatever it comes from, does not come from corruptness. Yet it is amazingly all-pervading; it has crept through Austria into Bohemia, and stamped the glass. In the large display of that celebrated manufacture there is hardly a piece one would be willing to admit into one's rooms; the plain white or combinations of green are the least objectionable. The only articles which could be called pretty were a pair of vases of a cool, opaque aquamarine ground, with garlands of fragile white wild-flowers. It is strange how much better this ware looks in Prague, whither it comes direct from the great glass-works in the heart of the Giant Mountains. There are some very elegant chandeliers of clear and opaque glass, but these belong to the jurisdiction of upholstery; the only artistic glass in this department appeared in a few specimens, hardly enough to judge by, of church windows from the Tyrol, rich and deep in color, with a semi-lucent amber ground of a peculiar, ridged surface. The German bronzes are very poor (nor are the French much better, except in execution), and the want of variety in the figures is ludicrous; the favorite subjects are Frederick the Great and the present Crown Prince, on horseback, on foot, in uniform, in armor, idealized, apotheosized. This stern folk can work only in iron, apparently. There

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is a small but fine collection of wrought iron, copies or imitations of the antique, casques, shields, vases, and platters; the workmanship is admirable; there is one specimen just from the mold, dull and with particles of earth adhering to it; there is as much difference between it in this stage and when finished and polished, as between a statue in the clay and in plaster; in the last process the plastic or malleable look is lost. The tokens of the only fine art in which Germany holds supremacy are unfortunately mute witnesses without a skillful interpreter. Some of them are comically ugly; among the brass instruments there is a many-mouthed monster like a sort of musical octopus ; among the pianos a curious new species, long, with a round end, which bears the same relation in size to the grand piano that the upright does to the square, and about the same relation in volume and tone. The zitherns and mandolins have forms to match their pretty names, but the *soul* of the musical instrument abides elsewhere than in its body, and informs it only to the ear. Wandering northward through the German department one comes upon an immense mass of amber, in every stage from rough pebbles to rosin; it is enough to spoil one's enjoyment of everything made of the exquisite substance, even the fantastic little chandelier of the clear and clouded amber in the Austrian section, which might have been made for an archduchess's baby-house. In the gross it looks like a great heap of chemicals in a crude state, with here and there a bit of soap. It is a strong example of how apt precious things are to lose their quality if seen in too great quantity. One feels this constantly in going through the Exhibition, as to ivory, as to the malachite and *lapis-lazuli* tables of the Russian department, — although the great single block of rough malachite is fine, — even as to jewels; the unset, uncut opals, sapphires, etc., might just as well be any shining pebble one finds on a beach or in a brook, the diadems and necklaces might as well be stage ornaments. When the costliness depends not on rarity in the material but on delicacy and perfection of workmanship, this doubt and disgust do not ensue; one does not weary of acres of Japanese *virtu*, and the countless folds of Brussels lace convey a sense of the refinement and excess of luxury which is by some recondite and complex process pleasurable, and which the sight of a yard does not produce.

Russia is not ready yet, which seems unreasonable, as so many larger departments are in order; it is not likely, however, that the empty cases will contain anything but varieties of objects already exposed, among which are a number of exceedingly rich and beautiful furs made into wraps fit for the empress; strange, rare skins of arctic fox and wolf and other animals, whose superb peltries seem as if they were wasted on those icy solitudes. Some of the Russian bronzes struck me as having merit, — at least that of presenting unhackneyed subjects and groups; the rough moujik, the military Cossack, are good figures for the material. The life of the steppes has picturesque incidents and accessories. But French taste, imperfectly apprehended, is the ruling influence in their productions, with the most wretched results. The most characteristic objects they have to show are those of enameled metal, Oriental in form, design, and color, yet, I believe, peculiar to Russia; they are salvers, cups, coffee-pots, and various vessels of national origin and use, and the style has been applied to the thousand knick-knacks of modern fancy, toilet and writing table appointments. The effect is chiefly that of gold or fine brass, variegated with bold, bright colors, which follow elaborate patterns of meeting and interwoven lines and bands, less intricate than most Eastern designs, but of the same complex and original tendency. The shapes, though sometimes flattening out into fine breadth, or arching into long-necked slenderness, have the bulbous disposition which is also Oriental; however new the present specimens, they carry the mind back past czars to khans. But those looking for antiquities in the northern countries will be most gratified by the little collection

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of ancient relics in the Swedish or Norwegian department, among which is a heavy gold chain, handsomely and curiously wrought, which may have hung round the neck or the helm of Olaf Trygvesson, and a gold-mounted drinking-horn on wheels, worthy of a place on the board at the bouts of Valhalla. The old carved wooden chests and sideboards, with their show of old brass, will also attract our new guild of *bric-à-brac* hunters. But in wood-carving, as far as I have seen, — and nobody can be sure that to-morrow will not reveal something overlooked to-day, — Belgium excels, showing some of the skill of those famous old Flemish masters whose works one makes pilgrimages to behold. There is splendid tapestry from Mechlin (an art I had thought lost in the land of Arras), although these modern productions differ from the old ones and fall below them, in the same way as new stained glass compared with old, the attempt to approximate to painting destroying the happy effect of mere color to be found in the archaic figures and scenes of old windows and hangings. Nowhere in the Exhibition has the occasional illusion of being in Europe possessed me so strongly as in this department; the familiar names of Turnhout, Ypres, Courtrai, Ghent, Alost, Spa, Verviers, succeed each other so closely that it seems as if the stations were flitting by the window of the railway-carriage, or the guard shouting them aloud. Then in Belgium all one's purchases are either linen or lace, and here one goes from case to case of the more useful or more exquisite fabric, each a triumph of manufacture in its way, just as one idled past the shop-windows in Brussels or Antwerp on the way to the Cathedral or the Hôtel de Ville. This momentary deception is sometimes very strong in the French department, the arrangement of the wares is so perfectly Parisian. There are singularly few things in the department which one covets or would care to own; there is a second-rate look about most of them which classes them with French things sold in Broadway and Chestnut Street rather than in the Rues Rivoli and Castiglione; but the arrangement is so attractive, the simple show-cases of black wood and thin, clear glass, with their plain, slim, gold lettering, have such a native elegance, that the eye ranges or rests among them with pleasure and contentment. The gaze is gratified even in passing by the colors of the dry-goods, the style of the ready-made apparel; the bronze, glass, china, and the whole family of *petits objets*, though individually rather trashy, are spread in seductive array. These people possess the secret of taste, and it adorns whatever they attempt, outside the realm of art, where higher laws prevail. I do not mean to deny them artistic perception, but only to distinguish between the gifts; the latter comes out strongly in the beautiful reproductions of the old fabrics, damask and brocade, which, though mere mechanical achievements, strike me as better than the laborious performances of the South Kensington school of needle-work, while the heavy tapestry curtains from Nîmes are really magnificent, and, although draping a partition of the carriage section, call up the most romantic thoughts of old *château* life.

Most Americans are so familiar with the limited varieties of Swiss wares that the examples of them here are less interesting than less pretty things. The commissioners' office is a fanciful little *châlet*, only too like the pretty dens of thieves which line the promenade of Interlaken beneath the great walnut-trees. There is apparently a most excellent display of material for the whole range of educational and scientific courses. The same thing is to be noted in Holland's department, with fine maps and plans of public works; but these are specialties which belong to the province of a really educated observation, and not to that of the mere sight-seer. So do the carefully and most gracefully prepared botanical specimens, the samples of rare woods, of minerals, of cereals, to be seen in many of the departments. There is a natural desire, moreover, in many nations who are somewhat behindhand in their industrial development, to display their progress in the manufacture

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of kerseymeres and false teeth. Only manufacturers or dealers in such articles can be expected to show an intelligent interest in these, though their presence is significant in such non-productive countries as Mexico and the South American republics. In all these countries of Spanish or kindred origin, there is a healthy, vigorous artistic vein running through the articles of common use. The Mexicans have no pottery worth mentioning (though there are a few curious bits, undoubtedly of very ancient shape), but large wooden dishes and platters painted with flowers, very gay and pleasing in design and color. Brazil has some very handsome hammocks, interwoven and decorated with many colors, with gold and silver and gaudy feathers. They are extremely ornamental; they seem to betray a savage instinct of taste; one generally ascribes all decoration found in these regions to a Moorish origin, but here the Indian finger can be seen. There are also exceedingly handsome stamped leather saddles and housings; a horse could not be more nobly caparisoned than in such trappings, which are not so elaborate as to encumber the action or hide the form. Besides these, and a most brilliant but ephemeral trophy of feather-flowers, butterflies, and beetles, there is really nothing in the gorgeous fane Brazil has erected for herself; but Dom Pedro is so deservedly popular just now that we are inclined to regard the latter as symbolic of his desire to expand the resources of his empire rather than as an empty boast. There is something about it, however, cognate with the conception of herself which Spain expresses by the huge triple portal through which her vacancies are approached. That is almost imposing in its preposterous size and ugliness; there is haughty simplicity in the decorations, — medallion portraits of De Soto, Pizarro, and others who conquered for their country empires of which neither they nor she could keep an inch. Except the pottery, of which mention has been made, and some beautiful fabrics from the colonies, — cotton goods with the splendid colors of Madras, and bandana handkerchiefs, and fairy-spun grass and piña cloths, — there is nothing to see in the Spanish department but Andalusian saddles inferior to the Brazilian, and a small but marvelous collection of iron and steel ware, — shields, weapons, caskets, and vases. They belong by right to the Abencerrages and the Alhambra; the symmetrical, unique forms, the extraordinary intricacy of the arabesque patterns inlaid in gold and silver, graceful as the tendrils of the vine but subtle and abstruse as a problem of the Arabic philosophers, the combined minuteness and freedom of the workmanship, are the fruits of a glorious school of art. One connoisseur, probably the finest in this country, discerns in these scanty materials the possibility of a grand artistic development. He says the ideas embodied are vigorous and unworn, their audacity noble, their bad taste barbaric, not perverse, corrupt, effete. He discovers in the showy crockery and gaudy cloths a fine, free point of departure which may lead Spanish artists and artisans into new paths towards beauty and magnificence.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. EMERSON'S latest volume,[1] in the short time since its publication here, has been translated into German, and issued at Stuttgart, with an introduction by Julian Schmidt.[2] Herr Schmidt, after a slight comparison with Carlyle and Goethe, says, "Emerson is a poet and a philosopher, but little is gained by describing him as the one or the other, or as a combination of the two;" and he goes on to define him further as a kind of conversationist, whose essays stimulate us as intercourse with the best company stimulates, making us think better of ourselves, giving our thoughts a higher impulse, and leaving us without decisive settlement of a given question, but teaching a great deal, nevertheless. The charm and the profit, he says, are quite similar to those which result from the action of art upon us. Herr Schmidt's exposition of his subject, though full of respect and admiration, is very strictly temperate. His definition, as just given, seems to us an excellent one; and this moderation of tone is no less admirable. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, it will be apt to accord well with the impression left by Mr. Emerson's recent publication upon that part of the reading world which most looks up to him. It is inevitable that in a case like the present one should look back, and inquire the relation between this result given us by the thinker of seventy-three and the contributions of the same mind at thirty-five or at fifty. What is the ultimate issue of this long intellectual career? What the ratio of increase in the rewards of its activity, or what the degree of decadence? Making these inquiries, we are forced to admit that the last milestone, though measuring a long route, stands singularly close to the first, as if the traveling had been done in a circle. Strictly speaking, these essays should perhaps not be treated as representative of the latest years, for their structure seems to indicate that they originated at various times as lectures, and have been remodeled for publication. They are a little more loosely written than the early essays, or Nature, or The Conduct of Life, and include a noticeably large proportion of quotation, unknown in what we are inclined to call by comparison Emerson's finished works. In any case, it would not be wise or profitable to dwell long on the reflection, "This book is not so good as those we used to read." But the difference which is observable has a peculiar value; the comparative informality of these papers brings out the different traits of the author in exaggerated form. The similes frequently appear forced, the illustrations not accurately applicable, and the feeling factitious in passages, as if from too fixed a habit of forcing impressions by extreme statement. "In certain hours we can almost pass our hand through our own body" is not an agreeable nor generally truthful phrase to indicate the exalting power of imagination. And the following seems to us a startling misapprehension: "In dreams we are true poets; we create the persons of the drama; we give them appropriate figures, faces, costume; they are perfect in their organs, attitude, manners; moreover, they speak after their own characters, not ours; they speak to us, and we listen with surprise to what they say. Indeed, I doubt if the best poet has yet written any five-act play that can compare in thoroughness of invention with this unwritten play in fifty acts, composed by the dullest snorer on the floor of the watch-house." To say nothing of the degradation which the greatest poets are made to suffer by the closing comparison, we may at least question the correctness of the value assigned to dreams, which are most often entirely wanting in true invention, and illogical in characterization, as well as foolishly improbable, though they undoubtedly have a juggling completeness of their own. Elsewhere occurs the statement that "the fable of the Wandering Jew is agreeable to men, because they want more time and land in which to execute their thoughts." We doubt the *agreeableness* of the fable to any one; and its origin and use point distinctly to the misery of having more time and space than the human lot affords, while we remain in human life, — a moral quite opposed to the inference which Mr.

[1] *Letters and Social Aims.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

[2] *Neue Essays* (Letters and Social Aims). Von R. W. EMERSON. Autorisirte Uebersetzung. Mit einer Einleitung von JULIAN SCHMIDT. Stuttgart: Verlag von Berth. Auerbach. 1876.

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Emerson attributes. "The artist has always the masters in his eye," we read in The Progress of Culture, "though he affects to flout them. . . . Tennyson would give his fame for a verdict in his favor from Wordsworth." Surely the first statement, here, finds no answer in the minds of sincere artists, for they in no wise "affect to flout" the masters; and it is quite as profitless an overstatement to deny the self-reliance of a poet like Tennyson (or any other mature, sane, and substantial poet) by such an imputation of weak distrust as that of the second sentence. Points like these abound in the book, and make it extremely fatiguing reading, especially to those who wish for the elixir of Emerson's earlier volumes. On the other hand, there are many clear-ringing enunciations of the truth and many noble phrases to be found, from page to page. Some of them appear in the long discourse on Poetry and Imagination, which we have nevertheless felt to be a somewhat unnecessary production, a kind of painful tracing-paper exercise upon thoughts that are original in the minds of poets and creators, but find their best embodiment in imaginative works, and become tiresome when thus drawn out in explanation. The essay on Resources is especially good and stirring. Very pleasing, also, is that entitled Social Aims; Quotation and Originality is admirable; and Greatness has a reassuring depth and quietude. The Persian Poetry takes us a long distance for not very large benefits; and one of the most noticeable things about the Immortality is that among all the inducements to continued earthly life brought forward by the author, that of love of our kind and all the exquisite and inexhaustible relations of the affections is not once mentioned as of any value. It is a little strange that Mr. Emerson should write so well as he does here, concerning The Comic, when in another of the chapters he treats laughter with a lofty disdain. In The Comic he eulogizes wit and its effects without stint; in Social Aims he makes laughter synonymous with "savage nature," and says, "Beware of jokes; . . . inestimable for sauce, but corrupting for food." This, to be sure, is wisdom; but it is added, "True wit never made us laugh." Consistency, we believe, is regarded by Mr. Emerson as by no means a jewel, but rather a stumbling-block to true intuitions; and indeed this is the gravest objection to his method, the greatest drawback on his advice to other thinkers, that he insists too strongly on the mood of the hour. "Life is a train of moods" is a well-known dictum of his; and in the present volume he values highly the "minorities of one" that have made the great revolutions of history and of art. Perhaps he does not value them too highly, but he does not enough remember that minorities may be wrong as well as majorities; and, though life be a train of moods, these are not all equally good. "And what is Originality?" he asks. "It is being, being one's self and reporting accurately what we see and are." But there must be a choice of *what* we will report, out of the total that we see and are: some reports would be valueless, and are therefore never made. In like manner, there may be a choice between one impression and another, for the sake of getting nearer to the truth; and the choice or reconcilement of these impressions is consistency. In so far, then, as Mr. Emerson disregards this essential, it seems to us that he weakens his hold on the younger generation, which is getting a distinctly scientific habit of comparing and contrasting and approximating, and will not allow too large a place to the unsupported intuition, especially if it proceed from a mind which in its several utterances directly conflicts with itself. We dwell upon this, because Mr. Emerson's lessons are too valuable to merit the clog which is thus continually hung upon them. But, in short, these essays deserve much of the same sort of praise that their predecessors have gained, with something more of accusation for want of sequence in the arrangement of ideas; and one cannot but regret that the sentences should meet the eye so bolt upright, and with that curious air of sitting for their photographs, which makes us suspect the iron head-rest behind them.

— We have tried to imagine the feelings of a reader who should take up the Life of Hamilton[1] with no previous knowledge of the manner in which Hamilton's life stopped short, and have partially succeeded in persuading ourselves that this imagined reader would, after the first shock, confess that the life in its possibilities had been completed when Burr's hateful shot was fired. Nevertheless, whether forewarned or not, the reader can scarcely accept with patience the miserable end of a strong life, and we suspect that Hamilton's death, against which all our sense of justice cries out, has uncon-

[1] *The Life of Alexander Hamilton.* By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. 1876.

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sciously cast its shame backward over the life in the minds of many Americans of the present day. There was such a pitiful appeal to mean judgment, in the duel, that one feels outraged at being called in to witness it in the case of a generous man, and Hamilton's nature deserved a better taking-off than an event which can be called tragic only by a reporter in search of an affecting head-line.

What Hamilton might have done in the years succeeding his death, when if living he would have been in the maturity of his marvelous mental power, it is idle to conjecture, for he was a man of genius; yet the work which he did accomplish was so essentially connected with the formative years of the republic that it is difficult to think of him as a public man, after Jefferson's complete ascendency, except as a critic and disregarded prophet. His active life, though it closed in its forty-eighth year, began in its eighteenth, and between those two points was so possessed by an impetuous current that our sense of its incompleteness is only a momentary sense caused by the sudden extinction: a cooler retrospect shows thirty years of intense public life, coincident with a period of national history when individual force was most positively felt, so that Hamilton's place is assured by the very permanence of the institutions which owe to him so much of their being and form.

Mr. Morse has done well in concentrating interest upon Hamilton's course as connected with the larger movements of the state. His brilliant youth, his military experience, and his professional career afford opportunities for high lights in the picture, but the biographer has rightly judged that an interest in Hamilton at this day must spring from an interest in politics and finance. Nevertheless, the fascination which Hamilton exercised over his contemporaries was not from any merely external magnetism, and the generous reader who follows this narrative will scarcely fail to acknowledge a personal homage to a man who carried his own glowing personality into the repellant air of a statesman's life. To read of Hamilton's victories in Congress and Cabinet is to be stirred by a sense of mental power exercising itself upon the most momentous subjects, and to be present as witness at the formal institution of national life. Hamilton was so emphatically the leader of the Federal party, and was himself so positive a person, that a work like this devoted to his public life is one of the best means afforded for apprehending the Federal force in the formative period of our national life. The questions which then arose cover a wide range of political speculation, and the student is in danger of looking upon them as mere abstractions; so did not the men look on them who wrestled with them, and no one now can fairly measure the discussions which issued in the text of the constitution and in the domestic and foreign policy of the government which form so much of our traditional law, who does not place himself by the side of the men to whom these questions were living realities.

The justness of Mr. Morse's treatment of his difficult subject impresses the reader at every turn. It is perhaps impossible that any admirer of Hamilton, however impartial his temper, should give satisfaction to those who think politically in opposition to him, but we suspect that the candid reader who follows Mr. Morse will be prepared for some of the violent terms in which he will find Hamilton condemned by Jeffersonian writers. That is to say, Mr. Morse is too clearly desirous of historic truth to avoid placing Hamilton in certain lights which enable the reader to understand something of the opposition with which he met. Every generation is likely to think its own quarrels most momentous, and it is every way wise that the questions of the day should receive the most absorbing attention; yet the glimpses which one gets, in this work, of the temper of men who seem in our imagination to look calmly and compassionately down on our petty squabbles, reveal an intensity of minor political life that justifies a comparison of the two epochs to our advantage, while the dangers which then arose and were averted or postponed afford the best lesson-book for political students to-day.

The party to which Hamilton belonged, and of which he was the leader, was a party with historical ideas; and the growing disposition in our country to temper political theories and mere sciolism by a reference both to our own history and to the experience of other nations is favorable to a revival of interest in Hamilton and his school. We regret that Mr. Morse did not find it in his way to account more fully for the ascendency of the Jeffersonian school and party, which was not due to any mere political blunder of President Adams; but he has conferred so positive a boon upon the general reader by his clear and patient ex-

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amination of a little understood period of our history, that we have only thanks for a writer who takes his place in that small but growing number of philosophical and just students of American history.

— We have not seen any book, of those which the present Centennial ardor has inspired, more useful in its unpretending way, or more entertaining, than Mr. Abbott's little volume called Revolutionary Times.[1] Its two hundred pages are devoted to twelve brief chapters, treating of the political and social state of the country during the war for independence, and the periods next preceding and following it. What life was among the different classes of the people in days when the classes were much more distinctly separated, education, literature, journalism, religion, professions and trades and how each was paid and prospered, with some sketches of famous men and women, — this is about the range of the book, which is written with ease and clearness, as well as a simple, business-like directness that makes it very pleasant reading. There are touches of humor here and there, which turn the whimsical aspects of those heroic years to the light. And there is a good sense of what is in itself quaintly amusing in the arrangement of selected materials, where these have not been worked over by the author, who, however, has recast in his own language the substance of a very generous historical reading, though he makes no pretense to original research.

— The greater space at Mr. Scudder's disposal in his extremely entertaining volume [2] allows him to deal with his material more distinctly as a compiler, and requires him to do less rewriting and compression than the plan of Mr. Abbott's work exacts. It is more comprehensive than Revolutionary Times, and the picture of the old colonial and early national life is in much greater detail. The first pages treat of the Siege of Boston, a subject with which Mr. Scudder dealt so well in a former number of this magazine, and the first section is devoted to New England. The sources from which the editor has here drawn are such characteristic, varied, and delightful records as the Baroness Riedesel's journals, the painter Trumbull's Autobiography, Crèvecœur's Letters of an American Farmer, the Marquis de Chastellux's Travels, Lieutenant Aubery's Travels, Elkanah Watson's Memoirs, Buckingham's Personal Memoirs, etc. For the Dutch society of Albany the editor finds richness in Mrs. Grant's Memoirs of an American Lady — an always amiable and sometimes unconsciously delicious study of the times and people, quite fairly Dutch in its minuteness, and of the quaintest idyllic interest. Watson's Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania and Graydon's Memoirs of his own Times supply the materials for the picture of life in the ancient capital, and for that of the South the editor has gone to Garden's Anecdotes of the American Revolution and Johnson's Travels and Reminiscences. There is a full and clear preface, written with Mr. Scudder's unfailing gracefulness, and wherever the editor's pen touches the work throughout, in comment or introduction, it leaves a light of agreeable humor or suggestive thought. The book is very admirably done, and if the new Sans-Souci Series can be sustained on this level it will merit all the success achieved by the charming Bric-a-Brac Series, now — regrettably enough — ended.

— We commended to the reader last month a very delightful book of Nile travel, to the rich fullness of which we have still a sense of having but half done justice; and we do not know how we shall now better praise Mr. Appleton's Nile Journal [3] than by saying that it charmingly justified itself even to a reviewer fresh from Mr. Warner's book. It would serve no purpose, however, to compare it with that book, so totally different are the moods which the two address. One can easily establish the distinction that Mr. Warner's motive is humor and Mr. Appleton's is wit, but little is gained when this is done. The Nile Journal is much more obviously comparable to Mr. Curtis's Nile Notes of a Howadji, which it resembles at once in having a conscience against burdening the reader with facts of general utility, and in offering him instead a sort of disembodied information — the color, the sentiment, the perfume, of the dahabeëh voyage. But in the Nile Journal our *compagnon du voyage* is no luxurious dreamer, whose mellow allitera-

[1] *Revolutionary Times: Sketches of our Country, its People and their Ways, One Hundred Years ago.* By EDWARD ABBOTT. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[2] *Sans-Souci Series. Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years ago.* Edited by HORACE E. SCUDDER. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

[3] *A Nile Journal.* By T. G. APPLETON. Illustrated by EUGENE BENSON. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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tions unnerve a little while they enchant. It is a brisk, alert, vividly suggestive and discursive spirit which offers us the hospitalities of the Rachel; it is the tone of society, easy, sympathetic, fine, and sensible. The journalizer gives the poetry of Nile travel, as the Howadji does, but the poetry is of the lighter, gayer sort, that runs naturally into *vers de société;* the perfume is often the savory odor from the laboratory of Paolo the cook; the excellent flavor of the Nile fish is as frankly recognized as their beauty. The literature of the book has those qualities of amateurishness which are the most agreeable; and if the reader does not look for what he has no right to expect in a book so explicitly informal, he cannot very well help enjoying this Nile Journal. At any rate we will confidently take the risk of advising him to put it into the budget he is packing for the mountains or the seaside.

— In taking up Mr. Hardy's new story,[1] one instantly re-discovers how great is the charm of a book in which the style everywhere gives token of a sensitive personal touch from the author, where the words do not, as in average novels, shrivel and harden into their ordinary aspects, but continually freshen in the quiet dew of thought that the author lets fall upon every detail, the most trivial. This thoughtfulness, which is not formal, but is a natural æsthetic inspiration very much at ease, affects all particulars of the composition; and every page thus gets an interest of its own. Everything is given in pictures, so far as it may be, and these are always delicately drawn, with a spiritualized force of language which seems to us uniquely Mr. Hardy's among all English novelists; and when a picture cannot be made, the mood of a character or other connecting link is presented in so interesting a way that one cannot slur it over. So that Mr. Hardy scarcely need fear the new mode, just coming into notice, of "condensing," that is, clipping one wing of every famous fiction, so that it may not be able to fly out of reach. But he is so much an artist that, while he will probably be greeted with unusual enthusiasm, at each appearance, by a certain limited audience, he will be promptly rejected by another uncertain and larger one. In Ethelberta, however, there is certainly no lack of interest of a kind which must be acceptable to a wide variety of readers. The heroine is a butler's daughter who, from governessing, has passed into London society as the daughter-in-law of Lady Petherwin; and the strange predicament of her parentage, together with her personal attractions and the motive of marrying in a way to profit her poor relations, which greatly complicates her love-affairs, — these elements are all of lively efficacy. The turns of the plot, at the close, are extremely clever and absorbing. Yet undoubtedly the tale lacks largeness of scope and depth of feeling; and the drawing of the characters (aside from Ethelberta), though good, has about it a certain lightness and remoteness. Ethelberta comes of the same stock with Fancy Day and Bathsheba Everdene, but she has a tone of her own also, and is by far the richest natured of the three. Mr. Hardy's passport to favor ought to receive a potent *visé* in this recent venture, admitting him to rank near George Eliot and William Black among the English novel-writers of to-day. He is perhaps a better artist than either; but his small range of characters and want of moral inspiration closely limit him. He might easily, we should say, take even a higher place as a producer of plays for the stage than he now holds as a novelist.

— Achsah[2] is a novel, with some amusing characters in it representing certain well-known New England types, with a plot of so old but unvenerable a sort that it cannot be warmly commended. The hero, Owen Rood, is a young man who has a lofty superiority to conventional religious belief and a taste for writing magazine-articles, who falls in love with the charming Achsah. These two are kept apart by the machinations of her father, Deacon Sterne, whose domestic tyranny may be compared with that of Ponchinello. He is a caricature of certain Yankee faults, and there is doubtless many a village in New England where, if this novel is read, there will be one or more names suggested by the irreverent as the probable original of this character. Owen's aunt is this villain's counterpart, and she does a great deal towards blocking the course of true love. Both she and the deacon are laughable in their exaggeration of meanness, hypocrisy, and falsehood, but it is to be regretted that the author should have forborne "holding

[1] *The Hand of Ethelberta.* A Novel. By THOMAS HARDY, author of Far from the Madding Crowd.

[2] *Achsah: A New England Life-Study.* By REV. PETER PENNOT. Illustrated. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1876.

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his hand" as he has done, so that while he raises a momentary smile his skill is not shown to the best advantage. The talks between the different characters, outside of the love-making, the parts about the murder, and the like, are the most entertaining things in the novel. If all the rest had been as good, it would have been a readable book; but as it is, it may be considered to show a fair amount of promise. A novel with a good portion of local color, as it is called, and with a fair representation of dialectic peculiarities, is pretty sure to have a certain popularity, and such Achsah well deserves; but it is to be hoped that a writer who really is well equipped with some of the elements required will remember that novel-writing, like every other occupation, requires real and persistent effort before anything satisfactory is accomplished. This novel has too much the appearance of being off-hand work.

— Dr. Brinton's book on the Religious Sentiment [1] is an ambitious attempt to explain religion, its history in the past, its present condition, and its prospects for the future, within the compass of a volume that can be easily held in the hand. The method the author employs is that with which scientific books have made us all familiar, which consists in applying a most rigid investigation to the phenomena of the subject under discussion, analyzing their origin, displaying their sequence, and letting these stand as a complete explanation. However useful this course may be, and indeed however essential, it is yet by no means complete, because it leaves out much that especially characterizes religious sentiment. The author approaches the subject "as a question in mental philosophy to be treated by the methods of natural science;" but the methods of natural science are certainly incompetent to do equal justice to all subjects, and while there is much truth in Dr. Brinton's accumulation of facts and theories, it is far from doing the subject justice. The material he has amassed is very great; the reader is led from the crass ignorance of savages to the recent "prayer-gauge debate" with great swiftness and dexterity, and on the way he has much to learn about Buddhism, Brahmanism, etc., — the list is a long one. It would be perhaps unfair to say that there is an excessive complexity in the subjects treated, but there is a possible superfluity of erudition shown in the manner of treatment. That all the learning is accurate cannot be affirmed. For instance, page 156, it is stated that the Buddhist assumes all existence to be but imaginary, and that consequently he justly infers that the name is full as much as the object. But is this a fair statement of the Buddhist's creed, or of his inferences? It is not surprising that in the immense amount of ground gone over there should be errors like this. In fact, the information gives the reader more frequently the feeling of accuracy than does the reasoning based upon it. Examples of this are to be found in the last chapter, on the Momenta of Religous Thought, where, for instance, we read that "in Greece alone, a national temperament, marvelously sensitive to symmetry, developed the combination of maximum strength with perfect form in the sun-god, Apollo, and of grace with beauty in Aphrodite. The Greeks were the apostles of the religion of beauty," etc., all of which is true, but by no means a discovery. In a word, with all its machinery of arrangement and explanation, the book leaves matters little, if any, further advanced than they were at the beginning. What the author has done is to collect facts and make some true remarks about religion, but what he has failed to do is to treat his subject with anything like satisfactory completeness. The book has the air of settling everything in the most complete way, but no one who knew about religion from this book alone would gather that religion was one of the main forces of the world.

— We wish that Mr. Anthony Trollope, in view of his somewhat melancholy skill in hashing up matter to pass as fiction, would publish something in the way of Half-Hour Lessons in Novel-Writing. Such a work, however, if written in a candid spirit, might be very damaging to the author. For example, the recipe for concocting a book like his latest [2] would probably contain a recommendation to read up one or two memoirs of English statesmen, with references to the memoirs of court ladies, followed by attentive perusal of the daily papers with a view to writing dry summaries of make-believe political news, such as Mr. Trollope himself can supply in any de-

[1] *The Religious Sentiment: Its Source and Aim. A Contribution to the Science and Philosophy of Religion.* By DANIEL G. BRINTON, A. M., M. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1876.

[2] *The Prime Minister.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

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sirable (or undesirable) quantity. A further essential, we imagine, would be the revival of some manuscript prepared in earlier years and rejected by unappreciative publishers. This should then be well sifted in with the newly collected matter, in such a way that the weak love-story would fall into little compartments by itself, and the political make-believe into other compartments by itself, the two sets of compartments alternating so as to have the air of having been constructed together, in a single, inseparable design. One can easily conceive, at least, of its being no difficult matter to produce on this plan a light volume in eighty chapters and six hundred and ninety pages, like The Prime Minister. But we doubt if even Mr. Trollope could give a satisfactory explanation of the complaisance with which critics treat this kind of work, and the avidity with which readers devour it. We find his novels extolled as agreeable and wholesome, but it is hard to assent conscientiously to either adjective. To our thinking, the present attempt is not only carried out with the least possible energy, either as to representation of character or as to the invention of the simplest incident, but it is also extremely fatiguing reading, and in portions decidedly repulsive, owing to the author's total want of inspiration when handling unpleasant episodes. The feebleness of his imagination, too, causes the more emotional parts to sound like burlesque. All these defects are not new in Mr. Trollope's work, but, together with his amazing repetitional prolixity, they are becoming very tiresome. The book furnishes just enough occupation to the mind to make it useful in inferior moods, and this of course is Mr. Trollope's recommendation to a large class of readers. A humorous suspicion sometimes arises, that the author justifies to himself his dullness by some hallucination that he is providing the world with historical pictures of English society; but despite his imitation of the younger Crébillon in drawing (as he doubtless does) from persons in real society, and his catering to the modern English taste — which Mr. Nadal has pointed out — of having the nobility handled with extreme familiarity in fiction, we do not fancy that posterity will be especially grateful for his labors.

— Mr. Bolles has chosen a subject of wide interest and treated it with great skill. In his small volume[1] of a little more than two hundred pages he goes over the complicated questions that have arisen between labor and capital, and has attempted the solution of some of the difficulties that puzzle modern society. This he has done, in our opinion, without prejudice or partiality; he does not regard the laboring man and the capitalist as foes, but rather as allies working ultimately for the same end, although with different aims. It is not a sentimental or rhetorical tie that connects the two, but rather the identity of their interest in general, and the necessity of toleration in both, in particular cases.

He sees plainly the dissensions existing between labor and capital, and he places the cause in the faults of both sides. Each class is, naturally enough, seeking the attainment of its own selfish ends, and what has been dissatisfaction on the part of the laboring classes has grown to be mischievous and often suicidal folly, from the desire to better their condition and the perception of the great force of combination. The superabundance of labor, too, impoverishes the laboring man. But for the results too generally produced by combination Mr. Bolles has only blame; he by no means denies the existence of misery, but he argues that the right way of relieving it has not been found by, say, the English trade-unions, which deprive men anxious to work of the power of working, limit the number of apprentices, inculcate degrading idleness upon the workers, and so exercise a most offensive despotism and diminish the power of capital. Capital is nothing without labor, and so labor feels justified in making any conditions; but what is labor without capital? Such excesses, when frequent, drive the business away from a country, and, if they ruin a manufacturer, also surely ruin his laborers. On the other hand, the controller of capital is not irresponsible; it is incumbent on him to do his share to promote the welfare of the workingmen, and not to rest in selfish ease. A practical reconciliation of the interests of all is pointed out in the chapters on coöperation and on industrial partnership, matters which, although not exactly novel, are yet unknown to many of those most concerned in them. In conclusion, we can only say that an impartial, intelligent, simply-written book like this can hardly fail to have a good effect in pointing out abuses to be remedied and methods to be followed. If instead of dec-

[1] *The Conflict between Labor and Capital.* By ALBERT S. BOLLES, Author of Chapters in Political Economy, and Editor of the Norwich Morning Bulletin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1876.

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lamation against the vices of capitalists and the unholiness of putting one's money into business, and against the short-sightedness of misled working-people, we could have a calm discussion of the causes of difference, it would be much better for society and for all concerned individually. Patience and education must do their work slowly. But there is every reason to hope that laborers will listen to counselors like Mr. Bolles rather than to demagogues. At any rate, they will find that although he criticises their faults, he has their good at heart.

— Miss Cobbe's book,[1] which treats mainly of the immortality of the soul of man, contains a serious and interesting discussion of the question from the point of view of a seeker after truth, who does not rest satisfied with either the common answers of theologians or the hasty denial of its possibility on the part of the materialists. What she tries to do is to show what are the arguments to incline a religious person to believe that the soul does exist after death. To these arguments she does not ascribe the force of unfailing conviction; she merely tries to show how unlikely it is that man is sent into the world to live for a time and then to perish utterly. But she defends them with considerable eloquence. Indeed, her earnestness and sincerity make the book a really valuable contribution to serious literature.

A strong sense of individuality would lead one to take comfort from this volume and its groping after truth; observation, without personal bias, would render one insensible to its forcible appeal. Both, however, would agree that, starting with Miss Cobbe's assumption of the existence of a just, beneficent Creator, the case is stated with great clearness and cogency. There is no doubt of the importance of the question; as Miss Cobbe says, "Should the belief in a life after death still remain an article of popular faith after the fall of supernaturalism, then (freed, as it must be, of its dead-weight of the dread of hell) the religion of succeeding generations will possess more than all the influence of the creeds of old; for it will meet human nature on all its noblest sides at once, and insult it on none. On the other hand, if the present well-nigh exclusive devotion to physico-scientific thought end in throwing the spiritual faculties of our nature so far into disuse and discredit as to leave the faith in immortality permanently under a cloud, then it is inevitable that religion will lose half the power it has wielded over human hearts."

After this attempt to show the possibility and likelihood of immortality, Miss Cobbe goes on to discover its probable nature, but all discussions of that sort being necessarily so obscure, it is not worth while to linger over what she has to say; not because it lacks interest, but because it is hardly more than an expression of the writer's own tastes. Of more value are the remaining articles, Doomed to be Saved and The Evolution of the Social Sentiment. In the first of these she treats of the possible improvement of every human being under a dispensation which shall not blight the further development of the soul by the infliction of eternal punishment for sins committed in the flesh, and in the other she speaks of sympathy as a thing of later growth, which is found only in a rudimentary form, if at all, among children and uncivilized races.

A careful perusal of this book will convince any one of what, if he is already familiar with Miss Cobbe, he will be ready to believe, namely, her ability. No one who is racked by doubt, or who cares to think for himself, should neglect to read The Hopes of the Human Race.

— All the most adventurous travelers of the present day are correspondents of the New York Herald, and Mr. Southworth, the author of Four Thousand Miles of African Travel,[1] is not an exception. At present the geographers of that well-known paper are giving most of their attention to Africa, although we are quite sure that the discovery of the North Pole will be made by some enterprising special contributor; and hunting up other and famous explorers, as Stanley did Livingstone, was made the model in directing Mr. Southworth's steps towards the equator. The object of his journey was to ascertain the whereabouts of Sir Samuel Baker, but in that he was unsuccessful, and instead of making his bow before that explorer he turned northward and eastward, and marched to the Red Sea, reaching Massowah, the port of Abyssinia.

[1] *The Hopes of the Human Race, Hereafter and Here.* By FRANCES POWER COBBE. New York: James Miller. 1876.

[2] *Four Thousand Miles of African Travel: a Personal Record of a Journey up the Nile and through the Soudan to the Confines of Central Africa, embracing a Discussion on the Sources of the Nile, and an Examination of the Slave-Trade.* By ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH, Secretary of the American Geographical Society. With Map and Illustrations New York: Baker, Pratt, & Co.; London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

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It is not as a record of travel that this book deserves consideration, in spite of the fact that the author made the difficult journey across the Nubian Desert, and went farther south than Khartoom; of his journeyings he gives but a meagre account. "Racing on the Nile," he says, "could be made a very exciting and interesting pastime if it were properly patronized, and the building of fast models were encouraged." In the future of Egypt, as he sees it, this change will doubtless be one of the first introduced in the process of Americanizing that country, which, Mr. Southworth tells us, is what the viceroy is endeavoring to do. Elsewhere we are told of the viceroy's flattering tongue, and it may be a possible thing that Mr. Southworth is a victim to its wiles. Certainly he repays the Egyptian's approval of this country by a most lavish admiration of everything in Egypt and in the future of that country. He has just the same feeling about the viceroy that Americans used to have for the late Napoleon III., but this statement by no means implies too close a resemblance between the two rulers. At any rate, Mr. Southworth fortifies his hopefulness about Egypt by the use of convincing statistics, and he shows therewith the immense possible value of the Soudan as soon as Central Africa has an outlet for its fertility. A railroad running to Cairo would bridge the dangerous and costly desert and shorten to four days the time necessary for the trip. The richness of the soil is very great, and it is especially adapted for cotton and sugar. Removing the cataracts, it is feared, would seriously affect the flow of the Nile, by permitting the water to rush down to the sea when the river was high, so that during the rest of the year the river would be very low, or possibly dry, whereas at present the cataracts partly dam the waters and prevent this immediate waste.

Mr. Southworth also contributes to the history of the African slave-trade some melancholy particulars. He estimates the number of slaves exported from the country between the Red Sea and the Great Desert at twenty-five thousand annually, as follows: from Abyssinia, fifteen thousand; by the Blue Nile, three thousand; by the White Nile, seven thousand. For these twenty-five thousand sold, fifteen thousand more are killed, and sometimes fifty thousand in a year he considers a fair estimate of the number taken from their homes. It is not easy to find a remedy for this great evil, but with the advance of civilization it will doubtless be possible to diminish it.

This book, it will be noticed by the reader, is rather a collection of miscellaneous information about Africa, not too carefully put together, in which the most important part is what is said of the possible utilizing of Central Africa. From a literary point of view there is not much to praise; there is a good deal of "padding," and a wholly unnecessary number of French words and phrases on almost every page. Moreover, Mr. Southworth's enthusiasm about things Egyptian will fill the cynical with a fear that everything is not so near perfection as he would seem to think. Time will, however, show whether he is right or not. But he in his foreign fervor does not forget his fellow-countrymen, for he says he was "of the opinion that twelve energetic, I might say reckless, Americans, each with his special mental and physical gifts, could bare that whole continent to the view of an anxious mankind." No wonder the viceroy is in haste to "Americanize" Egypt.

French and German.[1]

If Daudet's Froment,[2] published more than a year ago, were an unknown book and generally overlooked, it would be right to sing its praises; but as it is, while in many ways the book deserves success, it is by no means so much better than many other novels as its popularity would imply, nor does it demand untempered approval. The plot of the story is the one familiar to the reader of French novels, the faithlessness of a wife; a plot which is rendered necessary by the construction of French society, which so nearly ignores the English heroine, the young unmarried girl. There is here, however, no temporizing with vice, no painting it in fascinating colors, but rather the literary error of sacrificing everything in order to make the guilty woman odious. In speaking of Thackeray, in his History of English Literature, Taine points out the difference between English novelists, who make their novels moral satires, and the French, who write artistic novels, illustrating his remarks by compar-

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

[2] *Froment Jeune et Risler Ainé.* Mœurs Parisiennes. Paris: Charpentier. 1874.

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ing Balzac's Valérie Marneffe in La Cousine Bette with Thackeray's Becky Sharp; "Thackeray's whole business is to degrade" her. . . . "Under this storm of irony and contempt the heroine is dwarfed, illusion is weakened, art attenuated, poetry disappears, and the character, more useful, has become less true and beautiful." If this is true of Thackeray, it is equally true of Daudet in the novel before us; he shows us the heroine not only wicked, but also vulgar, ignorant, pushing, and disagreeable in every way. This, it must be confessed, is different from most novels of this sort, in which it is the unhappy husband who is commonly put into an odious or ridiculous light, while the wife has all the virtues save one. Here just the contrary is done, and it would be hard to exceed the author's virulence against the woman who does all the harm.

The outline of the story is something like this: the book opens with an account of the marriage of Sidonie Chèbe to the elder Risler, a Swiss, honest, hard-working, kindly-hearted, who has recently been admitted a partner into the firm of Froment and Risler, manufacturers of paper. He loves his wife devotedly; she, however, who had passed her childhood and youth in great poverty, marries him to secure position, and to make good her disappointment at not winning for her husband Georges Froment, who had married a friend of hers from whom she had tried to win him. Frantz, a younger brother of her husband, had also been in love with her, and they had been engaged, but her ambition and hope of a better match with Georges had broken this off. Without giving all of the particulars, it need only be said that after she marries she is thrown continually into the society of Georges, and they immediately proceed to pursue the wicked ways. She is thoroughly vicious, Georges is a lamentably jelly-like mass of weakness. The intrigue is noticed by every one except the injured husband and the deceived wife. The cashier of the firm writes to Frantz, beseeching him to return and open his brother's eyes; he comes back, but Sidonie makes short work of him, and soon induces him to write a letter asking her to elope with him, which she has no faintest thought of doing, but she keeps him silent by holding the note over him *in terrorem*. Matters go on from bad to worse, the firm's money goes to buying Sidonie jewels, dresses, a villa, carriages and horses, etc., until finally the day of reckoning comes, and the wife of Georges finds out the whole story, while at the same time it is made clear to Risler. The extravagance of the guilty ones has been so great that the firm is on the point of failing, but a machine Risler has just invented brings them new wealth after the selling of Sidonie's luxuries enables them to weather their immediate difficulties. Her mischief-making is not yet at an end; she is lost to society, but she sends Frantz's note to her husband, and in his despair he takes his own life. With that tragedy this powerful book ends.

It will be noticed that this novel shows the bitterest results of wickedness, and in so doing the novelist does not go beyond the limits of his duty. It is not possible, however, to give all his methods the same praise. The virulence with which Sidonie is shown to be not only immoral but without taste in dress or house-furnishing is tiresome; the reader seeks in his own mind for something in her defense; he grows weary of hearing her accused of ill-temper, meanness, and pettiness of every sort. In a word, the heroine is treated with just a slightly excessive amount of the caricature which makes the drawing of all the other people of the book seem delightfully life-like. The muddled wits of Sidonie's father; the rigid honesty of Sigismund Planus, the cashier; and above all the Delobelle family, are portrayed with wonderful skill. Delobelle the father, a distant relative of Wilkins Micawber, had at one time been an actor in the provinces, but with this story he is in Paris, seeking employment in some theatre, and meanwhile letting himself be supported by his adoring wife and daughter. He is the victim of his own delusions and his colossal selfishness, and as touching as anything in the story is the willful devotion of his family and their tender nursing of his whims. His daughter, Désirée, is especially well drawn, and the pathetic failure of her life is piteous reading. Nowhere does Daudet's earnestness about his story desert him; he never writes a line that does not count, and his people are very life-like, and unfailingly consistent. This Froment Jeune et Risler Ainé is hardly less gloomy a book than Droz's cheerless Babolain, but it differs from that in not giving the impression of quite such hopeless misery, like that of a nightmare, which makes Babolain so severe an attack upon the reader's feelings.

— Gloomy as it is, it will be considered nearly farcical in comparison with the same

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author's latest novel, Jack,[1] which has just appeared. This story, which is dedicated to Gustave Flaubert as the author's friend and *maître*, describes with much power the life of a young man who has the misfortune to have been born out of wedlock. The story is inspired by fierce indignation, not with the laws by which society preserves the sanctity of the family, but rather with vice and with the weakness and indifference of the vicious. In Froment Jeune et Risler Ainé, Daudet shows the way in which a guilty life not only sears the soul and produces utter indifference to the welfare of others, but he also paints wickedness growing worse and worse and bringing every misfortune in its wake as a legitimate consequence. So in Jack the author sets out to show a life wholly wrecked by this accident of birth, and he never relents or holds his hand in adding gloom to the picture. No writer of a tract ever hounded a guilty hero to perdition with more unscrupulous severity than is here shown by Daudet, and even if this adds to the impressiveness of the book, it diminishes its literary excellence. It is a fair question whether a novel is the proper means for expressing wrath or violent disgust. The writer who is especially interested in setting some particular wrong right, or in branding it with hot contempt, is likely to let the precise development of his story and of his characters be neglected in his anxiety to make on the reader an impression as deep as that which he himself feels. The public which reads novels takes them up for amusement, and is tolerably sure to be somewhat dull in its feelings and comparatively irresponsive to even the justest eloquence. Satire would seem to be within its province, or restrained anger, but when those bounds are passed, it is almost certain to be to the detriment of the novel. The novelist is an observer who records his observations, not an advocate. But whatever may be the truth about the general question, in this particular case it cannot be doubted that the author's ardor has marred his work.

The plot is by no means what is best in this book, and in many places the author has stopped in telling his story to let his characters appear in the fullest light and show their most marked qualities. Thus, he holds D'Argenton up to the most relentless ridicule; his vanity, his arrogance, the barrenness of his brains, are continually forced upon the reader's notice. Certain jokes never fail to be repeated, even two or three times on a page.

That the story is powerful there can be no doubt. Many passages exhibit great power, others perverted ingenuity concocting misery for the hero. Most of the characters are genuine caricatures, but even then they are grimly amusing. There is, of course plenty of pathos in the book. Impossible as much is, and flavored with wrath as it all is, and though it be nothing but painful reading, the book will be found able and clever. But the chances are, however, that the reader will detest it when he lays it down. Let him not say he has not received warning.

ART.

In the history of every young American painter of to-day there seems to occur an interesting moment when, having got something of the required skill of his profession while retaining his individuality, he reaches out for some new power, and quietly puts all his originality into the hands of some admired French or German or Belgian painter, to be held in trust for an indeterminate period. It seemed at one time that Mr. Appleton Brown had taken this course. A pupil of Lambinet, and possessed of considerable native force, he made a visit to Paris and came back a confirmed admirer of Corôt, to that extent that his own formerly free and vivacious interpretations of nature threatened to disappear under a new and cloudier manner. This, however, has now yielded to the old influence of American climate and scenery reëxerted, and Mr. Brown has recently shown a collection of his landscapes which have all the independent charm of his earlier work, with an added strength and subtilty well worth the

[1] *Jack.* Mœurs contemporaines. Two vols. Paris: Dentu. 1876.

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temporary uncertainty through which he has passed. A large view on the Merrimac deserved much praise for the delicious, humid distance of the wide river-space which it opened out; and here, too, was afforded a glimpse of reedy marginal growth with the sunlight falling softly on it, quite characteristic of Mr. Brown. The degree in which green came forward in the subject-matter of some of the other paintings was noticeable, as showing that the artist has learned to make entertaining as well as delicately artistic pictures on a basis of decided monotony. One vista of a quiet, white road curling away into a dense confusion of light green trees, with a suggestive light-hued umbrella at the distant turn, struck us as a special triumph in this kind. We confess, nevertheless, to a preference for Mr. Brown's autumnal studies. He seizes the poetic season when it is most poetic, when approaching November chills the tree-boughs and a few bright leaves linger in the woods like birds of passage; and under these conditions the edge of a grove, — a single white birch standing out among the dark stems and vagarious branches of oaks, with a passing gleam of ditch-water, — furnishes him the elements of an idyllic production. Study of the human figure is an auxiliary which this painter can hardly afford permanently to forego, notwithstanding the delightfulness of his endowments and achievements at present; but he has already reached a point where it can be affirmed of him that he is, on the whole, one of the richest in sentiment of our younger landscape painters. His technical measures all indicate French influence, and he comes within the list of those who, headed by William Hunt, are a little too apt to take the recording of impressions for the final aim of the artist. But it must be said, in justice, that he has a more constructive mind than these, a poetic capacity for giving unity and depth where others of his school give merely agile observation; and this in addition to a graceful dexterity with the brush, at times passing into singular though unboastful breadth of touch.

— There has lately been exhibited in Boston a picture of Mr. La Farge's which is well worth a visit, or, more truly, several visits. It has just come from New York, where it was shown at the annual exhibition of the Academy, and was the cause of more or less discussion and of the utterance of diverse opinions. It is a large landscape, representing a view from the hills near Newport at the spot called Paradise, back of the second beach, looking down to the ocean at the south. The place itself will be familiar only to those rare pedestrians who, not contented with enjoying scenery from the seat of a barouche, have strolled at will among the lovely meadows, where in the most primeval solitude it is possible to get far-reaching views of the sea, or to find fascinating little nooks among hills and valleys whose very existence is hardly known to the ordinary summer visitor. One great charm of Newport scenery is its modesty: it has no massive cliffs that extort wonder and admiration, its hills are all hardly more than gentle undulations; it has no rich abundance of trees growing to the water's edge, there is nothing but the stretch of yellow meadow grass rolling gently to the water, with here and there a softly rising hill. It is like a grand landscape in miniature.

This picture gives with wonderful fidelity the quiet and softness of the place under the light of a Newport afternoon, so different from the sometimes glaringly noticeable scenery of more famous spots. There are parts of the Hudson River, for instance, that seem designed to justify the paintings on drop-curtains, or, if this sounds harsh, they lack the coy, half-hidden reserve which the damp air of Newport lends to remote objects. Those who have traveled have seen fit to compare this Rhode Island shore with what is to be seen in Greece, and photographs simply confirm their statements. This quality is clear in this picture, which has the gentleness, the repose, the completeness, which the lover of nature finds in a few places which are not necessarily the most obviously picturesque. It is not lugging the highest of the Himalayas into a picture which gives it surely the greatest sublimity; and there is here no straining for effect by display of contrasts, by accumulation of points that cannot fail to catch the eye, but rather the willful rejection of such devices, and a sincere rendering of nature by an artist who has this rare claim to greatness, that he enforces upon us that impression of loveliness in what he has painted, which, when presented us by poet or painter, seems like the easiest simplicity, so high is the art. The evasive, modest beauty of Newport demands of the artist who undertakes to put it on canvas just that sympathy with things delicate and subtle which is shown so often by Mr. La Farge in his paintings. But by subtlety in the present case is meant his power to give what escapes a

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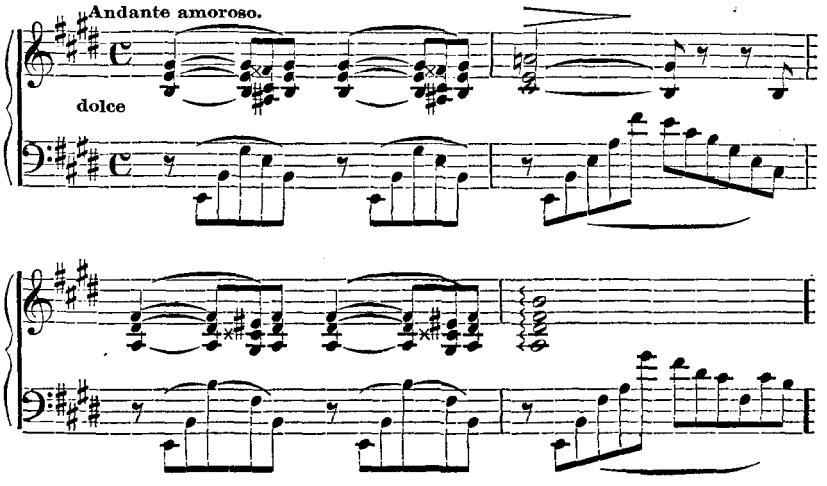
hasty glance, and rewards only more attentive study. This study, too, it may be said, is not intellectual or literary pondering, which in its time has inspired pictures, but rather that more or less fruitful sensitiveness to emotional impression which some feel in listening to music or in gazing at a sunset. No affectation can acquire this art, which has nothing to do with handiwork, but with the soul with which the painter sets about his work; for after all, the artist shows at the best what is in himself. Mr. La Farge has found here a subject admirably suited for his skill in interpreting gentle, unobtrusive things, and he has performed what he had to do with wonderful success.

MUSIC.

We have rarely got more pleasure from studying a new work than Mr. Otto Singer's cantata, The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, has given us. Even if Mr. Singer's dedication of the work to his old master did not give one a palpable clew to the fact, it would take no great amount of insight to see from the work itself that he has been a thorough and loving student of Liszt's compositions. Apart from a certain family resemblance that the pervading theme of Mr. Singer's cantata bears to a class of themes Liszt is fond of developing in his works, Mr. Singer's mode of proceeding, in working out this predominant figure, is wholly identical with Liszt's. Looking through several of Liszt's compositions, for instance, his Tasso, Les Préludes, his piano-forte concerto in A major, we are struck by one marked peculiarity: the various phases in which his leading musical motive is successively presented owe their variety not so much to contrapuntal elaboration and different harmony, excepting always the traditional alternations between the major and minor modes, as to strongly marked contrasts in rhythm. Liszt is by no means the man to shirk any amount of contrapuntal labor in working out his themes, and he has often given us striking examples of the effect of two contrasted themes placed in immediate contact with each other; but his methods in this respect are in no wise peculiar to himself, and the distinctive peculiarity of *his* style is his great rhythmic variety. Take, for example, the different physiognomy given to one of the themes in his Les Préludes simply by a change in rhythm. Contrast the first of the following passages with the second: —



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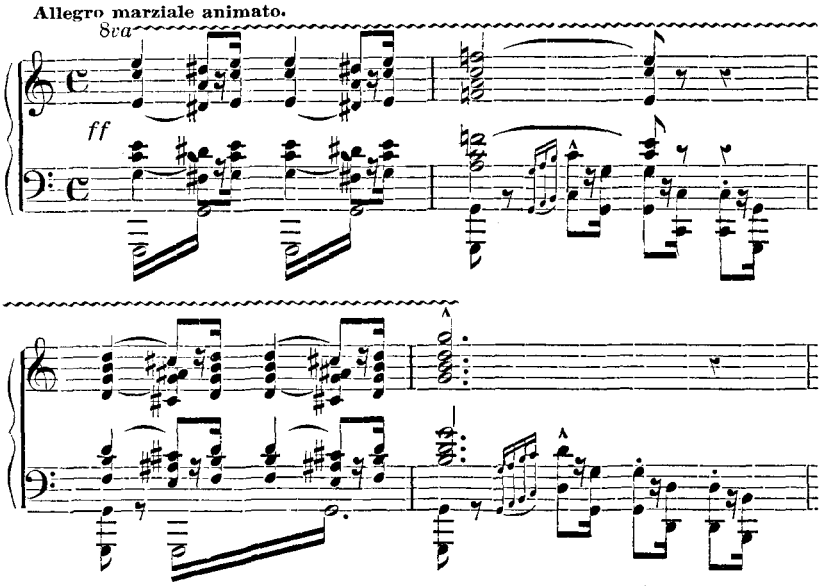
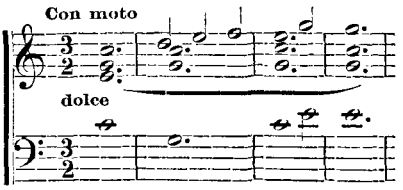


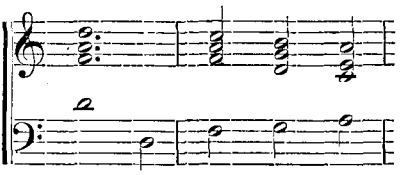
Here we see in a moment what variety can be obtained without having recourse either to counterpoint or to essentially altered harmony.

It is just this rhythmic variety that we find in Mr. Singer's cantata. A constant use of enharmonic modulation, which is one of the notable characteristics of Liszt's style, is also a prominent trait in Mr. Singer's work.

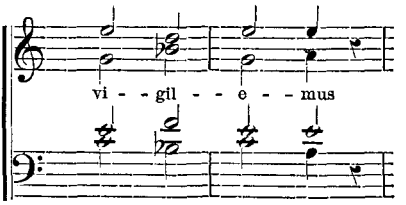
The orchestral introduction to the cantata begins with a long-held, swelling and diminishing chord of C major, after which the leading motive of the work is announced:



This is really a happy and pregnant figure, such as any writer might congratulate himself upon. The leading motive, which is based upon this figure, is given out at length in the same strain, and then repeated fortissimo. There is some rather mediæval-sounding harmony, of a somewhat ascetic character, in it, but it is quite in keeping with the Puritan spirit of the subject. We would only protest against such a passage as this next one, as being unnecessarily ugly.



Such a cross-relation as the plain triad of F followed by the plain triad of G is really too much for modern ears to bear, unless insisted upon with the most convincing decision. Liszt's appalling device in The Bells of Strasburg Cathedral is certainly quite as harsh musically, but it is incomparably stronger: —



The unrhythmic character of Liszt's phrase gives the harsh progression in a more commanding prominence; it impresses itself upon the ear with a degree of authority that Mr. Singer's progression, coming as it does upon the weak part of a markedly rhythmic phrase, does not possess. As it stands, it can be compared in hideousness only to the distressing close of the second

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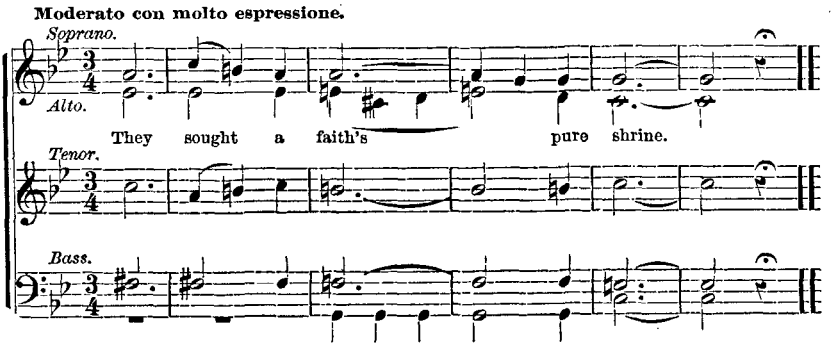
phrase of Nicolai's harmony to "Ein' feste Burg."

The theme closes with a brilliant exclamation on the dominant seventh of E, which by a striking modulation passes to the dominant ninth of C, when on a sudden the theme appears again, piano, in E-flat, the basses still holding their G, thus giving us the *rara avis* of an organ-point on the third of the scale. The harmony, however, gradually tends from E-flat major to C minor, giving the sustained G its natural character of a dominant pedal. Mr. Singer seems to be fond of pedal basses, and uses them at times with strong effect; witness the pedal on the dominant near the close of the succeeding fugued movement in C minor, where the high A-flat in the violins grates for four bars against the G in the basses, then joins the rest of the orchestra in wildly plunging down, as if drawn toward the immovable pedal note by a force like that of gravitation. How fine also is the close of this organ-point! Just as we expect the long-held G to bring the whole harmony home to the tonic, it suddenly falls to F, and the whole orchestra stands frozen stiff, as it were, on an appalling chord of the sixth in D-flat major. This is really a master-stroke.

The cantata proper begins with a strong, stormy theme in C minor, announced by the basses; after a few measures the male chorus begin upon a rhythmic variation of the leading motive, the orchestra opposing an inversion of the same theme to the voices. A fine stormy passage follows, which reaches its climax on the dominant, when after a bar's silence the male voices blaze out with the theme in C major, answered by the orchestra. This very brilliant outbreak is repeated, when it is succeeded by a passage in which the four male voices come in one after the other on a simple descending theme of five notes, to the words, "Not as a conqueror comes," which is soon opposed to an ascending theme (very like the leading motive itself) to the words, "They, the true-hearted, came." This passage begins in F minor and ends in A-flat minor, in which key the orchestra strikes in with the leading motive in march tempo, the male chorus singing, "Not with the roll of stirring drums," in trumpet-like strains. This is immediately repeated in E major, after which the female voices at last come in, the basses repeating their "Not as a conqueror comes" at intervals. The whole chorus is brought to a climax on a fortissimo diminished seventh chord, when the leading theme is repeated in its original shape in G, the alto solo singing, "With their hymns of lofty cheer," while the full chorus repeat the whole strain in much more agreeable harmony, a pedal G running through nearly the entire passage. A dreamy horn solo leads to a very beautiful pastoral movement, interrupted now and then by alto recitative. The whole passage is exceedingly beautiful, and, to judge from the scanty indications of the scoring given in the piano-forte arrangement, none of the magical effects of the combination of the high, soft violin and reed tones have been spared. This passage ending in F-sharp major is followed by some very brilliant choral and orchestral writing, full of striking enharmonic changes, the harmony oscillating between B-flat major and B major with perfect freedom. Later on, the leading motive comes in again in march tempo, giving us the following succession of keys: D-flat major, F-sharp minor, D major, G minor. Once in G minor, the tempo changes to a faster rate, the chorus ending as before on a crashing diminished seventh chord, followed by total silence. The chorus then comes in with a phrase which we will let speak for itself: —



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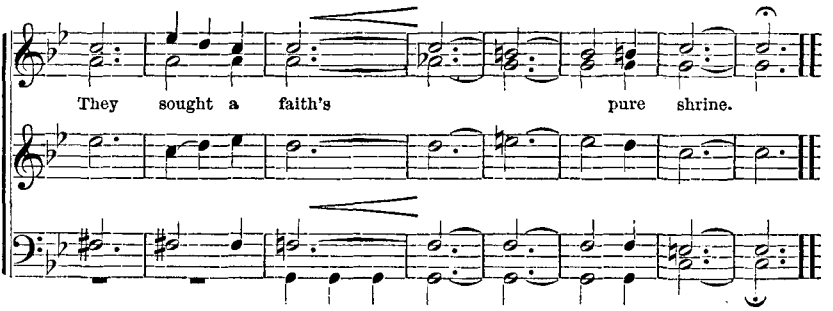
This is followed by another orchestral thunderbolt, when the chorus repeats: —



Immediately afterward comes the final chorus, — not, thank Heaven, a fugued one. We hold the fugue to be the very highest of all modes of musical expression of impassioned and lofty sentiments and aspirations. But it is only a very strong man who can wield such a strong weapon effectually. Bach and Händel could, but after seeing so many of the later composers struggle on to glory in their fugued finales, we can only be thankful when any one has the good sense and modesty to let the fugue alone. This finale of Mr. Singer's, which begins in F minor and ends in C major (we have, perhaps, rather too little of C major in the course of the work), is very brilliant, dramatic, and strong; a fitting culmination to a very excellent work.

EDUCATION.

The accounts given in The Atlantic and in other journals, last year, of the very modest Society to Encourage Studies at Home brought to light the fact that there was a much larger number of girls awaiting encouragement than the society, by its policy of privacy, had hitherto reached. The third year has just closed, showing the number of 298 students upon the rolls of the society against 82 for the second year and 45 for the first year. With this great increase of students it does not appear that there has been any marked change of policy on the part of the society, or any lowering of its standard. Its organization is so simple and elastic that an increase of students seems only to give more life and enthusiasm to both committee and students; more work has fallen, of course, to the share of the committee, which has wisely met the exigency by enlarging its number, including now several names in New York city and one or two elsewhere. By this means the society becomes less local in its management, but it is evident that, while it makes no difference how widely scattered throughout the country the students may be, efficiency of management under one committee may easily be lessened, if the committee be not able to concentrate its counsels and fortify itself by frequent and personal meetings. The society has rightly, we think, preferred maintaining one organization to forming subsidiary ones; but if the numbers continue to increase in anything like the ratio of the past year, it would seem wiser to create independent societies in other large centres, each having its own circle of students. This is not a very complex matter, however.

The various brief statistics afforded by the record of the year are interesting to note. The average of satisfactory work is curiously close to that of last year, which showed a marked improvement over the previous year. There were 45 names on the lists the first year, and 60 per cent. of satisfactory work was done; there were 82 names the second year, with 70 per cent. of satisfactory work; yet when the number of names was increased to 298, the third year, the percentage of satisfactory work was 67,

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a result more noticeable when one considers the immediate cause of the increase of names: before, the additions came through those already members, and through personal relations with members of the committee. It would seem as if the large accession of persons having but a hearsay acquaintance with the object of the society would include a larger number, proportionally, of merely curious and fickle students. The choice of studies was, with two exceptions, in the same order as during the previous year.

127	selected	History;	96	persevered.
118	"	English Literature;	97	"
44	"	Science;	22	"
36	"	Art;	27	"
19	"	German;	17	"
16	"	French	7	"

In this list art occupies the fourth place instead of the seventh, which it held last year, and history and English literature have changed places. These data are too slight for any very precise inductions, but the advance of history and art to higher places is quite in accordance with the increase of interest in those studies which is indicated by other signs. In English literature attention is mainly directed to the great masters of prose, and it is to be hoped that work done in this quarter may have its influence in our schools, where a traditional regard for poetry seems to us to have partially excluded a study of prose, a study more necessary now than ever before. The fountains of poetry have a more inherent power of self-purification, while the prose which we speak and write for ordinary purposes is constantly impairing the beauty and dignity of literary prose.

In science, aids have been given through the distribution of specimens for chemical analysis, and in one instance a student who chose zoölogy gathered a class of one hundred and twenty-eight in her town, and acted as a conductor to them of the scientific knowledge and stimulus which she received in her connection with the society. In art, the Portfolio did good service by passing in turn from one member to another, and the students in German contributed essays in that language. The exact knowledge of each student was tested by monthly examinations, which were conducted by correspondence, the student of course being upon her honor to conform to the conditions imposed. Indeed, nothing in the conduct of the society strikes us more agreeably than the absence of all chicanery and the steady appeal to the higher motives. A love of study is at once assumed and encouraged, while the happy connection of wise friend and eager student is turned toward the best, most fruitful results. The society, working as it does under the shelter of privacy, is consistently pursuing its purpose of giving its members greater power to make their home-life noble and contented. The slight publicity which its aims and methods obtain may properly increase the range of its influence, but will not, it is very evident, persuade it from its true policy of quiet, unblazoned activity.

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